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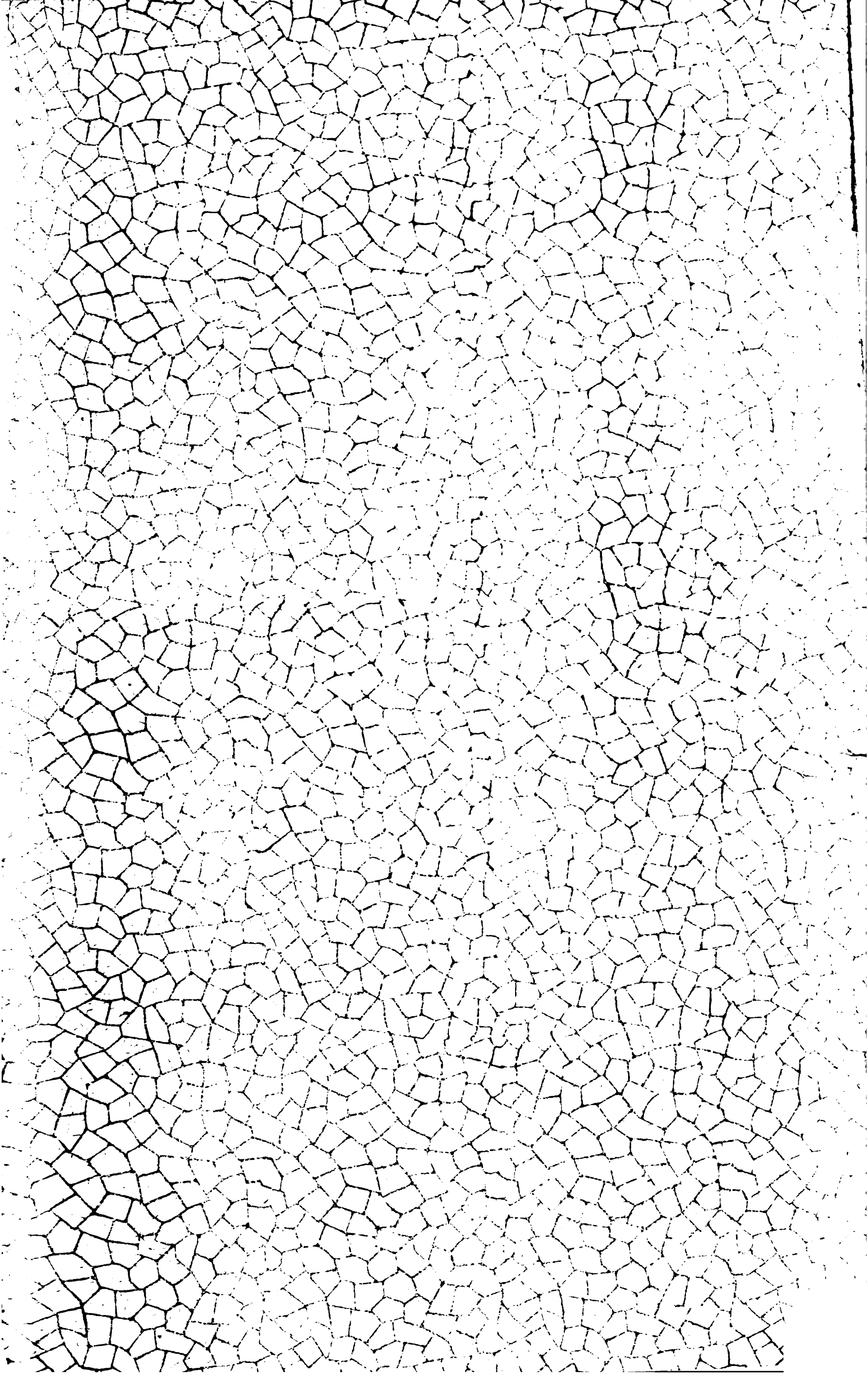
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# GUNNER JINGO'S JUBILEE.

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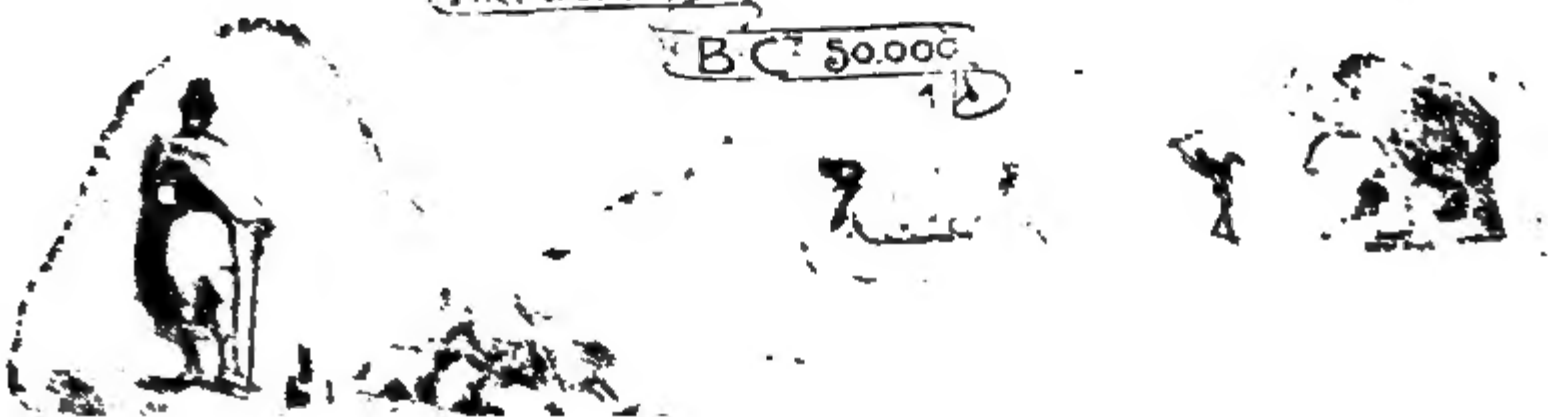
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*Major-General T. Bland Strange,*

LATE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

The First Jingo

B.C. 50,000



HER JINGO'S  
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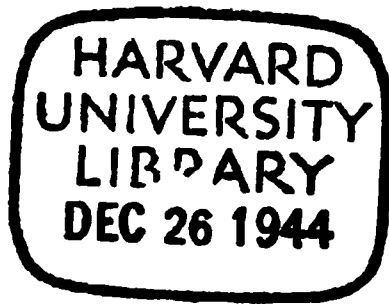
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*Morse Fund*

## PREFACE.

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“ We do not want to fight, but, by Jingo ! if we do,  
We have the men, we have the guns, and have the money too.”  
*Music Hall Ballad.*

“ A thousand curses never tore a shirt.”  
*Eastern Proverb.*

And yet the modern modification of the Pagan oath, “ By Jove,” has been all-powerful in the mouths of word-coiners of political cries to kill with ridicule what cannot be overthrown by argument—a duty called Patriotism.

Sir Henry Havelock-Allan in a speech on the death of Lord Beaconsfield, said—“ It must be allowed that he possessed one virtue—Patriotism—but that was a Pagan virtue.”

If Patriotism be Paganism, then there be many English folk content to be writ, “ Pagan.” Among them we must not venture to include the Postmaster-General, judging by the following from *The Times* of November 21st, 1892.

“ The Drilling of Post-Office Messengers.—A deputation from the Council of the International Arbitration League waited upon the Postmaster-General at St. Martin's-le-Grand on Friday evening to protest against the military training of the telegraph boys in the postal service. Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P., Secretary to the League, introduced the deputation, which, he explained, was composed of members of organised bodies of workers, who were there to endeavour to stay a movement they looked upon with great disfavour. Mr. Howard Evans, chairman of the Council, said the League had done not a little in the past to counteract the Jingo spirit—the war spirit of this country. The deputation were there to protest against the telegraph messengers being compelled to go into the army just as they attained the age of manhood, which was, in fact, a system of indirect conscription. Several others having spoken, the Postmaster-General in reply said the case of the deputation had *been fairly and reasonably placed*

*before him.* He was in thorough sympathy with the League, and it was their duty, as representatives of the League, and as Trade Unionists, to criticise the action of any public department which tended to increase the military spirit of the country."

It is needless to remark that drilling telegraph boys has no more to do with compulsory service than the Salvation Army's big drum, or the red smocks of the Shoeblack Brigade.

The Peace Association would also forbid the use of the national flag, ignoring the last advice given by the Prince of Peace to his followers—"Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one."

#### UNION JACKS.

The International Arbitration and Peace Association wrote that the Committee of the Association had adopted a resolution as follows—

"That, with reference to the letter of the Earl of Meath to the chairman of the London School Board offering to give £50 towards the provision of 'Union Jacks' to be displayed in Board Schools, this committee trust that, should the offer be accepted, no use will be made of the flags tending to foster among the children a spirit of militarism, or of contempt for or disparagement of other nations."

The letter was referred to the School Management Committee.

The Gas Workers' and General Labourers' Union (South Woolwich Branch) forwarded the following resolution:—

"That this meeting strongly condemns the undemocratic spirit of such members of the London School Board as are favourable to the introduction of Union Jacks, together with some ritual in keeping with that semi-barbaric worship of national fetishes known as Jingoism, into our Board Schools. And we think the members of the London School Board could be better congratulated upon a fitness for their high office were they rather eager in the suppression of such tales of the triumphs of the British flag as have made the name of Englishmen a pretty general byword for rapacity, tyranny, and oppression throughout the world, and, instead, endeavour to sink the vaunt of racial superiority and encourage in the young mind the nobler ideals of a reign of universal brotherhood and peace. Furthermore, we think any educational movement which may possibly bias children politically unfair to their parents, who are of many varied shades of political opinion, some thinking British traditions of the past rather

remarkable for impudence than dignity, and British rule (in India, for example, where salt is taxed 400 per cent. to keep the younger sons of our aristocracy in snug billets) the most intolerable burden the world has ever had to bear."

These people know that the Civil Service in India is filled by open competition. But they know also that political triumph is apt to follow the banners of those who lie longest and strongest. Like Count Tolstoi, they look only upon the inscriptions on one side of the coins set in circulation by the teaching of Christ. The Count follows this view to its logical conclusion in "The Kreutzer Sonata," in which he submits a plan for the extinction of the human race. It will commend itself to those who are neither men nor women. When the earth is peopled by such, love and war will cease. Meanwhile in every tongue and nation Jingoism will abound from General Joshua to Private John Ploughman.

"And Caleb said, He that smiteth Kirjath-sepher, and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah my daughter to wife."—Josh. xv., 16.

Emile Zola has put into the mouth of a despairing French soldier the following opinion: "Mais, repris par sa science, Maurice songeait à la guerre nécessaire, la guerre qui est la vie même, la loi du monde. N'est-ce pas l'homme pitoyable qui a introduit l'idée de justice et de paix, lorsque l'impasable nature n'est qu'un continuel champ de massacre? . . . 'S'entendre!' s'écria-t-il. 'Oui, dans des siècles.' Si tous les peuples ne formaient plus qu'un peuple, on pourrait concevoir à la rigueur l'avènement de cet âge d'or; et encore la fin de la guerre ne serait-elle pas la fin de l'humanité? . . . J'étais imbecile tout à l'heure, il faut se battre, puisque c'est la loi."

The survival will be of the fittest.

Englishmen shrink from the acknowledgment of Patriotism, perhaps because they feel the boastful ballad of the music-hall is not true in its first postulate—men. In a country where universal liability to military service is not the law of the land, expressions of patriotism seem out of place, too much like Artemus Ward dedicating his wife's relations to the maintenance of the American Union. We rely mainly upon the conscripts of hunger officered by the sans-souci sons of affluence.

"But Romans, in Rome's quarrel, spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor limb nor life, nor child nor wife, in the brave days of old."

It is not thought that the biography of the special type of Jingo here selected has much of interest, apart from the fact that half-a-century of life, mostly over sea, has forced a wider horizon upon his physical and mental vision than falls to the lot of home-keeping Englishmen. Allowance must also be made for the taint of military heredity and the contact with many men of many creeds.

If lessons are to be learned from events the truth must be told. "Naught has been set down in malice." The Canadian Campaign tells itself in telegrams and letters.

Without permission I have used the names of some old comrades and others. I have also quoted from Articles I had written in the *United Service Magazine*. The two illustrations initialed "I.A." involving mysteries of millinery, have been kindly supplied by a lady friend, and I have been helped in the re-production of others. My friend, Comte de Borde, formerly of the French navy generously copied my originals by photography, and they were finally engraved by Messrs. Dellagana and Co. But my thanks are above all due to my friend "Meg Dyan" for her valuable help and unflagging interest in the work, without which Gunner Jingo would probably never have seen the light.

T. BLAND STRANGE.

# CONTENTS.

---

## PART I.

### PAGE.

CHAPTER I.—Soldier Jhât—Petticoat Influence— “Enfant de Troupe”—Waterloo—Piety and Profanity—Tales of My Grandmother—A Royal Spree—A Burst with the Hounds—“Pallida Mors”—School Days and Holidays—Irish Highlanders—A Non-Competition Wallah ...	I
CHAPTER II.—College Life—“Mos pro Lege”—The Minstrel Boy—Charles Gordon—Adam Lindsay Gordon—Promotion—A Military Arnold—A Snooker Aristocrat—A Quiet Pipe—Astronomical —Sky Signs ... ..	22
CHAPTER III.—Gibraltar—Gib-al-Taric—Saracenic Con- quest—A Queen's Chemise—Rien de sacre pour un Sappeur—The Union Jack—A Capture— Spanish Honour—Scrambling ... ..	35
CHAPTER IV.—A Vision—A Brain Wave... ..	45
CHAPTER V.—The Calpe Hunt—Africa—Shooting and Wedding Parties ... ..	48
CHAPTER VI.—Andalucia—Red Hot Shot—An Ass who Lost his Head—A Ride in Andalucia—The Insular Englishman—“Zingari”—Pepita—Cadiz — “El Tigre Real ” ... ..	52

	PAGE.
CHAPTER VII.—Bull Fighting, Professional and Amateur —A Matador's Salute—A Knowing Bull—Demos —A White Hat—Picadors and Horses—Chulos and Bandarilleros—The Melee—A Wild Waltz —The Slain—Cosas de España—An Amateur Bull Fight—Turkey Plucking—Wicked Women —A Crowned Monarch of the Street—A Flea- Bitten Grey                   ...           ...           ...           ...           ...	62
CHAPTER VIII.—Gib Once More—Moorish Haiks and Highland Kilts—The Carnival—"Rule Britannia" —"Plus Royaliste que le Roi"—The Crimea           ...	70
CHAPTER IX.—Home Again—Disappointed—Chair au Canon—The Sub and the Bombardier—Ould Ireland—Another Woolwich Job—The Antilles— Yellow Jack and Port Royal Jack           ...           ...           ...	74
CHAPTER X.—"D.T."—Creole Love—Opera and Man- grove Swamp—Mother Wingrove—The Blue Mountains—A Negro Hymn—Ruined Plantation —Blacksmith and Minister—M.P. and Waiter— A Devil Fish—A Young Earthquake—Negro Disturbance—Island Hospitalities—Ordered Off— Jigger'd                   ...           ...           ...           ...           ...           ...	84
CHAPTER XI.—Negro Home Rule—Amiable Aborigines— Simian Aptitudes—A Yellow Bandana—A Principal Production—Quarantine—New Provi- dence—War Preparations—Pig Hunting—Anglo Saxon Relatives—The Imperial Octopus—A Swim for the Mail—A Fire—A Retrieving Snake—A Spectral Pipe—A Garrison Order—A Missing Detachment—Wanted for the Crimea           ...           ...	99
CHAPTER XII.—Store Ledgers and Kit Inspection—The Autocrat of the Quarterdeck—Pugilistic—A Coral Reef—Soldier-Sailors—Peace Proclaimed— Two Greetings—Crimean Heroes—An Awkward Question—Moplabs—Wolf, the Amal—Conti- nental—A British Matron—A Soft Seat—A Wrathful Gaul—A Telegram                   ...           ...           ...	114
CHAPTER XIII.—Indian Equipments—The Land of the Pharaohs—The Red Sea and Colombo—Calcutta	

	PAGE.
and Contemporary History—Bullock Train March—Benares Punishment Parade—A Com- missary of Ordnance—The Butcha—A Plum- Pudding—A Start—Gun Elephants—The Hooshiar One—An Ekka—A Release... ..	131
CHAPTER XIV.—The Scrimmage of Secundra—Artillery Tactics in India—Chanda, a Spoilt Battle—A Regimental Legend—A Climax ... ..	147
CHAPTER XV.—Morning Orders—The Don—Jedburgh Justice—Winged Enemies—Sultanpoor—A Young May Moon—A Reconnaissance—A Word in Season—An Artillery Steeplechase—Close Quarters —"Follow me, Lads!"—Demon Rockets— Elephantine Philosophy ... ..	154
CHAPTER XVI.—Fort Moonshee Gunj—Polite Orders— 9th Lancers—Percy Smith—An Unsuccessful Attempt—More Captured Guns—A War Corre- spondent ... ..	164
CHAPTER XVII.—The Siege of Lucknow—Defences Taken in Reverse by Outram's Force—Not allowed to Cross the Bridges on the North— Arming a Battery by Night—Tommy Butler's V.C.—Death of an Empress Maker—Clearing Enclosures—A Card Party—Pyjamas—A Scare— We were not to take the Kaiser Bagh—A Prisoner—A Big Fish—A Kiosk—A Looted Horse—Prize Money... ..	169
CHAPTER XVIII.—Bronze Heroes—The Bayard of India—Bolt Holes—National Contrasts—Ali Baba's Jars—A Blow up—A Long Drink and a Long Sleep—Incongruities—Nobody's Child— Dead Like a Soldier—Another Job for Jingo— The Residency Ruins—Taken Prisoner ... ..	186
CHAPTER XIX.—Gunnery and Highlanders Routed—A Skied Gun—"X and Y"—A Gift Horse—From Tent to Palace—Unwelcome Neighbours—Poor Appetite—"Saw away, Doctor!"—Hot Weather Campaign—Variola—"Lightly Won and Lightly Lost!"—Surprises of Sorts. ... ..	203

	PAGE.
CHAPTER XX.—Amalgamated Artilleries—Nightmare— Nawabgunge—Swords—The Feeders of Ravens— Truculent Fakirs—A Surprise Party—Aquatic Equitation ... ..	212
CHAPTER XXI.—The Jhungy Guns—Merry Sunshine— Noah's Ark Camp ... ..	225
CHAPTER XXII.—A Bullet without a Billet—Contra- dictory Orders—Paper Collars—Unlearned Lessons—A Methodical Major—Iron Cuffs—A Common Soldier's Common Honour ... ..	232
CHAPTER XXIII.—The Bivouac—Riding to Cover— The Throw Off—A Rasper—The Finish—Kismet —The Last of the Black Horse Battery—A Scare	246
CHAPTER XXIV.—An Unposted Sentry—The Longest March must have an End—A Dance of Death and Resurrection—The Lost Pension—Vaccination Marks—Sic Transit Gloria ... ..	263
CHAPTER XXV.—Dâk-Bungalow Breakfast—The Well of Cawnpore—The Quality of Mercy Strained— The Taj—Delhi—New Drills and Old Gun Car- riages—A Cropper—Hot Weather Shikar— Zubber Khan—Soldiers' Grievances—Soldiers' Colonies ... ..	271
CHAPTER XXVI.—Jottings from Jingo's Journal—In the Hills—Simla Thirty Years Ago—Flora and Fauna—Rope Bridge—Kooloo Valley—Poly- andry—Rhotung Pass, 13,000ft.—Sources of Rivers Beas and Chenab—Wickerwork Bridge— Lahoul Valley—Women—Buddhist Temples— Praying Machines—Moravian Missions ... ..	280
CHAPTER XXVII.—Alone—Yaks—Lamas—Ladak Tea —Tartar Tents—Ibex—Pig-tailed Shikaris—Bara Lacha Pass—Sing Kung La Pass, 17,000 feet— Ladies' Coiffure—Bewildered Guide—Glaciers— Ladakis (Male and Female)—Babies Few— Karjuk—"O! Man I Pat Mahoon"—Lost Coolies—Watershed—Char—Sale of Kashmir— The Rajah's Rapacity—Willow-Pattern-Plate Country ... ..	291

	PAGE.
CHAPTER XXVIII.—Beyond the Rains—More Lamas— Portable Praying Machines—Sampoo River— Buddhist Monastery—Zascar Valley—Monks and Nuns—Mendicity and Mendacity—Surveyors— Phegam—Zunker Glacier—Servants Ill—One- Fifth of a Wife—Marmots—Pitidar—Snowstorm— Gilmotundi—Avalanche—23,400 feet—Nunnoo Kunnoo—Pir La Moula—Abode of Snow Spirit— Crevasses—Dumohi—Wurdwan Valley—Kash- miri Character—Nagan Undher—Wounded Bear— Peculiar Pipe—Grass Sandals—Unsuccessful Ibex Stalk—Sacrifice a Sheep—Successful Bear and Bara Singa Shooting—Martund Ruins—Isla- mabad—Under the Chenars... ..	302
CHAPTER XXIX.—Lotus Eating—Peri Mahal—Mogul Dynasty—Nautch Girls—Punditanas—A Lady Killer—An Evening Party—Twelve Tined Ones —Star Chamber—More Bears—Camel Ride—Tale of a Foot—Missing Mahatmas—Mahometan Christian—Zubber Khan's Farewell ... ..	317
CHAPTER XXX.—Piping Times of Peace—Cholera Creeds—A Sainted Scamp—Widows and Weddings —Honeymoon March—Drumhead Discipline— Chinese Gordon asks in Vain—Lights and Shadows on a Sun Dial—Farewell East ... ..	331
CHAPTER XXXI.—Homeward Bound—Sailing—Over- board—Gunnery School—A Royal Gunner—Mili- tary Lessons of Sorts—Volunteers—Aldershot— Châlons—Two Stories of 1870—Bazaine—Gordon	338

---

## PART II.—WESTWARD HO !

CHAPTER I.—Quebec—King Cash-Balance—The Old Flag—The New Guard—Winter Armament— English Ears—The Ice Cone—Tandems—Winter Bivouacs—Canadian Seigneurs—Lord Dufferin— The Phantom Fox—Electricity. ... ..	347
---	-----

	PAGE.
CHAPTER II.—The Tricolore and the Green—Goldwin Smith—Blue Blouse—An Inquest—Captain Short—The Centenary of 1875—Charles Kingsley—The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess—Palliser Guns—Mission to British Columbia—The Mormons—Lost Boundaries—Canadian Military College... ..	365
CHAPTER III.—Too Old to Soldier—Start a Rancho—Blackfoot Neighbours—Legal Difficulties—General Jingo's Hardest March—Crowfoot and Old Sun—Horse-thieves, Red and White—A Judas Kiss—House Building, Well-sinking, etc.—Cattle Killing—Round-ups—Broncho-Busting—First War Note—Indian Strength—White Weakness—Called to Command—Old Soldiers Turn Up ... ..	380
CHAPTER IV.—Storm Foreseen—Causes—Party Politics—Amnestied Rebel and Murderer—Land Claims Unadjusted—Prairie Indians no Practical Grievance—Cattle Killing Impunity—Destruction of Buffalo—Northern Indians—The Squaw and the Agent's Dog—Annexation Scheme ... ..	400
CHAPTER V.—Telegram of Fight at Duck Lake—Burning of Fort Carlton and Retirement of Police to Prince Albert—Blackfoot Scare at Calgary—Raising Mounted Corps—High and Bow River and Military Colonization Rancho Patrols—Ordered to March to Join General Middleton—Who can Take Care of Himself—Dancing, Raiding, and Patrolling—"Non Possumus"—Red Men on the War Path—White Men Denouncing Everybody and Everything—As I can get no Arms, Ammunition, nor Authority, Propose to Disband Troops I have Raised—Excellent Results, backed by Frog Lake Massacre ... ..	404
CHAPTER VI.—Letter to Lieutenant-Governor—Alarm of C.P.R. Employés—Strike of C.P.R. Workmen—Appointed to Command in Alberta—Its Size—General Middleton Orders up Militia—Field Force Order—Two Raw Militia Battalions—300 Miles Frontier Patrolled—Colonel Ouimet's Trip	

	PAGE.
East—Ammunition Factories—Equipment and Supplies take Time—A Princess's Gift—"Owre Mony Maisters"—Police Placed under Military Law—Expense of Extemporising Transport. ...	413
<b>CHAPTER VII.—Burnt Prairie and Severe Snowstorms—</b>	
65th Voltigeurs—Scout Cavalry—Light Kit and Magazine Rifle make Dr. Johnson's Dragoon—Pope's Essay on Man—Revised Version—Buffalo Bill Parade—A Protective Tariff on Saddles—First Advance—Snowblind Scouts—And Rev. Scouts—Amalgamated Police and Military Code—A Brigade-Major's Frictional Electricity—No Climate—Sloughs of Despond—Winnipeg Light Infantry—Three Successive Convoy Columns—Camp Orders—Sporting Medicos—Canadian Pioneers—Indian Signalling—Peccant and Penitent Indians—King George's Men—Fort Edmonton—H.B.C. ...	426
<b>CHAPTER VIII.—Fort Edmonton put into a State of</b>	
Defence—Incessant Drill and Target Practice—Elastic Boat Building—Anticipated Famine in the North—Teamsters' Strike—Scout Cavalry and 65th Advance to Victoria, leaving Detachments—Collecting Supplies—Rear Column Close Up—Newspaper News—Fish Creek—Fort Pitt—Half-Breed Scare—Flour-Clads not Appreciated—Suggested Experiments Relegated to the Enemy—Plan of Campaign—"Ma Boulé Roulant"—Edmonton Folk—My Own Affairs ...	446
<b>CHAPTER IX.—Order of March—Queen's Birthday at</b>	
Frog Lake—Massacre—Fort Pitt—Commentary on the Gospel—Scouts on the Wrong Trail—Steele's First Skirmish—Frenchman's Butte ...	460
<b>CHAPTER X.—Non-returning Messengers—First Pro-</b>	
vision Convoy—Indian Rifle Pits—Cul-de-Sac—Seven Trails—Steele on Big Bear's Track—Chivalrous Red Men—Some Prisoners Released—General Middleton with Reinforcements—Steele's Fight—Race for H.B.C. Store—The Shade of "Malbrook"—More Muskeg—The Beaver River—Chippewyan Surrender—General Middleton comes	

	PAGE.
to Beaver River—Pow-Wow—Colonel Williams at Frog Lake—More Boat Building—Colonel Osborne Smith crosses to Cold Lake—Captain Constantine scouts East—McLeans traced to Lac des Iles—Mr. Bedson meets Them—Force Broken Up—Causes of Muskegs—My Old Oppo- nent and Myself both Suffer—Conclusion of Official Dispatch ... ..	494
CHAPTER XI.—Colonel Montizambert's Report on "A" and "B" Batteries—Major Short's Home Coming	511
CHAPTER XII.—My Son to the Old Corps—The Pillar of Cloud by Day—The Pillar of Fire by Night— Indian Revenge—A Broken Leg—A Friend in Need—A Forfeited Pension—GENERAL JINGO'S JUBILEE—Consolation—Farewell Canada ...	520
CHAPTER XIII.—A Gun with a Soul—Hawaii Found and Lost—The Girdle of Empire—Nigger Butcher or Hero—American Patriotism—Australian Natives' Association—Old Colonists—Germany and Russia in the Pacific—Colonial Governors —Democracy—Inter-Imperial Free Trade—Postal Muddles—The British Disunited States—Austra- lian Heptanarchy—A Peripatetic Council—United Empire ... ..	527
CHAPTER XIV.—Finis. ... ..	545

## FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	<i>Title.</i>
Gunner Jingo's Jubilee ... ..	4
Petticoat Influence ... ..	40
Europa Point ... ..	58
Pepita ... ..	191
Chutter Munzil Palace, Lucknow ... ..	197
A Conquering Captive ... ..	229
Noah's Ark Camp ... ..	252
Alec Galbraith's Leap ... ..	255
Habet! ... ..	303
Buddhist Monastery, Ladak, Zascar Valley ... ..	

# CONTENTS.

xix

	PAGE
Kashmiri Punditanas ... ..	320
B Battery's Christmas Greeting ... ..	349
Military Colonization Ranche ... ..	<i>To face</i> 392
Steele's Scouts ... ..	480

# MAPS.

Lucknow ... ..	<i>To face</i> 169
Part of Dominion of Canada ... ..	396
Battle of Frenchman's Butte ... ..	489
Big Bear's Trail ... ..	508



# GUNNER JINGO'S JUBILEE.

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## PART I.—CHAPTER I.

SOLDIER JHÂT—PETTICOAT INFLUENCE—"ENFANT DE TROUPE"—  
WATERLOO—PIETY AND PROFANITY—TALES OF MY GRANDMOTHER  
—A ROYAL SPREE—A BURST WITH THE HOUNDS—"PALLIDA  
MORS"—SCHOOL DAYS AND HOLIDAYS—IRISH HIGHLANDERS—A  
NON-COMPETITION WALLAH.

My hero was not a hero, though of soldier caste. His earliest recollection was of the dusty maidân of Meerut, as he and his brother cantered on their ponies, Syce-followed, along the line of the old Cameronian Regiment, whose tall white feathers stuck out of monstrous wide-topped shakos.

Being a boy he had no right to a doll—but he had one—a soldier doll in a red coat. He cut its arm off to make it more closely resemble Colonel Oglander, the old chief of the Cameronians, who had lost an arm in the Peninsula. The amputation was followed by a copious effusion of sawdust which threatened the solidarity of the doll, but his mother, with the kindly surgery of her needle, saved the idol of her boy, which imaged the grim idol of that grim old covenanting regiment.\*

Half a century later, an old veteran hobbled on to a parade ground in British North America, and talked of the old Colonel to the new Colonel—the boy he had seen on his pony. The old Cameronian had kept his broad bonnet,

---

\*A bronze statue of the Earl of Angus, who raised the 26th, or Cameronian Regiment, in 1689, has been unveiled by the Earl of Douglas, in Lanarkshire, in the presence of the Lord Provost of Glasgow, several of the past and present officers of the regiment and others. The statue, which is by Mr. Brock, R.A., has been erected to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the raising of the regiment, and is so placed that the figure overlooks the ground on which the first parade of the regiment was held.—"TIMES," Sept. 12th, 1892.

covered with white linen, as it was in India, to be buried with him in the new world he had survived to reach—where he had seen with scorn the modern skimp glengarry transferred to the Irish and English Regiments as well as to Highlanders recruited in Manchester composing what is called our localised army.

The subject of our sketch was called "Tommy," supposed to be short for the more euphonious nomenclature bestowed upon him by his godfathers and godmother, who had promised far more for Tommy in the matter of renunciation of "the world, the flesh, and the devil" than he was able to perform.

From the Meerut cantonment Tommy was carried across the deadly Terai to the health-giving Himalayas, where his observations were mostly confined to the tops of the lofty Deodars, whose roots were far down in the valley below; owing to his feet being generally higher than his head in a sort of "Palky"—a position not favourable to accurate observation.

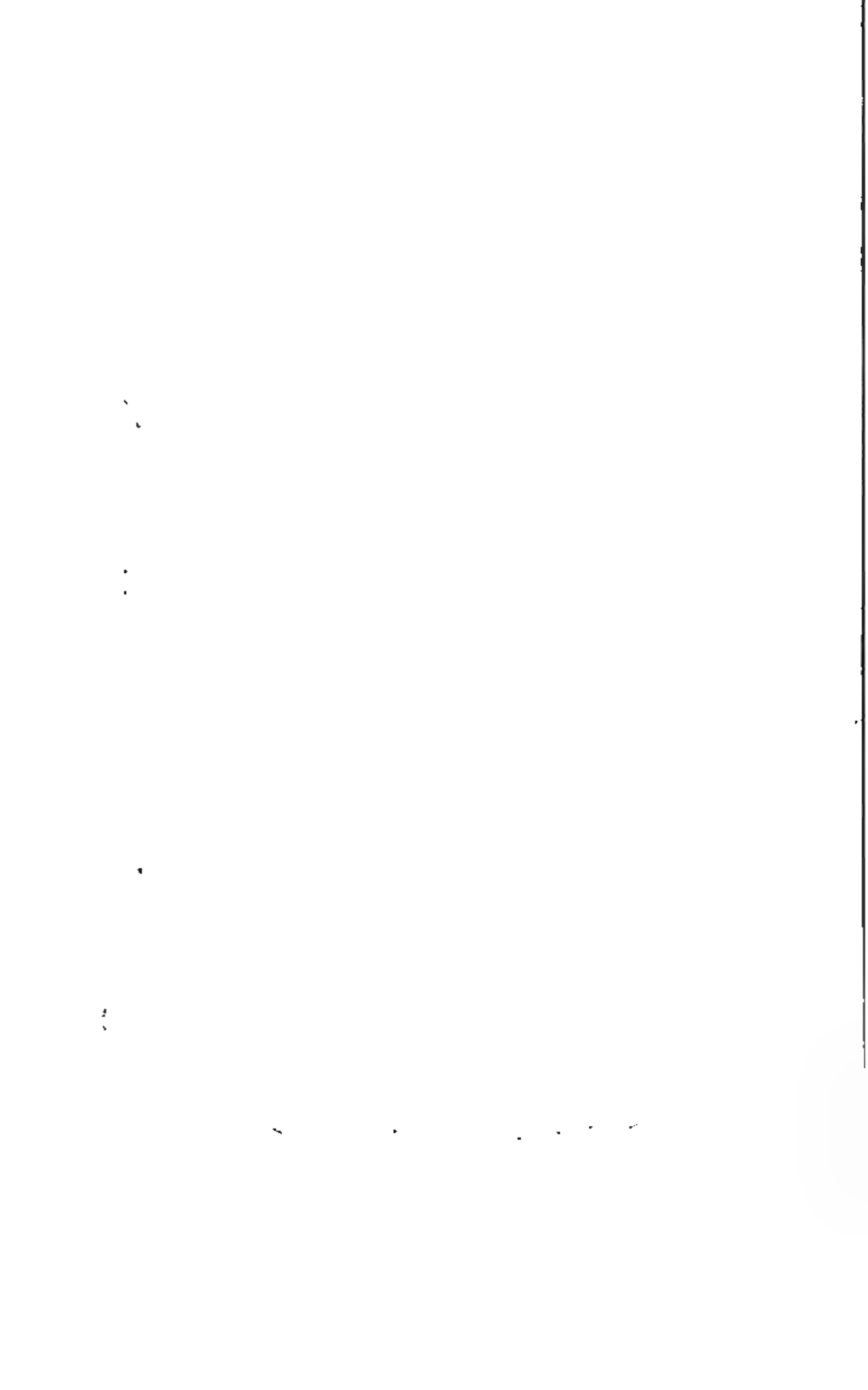
Fortunately for veracious chroniclers, there are great hiati in the recollections of childhood. Tommy's next was the stately Indiaman, homeward bound, with a cargo composed largely of Indian children, those terrors to the modern young man, who, however, is not averse to cultivating their grass-widowed mammas on Indian troopships.

Tommy was promptly taken captive by a little lady in frilled trousers and two pig-tails. As the old Jacobite ballad has it:

"There's a rose in the garden for you, young man,  
To kiss the pretty girl with  
the trousers on;"—

and Tommy did it early and often, as the Irishman votes in America. Possibly the reprehensible tendency and abject submission to petticoat influence thus early displayed was due to heredity.





One of Tommy's ancestors had found himself in Prince Charlie's body-guard at Culloden, because his best girl had sewed a white cockade in his hat and he had not had the pluck to pull it off. When, however, a round shot broke his sword in his hand and so saved him the trouble of sheathing it in a hopeless cause, his lady-love proved equal to the occasion and got him out of one fix by putting him into another. When her lover, pursued by the "Seidther Roy" (Red Soldiers), King George's Dragoons, threw himself at her feet, she promptly raised her petticoat and placed him in safety under its protecting hoops, as she sat at the harpsichord, that did duty in those days for a piano. As the King's officer entered she did not rise, but played a defiant Jacobite air. He bowed politely, lifting his three-cornered hat, and said he was bound to search for her attainted lover. She smiled sweetly and imploringly on the King's officer, bidding him search where he pleased. The defiant melody died away into a Highland Lament, and her tears began to fall on the ivory keys. The King's officer was a gentleman first and a Hanoverian after. He took in the situation, for a third and larger foot protruded beneath the lady's dress. The officer politely kissed the lady's hand, whispering :

"I, too, would fain be a rebel to secure such hiding place," treading heavily at the same time on her lover's clumsy foot,\* half in jealous anger at the coign of vantage which he envied, and also to warn the rebel that he must not linger in so compromising a situation.†

The lady played "God save the King," in token of gratitude, as his Majesty's officer descended the stairs and withdrew his men. The lover escaped to Italy, and the lady procured his pardon, return, and Knighthood, by presenting to the King, "the pair of handsome Grenadiers she had gotten for his Majesty's Service."

Perhaps the pardon was granted all the more readily inasmuch as the other branch of her husband's family, "dour Whigs" as they were, had raised a company of foot, and fought for King George II., who presented them with drums and colours.

Poor little Tommy, ignorant of his family history and

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\*This historic foot has descended in all its grandeur to Tommy.

†See Dennistoun's Memoirs of Sir R. Strange and A. Lumsden.

unconscious of heredity, only followed his instincts in loving the little lady in the pantelettes.

"On revient toujours à ces premiers amours?"

Bah! he never saw the small lady again, and promptly forgot her in the more exciting process of collecting Barrack boys of the old Pongo\* Battalion for raids against the town boys at Chatham. In one scrimmage he got a blow with a stick that laid him up for months, and might thus early have finished his career and prevented this veracious history being written.

His military tendencies were still further developed by long walks with his father about the Chatham Lines, where the deep ditches inspired a sort of awe, heightened by his father's explanations of the mysteries of curtain, flank, and bastion redoubt and ravelin, so that years afterwards, when he entered a Military College fortification came to him as by intuition.

"Great praise is due to Cormontaigne,  
Who gave flanks to his redoubt  
But not to his ravelaine,"

sounded like a long-forgotten nursery rhyme.

So eager was the little man to follow his father and drink in his talk about the forts and his fighting forbears, that he would never betray fatigue, but stride along by the six-foot man, until in one of their walks the boy dropped fainting at his side.

It was the little fellow's pride to wear, as sword, a dirk that had belonged to his uncle, who, when a midshipmite, was found asleep at his perilous post in the tops of a line-of-battleship, at the close of a bloody engagement.

The Cameronians embarked for the First Chinese War, and Tommy's father, then in his prime, went through the campaign. He returned with some curious loot and much darkness of complexion, for the army did not in those days wear sun-helmets. It is amazing how they escaped without universal sunstroke.

Meanwhile, his elder brother being sent to school, Tommy and his mother lived with his grandfather, an ex-Captain of Light Dragoons, who had fought at

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\*The Pongo Battalion was composed of depots of regiments in India. The name "Pongo" was derived from a mischievous monkey, probably owing to the character of their recruits.

Waterloo, afterwards served in India, and lived to be ninety-four.

On the anniversary of Waterloo, the old Dragoon appeared at breakfast with a laurel leaf in his button-hole ; upon it, in gold letters, "Waterloo."

Tommy, his eyes big with astonishment, remarked :

"Grandpapa, where does the tree grow with those wonderful leaves ?"

The old man stroked his white moustache, patted the child's head, and said :

"My boy, when you are a man you will find that tree and get some leaves for yourself."

The boy sought that tree for nearly half-a-century, east and west, from the Tropics to Canadian snows, yet never a leaf he found, and discovered too late that it grows on the shady side of Pall Mall.

His grandmother, a very tall and stately dame, with white hair and flashing black eyes, all the more expressive in that she was quite deaf, unfortunately came down late to breakfast this important morning. After the meal, and as the old man, (who, though in moments of irritation rivalled "our army in Flanders," was nevertheless a pious presbyterian,) had commenced his long grace, she rose and began talking. He stopped short, seized her by the wrist, trying to force her to keep her seat, and shouting :

"By G—d, you shall hear it !"—  
gabbled to the end of his grace, whilst the old lady remonstrated :

"Don't, Alec, you hurt me."

The Calvinism, cast off in his gay youth, had returned in all its severity with age. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ.*

They had married long ago for love, that old couple, when he was a gay dragoon, quartered in Ireland, and she the belle of an old Norman-Irish house, that traced back through many noble knights and dames to Charlemagne.\* She had not inherited the aggressive Christianity of that Paladin of the Roman Church, but seemed to derive her stature and her mental characteristics from some Gothic-Arian ancestor—

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\* Notably, Gladys, daughter of the Sir David Gam, who, sent to reconnoitre before Agincourt, reported :

"Sire, there are enough to slay, enough to run away, and enough to take prisoners."  
He was knighted by the king while dying on the field of Agincourt. (See Chron. of Froissart and Burke's Landed Gentry of Ireland.)

vivified by the sceptic literature of the French revolutionary era, which she had read as a girl.

It was all a sad puzzle to Tommy, early inspired with piety by his mother, who came of a race that suffered martyrdom, "not accepting deliverance" from "bloody Mary."\*

The mixed-up heredities of the poor child chequered his mental life from start to finish, analyse it who may. His mother taught him his prayers, his grandmother interested him more in the family relics and histories of those who had fought at the Boyne, at Dettingen, and in the Low Countries—of her great-grandfather, who in 1688 defended the family mansion, the famous White House of Macaulay's History—of her father wounded at Minden—and of her brother shot through the heart at Talavera. She treasured the broad silk sash in which he was carried from the field as in a hammock, its faded crimson spotted russet with his heart's blood. Her husband's Waterloo sabre was also "en evidence."

But her tears would not flow for father, brother, or husband till she came to the miniatures of "me five beautiful boys," in the uniform of the first years of the century, all gone but one—Tom's father. Four had been soldiers and one a sailor. The miniature of the eldest, in the uniform of the 42nd Highlanders, showed an empty sleeve. She gave to Tommy as a sacred relic the old pocket-book, in which were recorded his battles, his washing and his wine bills. The writing sloped in the usual manner at first, but inclined to the left after the loss of his arm.

When Tommy entered the Service his mother gave him a Bible, in which she wrote the following lines, and his grandmother the aforesaid pocket-book.

"Remember, love, who gave thee this,  
When other days shall come,  
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,  
Sleeps in her narrow home.  
Remember, 'twas a mother gave  
The gift to one she'd die to save,  
And when the scoffer in his pride  
Shall bid thee cast the gift aside,  
Which thou from youth hast borne,  
She bids thee pause and ask thy breast,  
If he or she has loved thee best."

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\*Records of Canterbury Cathedral.

The owner of the pocket-book had carried the colours of the Black Watch across the Pyrenees, to die from the effects of a wound received at Toulouse.

He had been promoted from ensign to lieutenant of the Grenadier Company, and he headed the regiment across the bridge of the redoubt they stormed. The French had a gun commanding it—he saw the gunner raise the port-fire, and with the duelling instinct of those days, faced to the left and bent the sword-arm, so as to cover the lungs and present the narrowest possible target to the inevitable shower of grape-shot.

His sword-arm was shattered in two places, and the claymore dropped from his grasp. The rush of the 42nd through the smoke, threw him off the bridge into the wet ditch, where he was left clinging to the timbers of the bridge until after the action.

He never recovered the long immersion and the loss of blood before and after the amputation, but he lingered long enough, to be purchased over by men who entered the service at the close of the war.\*

His father, the careless and somewhat extravagant dragoon, who had married the Irish lady with no dowry but blood and beauty, sold the house and family acres in Lanarkshire, and with what remained purchased some acres of bog in Kerry, down by the Kenmare river, and there the ex-dragoon started a linen factory in partnership with a Quaker of eminent piety and considerable experience. Eventually the money and the experience changed hands.

In any case military service for many generations renders families impecunious. But the old kings were not altogether unmindful of those who gave their blood and their money to the service of the State.

In spite of what has been written in the malevolent Greville Memoirs, William IV. was a just and generous king in such matters.

He had sailed with the sleepy midshipman of the maintop, and exerted himself, though apparently without success,

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\*When purchase was abolished it was supposed that the Army would become more a profession for poor men. The very reverse has occurred. For it is only rich men who can afford to wait for employment on the wretched pittance termed half-pay; it is only rich men who can take many of the commands offered to generals, and in these days of volunteering and globe-trotting on the chance of being "taken on" by some general for a campaign, it is the man with money or influential friends who has the best chance of getting brevets, and thus rising to the top.—"BROAD ARROW."

It is only rich men who can afford Crammer education for their sons.—AUTHOR.

for the wounded soldier brother, as the accompanying letter shews.

“ St. James’ August 11th, 1820.  
 “ To Lieutenant Alexander Jingo  
 42nd Regiment.  
 Clarence Barracks, Dublin.

“Dear Jingo, In answer to yours, 8th instant, which reached me this morning, I am to observe that it has given me surprise, for I sent you the Duke of York's reply, which you ought, whether directed in London or Dublin, to have received some time ago : the purport was every wish to serve you whenever the fair opportunity offered—for the present therefore rest satisfied and ever believe me,

“Yours sincerely,  
 “ WILLIAM REX.”

The King gave his father, the ex-dragon, a refuge in his old age, among the military knights of Windsor, where he occupied quarters in the Castle, and always got a kindly nod and often a friendly chat with the bluff Sailor King. Tommy's uncle used to tell a characteristic yarn about his quondam ship-mate.

After a monotonous cruise in the West Indies, the Duke of Clarence, then a midshipman, was bent on a spree ashore—a dance with the pretty yellow girls, in what was called in West Indian parlance, “a dignity hop” at Kingston (Jamaica). The Duke asked his captain for leave, but was refused.

He went below in dudgeon, but shortly re-appeared in plain clothes, with the ribbon of the Garter across his breast, walked up to the captain and demanded a boat.

“Certainly, your Royal Highness,” said the Captain, doffing his cocked hat till it nearly swept the quarter deck.

The Duke again plunged below, and re-emerged from the midshipmen's berth in suitable seedy garments, bent on his spree *in cog*.

No sooner had his head appeared above the hatchway, than the boatswain's shrill whistle sent the jacks scampering aloft to man the yards.

Boom ! boom ! boom ! thundered forth the Royal salute across the calm waters of the bay, startling the sleepy city of

Kingston, and dying away in the echoes of the far-off Blue Mountains.

The captain's gig lay alongside, with the Royal Standard flaunting in the stern, while the captain and officers stood at the gangway, hats in hand, bowing profoundly. The Duke turned red, bent his head in acknowledgment of the unwelcome salute, jumped into the boat, took the tiller ropes, and ordered the men to give way. The jacks bent to their oars with a will, enjoying the joke, and envying the Royal mid the spree he would have.

He steered to an unfrequented wharf in a disreputable part of Blacktown and ordered the boat to return to the ship, meaning to make a night of it. He dived into the crooked lanes of Blacktown, but to his horror, when he reached the house of festivity, he saw a guard of honour (Royal Marines) drawn up in front of it.

The drums beat, the arms clattered to the present, the officers, swords dropped to the Royal salute, while from the verandahs peeped several pairs of "lovely black eyes," in eager and happy expectation of selection by a Royal partner.

But the Royal mid, after receiving the salute, walked up to the officer in command, and said :

"Sir, accept my apologies to yourself and your men, for the indignity my thoughtlessness has brought upon his Majesty's uniform. Please to withdraw your guard as I intend to return to the ship."

And he turned on his heel, without one glance at the expectant hours, lest his resolution should fail. The dark eyes of more than one beautiful Creole glittered with tears of vexation at the loss of a Royal lover, even if it were for one night only.

But he hurried to the shore, hired a negro and his canoe to paddle him to the ship, and so managed to slink on board and cheat the disciplinary captain out of a Royal salute prepared for his reception when he should return, limp and repentant, next morning. Instead of which he reported himself at once, apologised to the captain for the trouble he had caused the ship's company, adding :

"I shall not forget, sir, the lesson you have given me."

And he did not, for he advanced that captain's promotion as soon as he had a chance.

Though kindly, the King was a disciplinarian.

When Tommy's papa was a cadet at Sandhurst with the King's son, the Duke of Munster, a fox, with the pack in full cry, swept across the parade ground. The sporting English instinct was irresistible—the cadets broke their ranks, and many joined the chase in spite of their officers.

Tommy's father, sound of wind, long of limb, and lean of flank, soon took the lead, but towards evening he found himself thrown out, with the Duke as his only companion.

What was to be done? They were miles from the College.

The Windsor coach came swinging along.

"Jump up behind and take a lift," said the good-natured guard, giving the boys a hand up.

But the coach was going the wrong way!

"As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," said the King's son. "Let us go on to Windsor Castle."

In vain his comrade demurred—there seemed nothing for it but to follow the chapter of accidents.

On arriving at Windsor, they were dead beat, no money, hungry, and spattered with mud. The Duke insisted on both going up to the Castle.

They were shown into the presence of the King, sitting over his after-dinner wine.

"You young scamps, what the devil brings you here?"

"The Windsor coach, sir," said the boys, and they made a clean breast of it.

The King laughed heartily, ordered them a good dinner and a bottle of port.

Next morning came retribution in the shape of a subaltern officer of the Cadet Company, who came to demand the bodies of the Gentlemen Cadets, the Duke of Munster and Harry Jingo.

The King ordered the culprits to be produced, and asked from the officer the particulars of their offence, which being given with military brevity, accorded with the confession of the lads.

"Ah!" said the King, "what punishment will they get?"

"Forty-eight hours black hole on bread and water."

"Serve 'em right! Damned young rascals! They have had their fun, and must pay the piper. March 'em off!"

And so they were, and ensconced in the black hole without mitigation of punishment.

The old king ever after shewed a friendly feeling for Tommy's father, whom he used to joke about his escapade, and often invited to spend his holidays at Bushey Park—once the abode of the beautiful and talented Mrs. Jordan, whose married life with the Duke of Clarence had been without reproach.

But—

*"Pallida Mors equo pede pulsat  
Pauperim tabernas Regnumque turrets."*

Death came equally to the beautiful actress, the king, and the ex-dragon.\*

As he sat among the huge oak beams in the Castle garret, to which he had been consigned to be out of the way on the day of the funeral, the muffled drums of the Guards brought home to Tommy his first bitter bereavement, in which there was a strong dash of cupboard-love, for the old man used to conceal, for their private feasts, fruits forbidden to both by the doctor and the severer women-folk of the establishment.

Tommy dried his eyes when the roll of the drum fell upon his ears, and his heart swelled with pride as he looked down on the martial pageant that carried the old warrior to the resting place that was, after all, not to be his last, for years after, in visiting the spot, Tommy found that alterations in the precincts of St. George's Chapel, had caused the removal of the remains, he knew not whither.

Tommy's father being still on service, his elder brother was sent to one school, preparatory for Sandhurst, and Tommy to another for Eton, where he was left for his first Christmas holidays, as he was considered too small to make his way to Ireland by himself.

Those were gloomy days for Tommy, nevertheless, they were lightened by love and war. For the schoolmaster's daughter was kind to Tommy, who was a pretty boy, with nice manners. She used to kiss him after his hebdomadal tub, which she superintended. This was trying to Tommy, who would have preferred taking the initiative. In after years he took his kisses as they came.

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\* The house of silence and darkness received, in 1837, the body of King William IV. and thither also, in 1849, was taken from Bentley Priory the mortal coil of the mild and charitable Queen Adelaide, whose coffin, according to her expressed injunctions, and in touching remembrance of the glorious profession to which her husband's early manhood had been devoted, was carried by the sailors of the Royal Navy.

The fighting was furnished by the schoolmaster's son—and as Tommy could not reach his face, he contented himself with kicking his shins, in return for which he received severe boxes on the ears. The subject of dispute was the possession of a rosebud, presented to Tommy after a Christmas dance and mistletoe performance with a buxom beauty, named "Susan," to whom the schoolmaster's son was paying his addresses. Alas! Tommy had no sense of proportion or fitness of things. He got the rose all the same, and kept it.

Subsequent holidays were spent with their mother's relatives on the wild west coast of Kerry. They were pleasant summers there at the old Castle by the sea, when the boys made love with strict impartiality to all their pretty Kerry cousins in succession. With the boys they learnt to handle oar, and sail, and fishing-rod; "to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth," which was equally the education of an Irish or a Parthian gentleman of the past. The girls are married, and the boys, except an amateur preacher and a parson, are gone, let us hope, to happier hunting grounds. The eldest, a magnificent fellow, died on a misty November morning at Inkerman, as a Captain of the "Die-Hards" should—his coat blackened by the discharge of more than one Russian rifle, so close had been the struggle. The next fell before a Maori Pah—and the sailor lad at Gamla Karbly, in the Baltic, where a boat landing was attempted. The boy had urged his boat's crew in advance of his captain's gig and of the whole flotilla. The grape fire of a masked battery wounded some of his crew, broke some of the oars and his own arm, but the undaunted boy stood up in the stern sheets, still urging his men to row on. A Russian bullet found his heart—and the enemy gave him a grave, for the expedition retired defeated.

Tom's only brother sleeps under broad Atlantic billows, after hard service in India and New Zealand, where his mortally wounded cousin died in his arms.

When the Cameronians returned from service in China they were quartered in Edinburgh Castle. For the brothers the old fortress was haunted by the ghost of their ancestor, Kircaldy of Grange, who had defended it for the hapless Mary against her cruel cousin, Elizabeth. But Elizabeth (unmindful of the honour of her lieutenant, who had promised an amnesty to the soldier surrendering only to

famine) ordered Kircaldy to be hanged at the Market Cross.

Tom and his brother were sent to the Edinburgh Academy, where they had more than their share of school fights to prove they were no "Southern loons," though their speech was southern. The last occasion on which this epithet was applied to Tom it was answered by a blow. Just then the school-bell rang, and the fight had to be arranged for after hours. Tommy's opponent was older than himself, of stouter build, and the cock of his class. Poor Tommy's heart sank, and during the recess for their frugal lunch he consulted his brother on the possibility of getting out of it. Truth must be told—Tommy funkcd.

Tom's brother shook his head, saying :

"I would gladly take him off your hands, but the fellows would not stand it. I am in the senior class. There is no way out of it, Tommy, the family honour depends on you—you *must* see it through. We cannot be called 'Southern loons,' for we are Scots and Cameronians to boot."

After hours there was a tumultuous gathering of the whole school, about 300 boys, in the fighting field, the sides of which sloped upwards like an amphitheatre. The principals, backed by their seconds, peeled to their shirt-sleeves and stood ready, when, to Tommy's great relief, the police appeared to disperse the assembly. The sixth-form boys promptly ejected them, and ordered the fight to commence at once. Again poor Tom's heart sank, though he came up to the scratch like a man, only, alas! to go down like a ninepin before his more powerful assailant. The triumphant shouts of his opponent's class-mates rang in his ears, and when he rose to his feet Tom's "funk" was gone—he felt punishment no more.

Round after round was fought, till there were four "lovely black eyes" and a plentiful outpouring of claret. At length his antagonist began to flinch, for a well-planted blow broke the bridge of his nose. He turned his face to avoid more punishment, and a blow under the left ear dropped him senseless.

Now the shouts of the whole school greeted Tommy, for he was known to be the younger and weaker boy, and the fight had been forced upon him by what was felt to be a deadly insult to a Scot.

When brought to his opponent acknowledged himself

defeated, and declined to fight any more. Tom was hoisted on the shoulders of his classmates, and escorted to his horrified mother, whom they comforted by remarking :

"Ah, but you should see the other fellow."

Tom appeared at school, a green shade over his eyes.

"Fechting again," remarked Pat MacDougall, his severe but well-beloved master ; " an' wha is it noo ? "

When told, he exclaimed :

"Ech, mon ! But ye didna thresh yon ? "

"Aye, but he did," shouted his class-mates in chorus.

"Yer faither's son ! What's bred in the bane, will aye 'oot in the flesh. Haud 'oot y'ere han', ye belleegerent young Cameronian," and a couple of Pandys were administered by the evidently approving pedagogue.

The opprobrious term of "Southern loon" was dropped in the school and the fights of the brothers were few during the time they remained there.

A great change has come over the Edinburgh Academy during the Victorian reign. At its commencement boys of all ranks crowded the forms, from the son of Macallum More to the porridge-fed son of the small farmer or tradesman who pinched himself to get the best possible education for his sons. And wisely, for of such and of their kinsmen from Ulster were the builders of this great Empire—notably of India. Though poor, they were proud of the drop of good blood—they were often tenth cousin fourteen times removed to the laird of their name, who sat on the bench beside them and whose influence subsequently got them an Indian cadetship ?

The mingling of classes did good all round. The poor lad became a gentleman in every sense of the word, including the exterior manner, and, as Scotch boys are no respectors of persons, the young aristocrat got toughened instead of toadied, found his own level, and learnt to respect his poorer school-mate, whom, perhaps, when he became governor of a colony, he would find to be his prime minister.

With the rise in value of Scotch shootings, due to the demand for them from trade millionaires, the Scotch aristocracy and gentry could afford to send their sons to Eton and Rugby, with the result that they became "just like every other fellow, don't you know." They ceased to be Scots, while the poorer lads, left to themselves on the Academy benches, ceased to be gentlemen, and became Radicals,

because they never mixed with or got a day's shooting from their mercenary kinsmen. Hence the Midlothian miracle—that the sons of those who had built an Empire should wish to destroy it.

But the rise in the value of shootings, the conversion of the Highlands into deer forests, and the Lothians into sheep walks, have had a worse result. It has seriously impaired our military strength by depriving us of the recruiting grounds of our hardiest soldiers, and Irish disaffection has done the rest. There are few Highland soldiers, nor many Lowland Scotch. We manufacture Highlanders out of Glasgow Irish, who, by the time they learn to tie their garters, do not make bad soldiers. But trousers would be less expensive and more comfortable than kilts.

Localisation without conscription is a fallacy, like building a bridge without the keystone. You may call Regiments or Brigades Lothian or anything else you like, but on the voluntary system you must take your recruits from the centres of population and rely upon the conscripts of hunger, and as Parliament won't vote for strong men's wages, they get weakly boys.

In the higher ranks of the public service the system of competition has opened the door widely to the Irish, who have largely superseded Scotch, notably in the Indian Civil Service. The Irish, being of brighter brain, can write more fluent examination papers and Government minutes. Whether they can run an Empire remains to be seen. Manipoor does not promise well for government by Competition Wallahs.

There were exceptions to the Scotch lairds, who expatriated their tenants without caring whither they went. The author, while shooting in the Western Highlands once, came upon a wild desolate valley, where, on that August afternoon, there was but one thin curl of smoke from a lone mountain sheiling, scarce visible amid the purple heather and the grey boulders.

His host remarked in explanation :

“During my father's time, a recruiting sergeant took forty braw lads for a Highland regiment from this glen.”

The Sassenach sportsman asked :

“Do you think your father was justified in making a wilderness for sport?”

“Yes,” answered the other, “it was best for them and

best for us. The land could not support them. Do you see yon little house the smoke rises from? A gilly born in that house, is one of the richest commoners in Australia. He entertained the Duke of Edinburgh. Before he sent his people out, my father got a sheep run in Australia. Upon it he started them with stock in which both parties were to have shares. The lad in question became overseer, and has built himself a splendid house on my land. Now whose is it? I won't try law, I shall go out and compromise in the interest of my second son."

He did so. The run and the stock were divided, and they tossed up for the mansion and the builder lost it. He built himself another—a palace—on his half of the run. He does not sleep with his fathers on the desolate hillside, but in sunny Australia, in his bran-new family vault, hard by the church he had himself erected on the land he gave for the purpose out of his own wide acres. The old Scotch widow lady, and her sons, perfect types of the physical beauty not uncommon at the Antipodes, dispense a princely hospitality in the squatter mansion, with its Greek-columned stone portico. The spacious hall shewed trophies, won by the brothers for physical feats at an English University—there were no prizes for mental culture, nor were the handsome, gentlemanly, young giants conversationally interesting to an old-world traveller.

When taken to the stable, where the horses rivalled their masters in beauty, the guest thought—

"Ah, here we have something in common I can talk to my hosts about!"

They were all there on the points of a horse and rode like centaurs, but when asked if they liked Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Bush Ballads," and "How we beat the Favourite," the answer was:

"I never read Gordon—I never read poetry."

The son of the old Scotch laird who owned the other half of the run was the exact opposite to the sons of his father's shepherd—brilliantly cultivated but a feckless chiel, a sort of gentleman Burns, who brought his run to the hammer and returned to his family castle in Argyle.

A gentleman is seldom a colonial success, and it sometimes takes a colonial more than a generation to become a success as a gentleman.

From the Edinburgh Academy the eldest Jingo brother

entered Sandhurst. Tommy had still to follow the colours, and though his book-learning suffered thereby, he studied men and manners ; some of the manners were of a decidedly questionable character, such as being encouraged to draw regimental caricatures and recite battle ballads upon the mess table, at the conclusion of which he would be invited by thoughtless young officers to sip usquebagh from the regimental cup as it passed round with the pipers. When that came to his father's ears the officers got a sharp reprimand and Tommy a severe thrashing.

When his father returned to India, having exchanged into the " King's Own Borderers," which he subsequently commanded, there was no one to repeat the lesson, for it was shortly found out that Tommy could thrash a schoolmaster with comparative impunity. Fortunately, the senior cadets at Woolwich quickly corrected this tendency to insubordination.

Tommy's mother, a clever and beautiful woman who long retained her youth of body and mind, was his most charming companion, friend, and confidante. She spoilt him in childhood by her own unselfishness, but, as he grew up, all that was best in him was due to her influence. Perhaps, fortunately, he had no sisters, and knew nothing of the familiarity which breeds contempt, too often common among many-sistered men without brothers. Hence he had a certain deference for the sweeter sex, of whom his mother was to him a type.

How he became a Woolwich cadet was on this wise. His father being in India, his mother took him to London and laid before Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Master-General of the Ordnance (afterwards Lord Raglan) the services of Tom's family, as a claim to a nomination.

The old veteran, who had lost an arm at Waterloo, seemed to take a fancy to the tall lad, perhaps because he had known his father and grandfather, said he looked good stuff for a soldier, and asked if he thought he could pass the examination ?

Tom, who in spite of his erratic education was generally near the top of his class, promptly answered, " Yes, sir."

" Then you shall go up in three months," was the equally prompt reply.

When he saw the synopsis of the subjects for examination he was horror-struck. It was mainly mathematics, in

which he was weak, having been at schools where the teaching was chiefly classical.

He went straight to a mathematical coach, for there were crammers in those days. But little harm was done in that direction, however, for a lad had only one chance. He could not go up again and again, cramming after each failure until his brain was addled and physique and sight impaired.

In former days there was a fixed standard, which, if passed would enable a candidate of average education and ability to profit by the after-teaching at Woolwich. There was a probationary examination at the end of the first year which eliminated the idle and the hopelessly dull.

The time at Woolwich now appears too short to enable the cadet to digest the mental pabulum with which he has been stuffed before joining.

Let us return to Tom in the sombre parlour of the crammer producing his nomination for Woolwich. The tutor proceeds to examine him. Cæsar he could read and parse as if it were English, and a good deal better, for he had not wasted time on English grammar, which did not exist in those days, and was only invented for ladies' schools in the latter half of the Victorian era.

His questioner then went on to history, geography, French, free-hand drawing and general subjects; then Euclid, in all which he found substantial knowledge, but when it came to accurate arithmetic, to say nothing of algebraical dodges, his pupil was nowhere.

The coach threw the books on the table with a bang, and said:

"It's no use, I can't take you, you couldn't possibly pass in three months."

"But I promise you that I will work hard," pleaded Tom.

"You would inevitably disgrace my school—I won't have you."

The lad rose, strode out to the gate where the cab was still standing, pulled his portmanteau off the roof and threw it into the hall.

"What do you mean?" said the master, angrily.

"I mean to stay," was the quiet reply.

"You're a strange lad," he remarked. "Well, if you give me your word of honour that you will not go up without my

leave you may stay, and I will do my best for you—your pluck may pull you through.”

Tom worked very hard, and at the end of three months his tutor said :

“You may go up, you will pass.”

And he did.

## CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE—" MOS PRO LEGE "—THE MINSTREL BOY—CHARLES GORDON—ADAM LINDSAY GORDON—PROMOTION—A MILITARY ARNOLD—A SNOOKER ARISTOCRAT—A QUIET PIPE—ASTRONOMICAL—SKY SIGNS.

Formerly it was *de rigueur* for a cadet to join at Woolwich in an evening dress-coat and a tall hat—"a claw-hammer coat and a stove-pipe," as the Yankees call it—and woe betide the boy who did not comply with the custom. *Mos pro lege*.

The disciplinary process at the hands of the senior cadets, rough but effectual, commenced at once—their unwritten code was as the law of the Medes and Persians.

No "snooker" or young cadet could return a blow from one of the senior class, even if the latter did not wear "swabs," (the shoulder straps, symbol of a corporal). Failing the corporal's rank, except when on parade, the old cadet turned his chin strap over his forage cap, or allowed a morsel of white handkerchief to appear between the buttons of his double-breasted coatee. For a junior to do so from ignorance or malice prepense would bring condign punishment under the charge of "coolness."

The young cadets were not permitted to smoke or enter a public-house, unless, unfortunately, they were sent for liquor for a senior spree, nor were they allowed to lounge or sit in the reading-room, but get a book and begone. They had to brush the uniforms, and fag generally for the head of their rooms—make toast at tea—pour out the beer in hall—and be helped last and rather least in the matter of Sunday pudding and Thursday pie.

Cadet Jingo's first disciplinary lesson was severe, and he did not require a second. Going downstairs from the halls of study, his descent was accelerated by a kick between the swallow tails from an old but diminutive cadet, aggressive as little dogs and men mostly are.

It is probable that the expression on the face of the recipient of that kick was not one of gratitude, for the donor remarked :

"You great hulking snooker, I suppose if you were not a newx\* you would thrash me ?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply. For which answer he was summoned to the racquet-court, the usual place of punishment, and very severely belted, the buckle end of the belt being sometimes used for emphasis, by the four Senior Corporals of his division, each in their turn, commencing with the junior. The correct thing was to stand perfectly still without flinching or remonstrance, and the arms folded, which had a dignified aspect, and saved the knuckles from the buckle end.

At the conclusion of his punishment the senior remarked :

"So much for being a mutinous-looking beggar."

With seniors of bad disposition discipline occasionally degenerated into cruelty. The prevailing spirit was, however, more of fun than deliberate cruelty, though many a severe and sometimes salutary lesson was conveyed.

A dark-complexioned, sardonic "snooker," a professed Atheist, who made himself conspicuous for blasphemy in a by no means strait-laced community, was appropriately nicknamed "the Demon." To accentuate the resemblance (as Henry Irving's lime-light was not in vogue) blue blazes were extemporised by pouring Eau de Cologne on his hair and setting fire to it, with the result that not only his hair but his face was severely burnt, and his eyes only narrowly escaped.

Another boy, of adipose tissue and sedentary habits, that rendered activity distasteful, was styled the "Bounding Bânchute." His fat person was compulsorily arrayed in extremely tight and brilliantly-coloured bathing drawers, in which he was made to climb to the top of the high cupboard, that nearly reached the ceiling of the barrack-room, and from this coign of vantage to jump through the top of the half-tester barrack-bed, splitting the calico, and coming down in a cloud of dust amid the applause of his tormentors.

An Irish cadet, whose extremely studious habits and puri-

tanical\* propriety of demeanour were considered inappropriate to his nationality, was compelled to recite and sing amatory stanzas from his national bard, got up as :

“ The minstrel boy to the war has gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him,  
His oxter† sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp (banjo) slung behind him.”

But the compulsory performance most appreciated was the irresistibly comic effect of this knight of the rueful countenance singing :

“ Oh ! the toir·e Oi've lost in wooing,  
In honting and pursuing  
The loit that loies  
In woman's oyes  
Has been me soul's ondoing !  
Tho' wisdom oft hath sought me,  
I scorned the lore she brought me.  
Me only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly all they taught me.”

A contrast to the knight of the rueful countenance was a laughter-loving youngster, whose irrepressible exuberance of spirits during study was a source of annoyance to the corporal on duty, who ordered him an extra dose of frivolity on the principle *similia similibus curantur*. The festive youth was compelled to execute a “ pas seul ” up the hall of study to the platform of the Octagon Tower, whence the spectacles of the grim German professor glared at the apparently insane performer as he pirouetted and kissed his hand, singing his own accompaniment in an assumed, and by no means unmelodious, falsetto.

The refrain ran—

“ My name's Taglioni,  
And I'm a damned I—talian ! ”

The performer was a remarkably broad-shouldered handsome lad, with merry brown eyes. It was too much for the professor's gravity.

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\*He was killed in the Crimea. Puritan ways were hereditary, for he was descended from a Colonel of Cromwell's army.

†Extra drill.

After using his wonted formula, "Shoken ! shoken ! Kaporal, put dat shentlemans onder arrests !" he burst out laughing.

The consequences were not, as well as I remember, very serious to the merry-making one, at any rate not sufficiently so to make him serious for any length of time.

The cadet's name was really an Italian one and historic in the Royal Artillery, like many others of foreign origin, such as Torriano, de Rienzi, d'Aguilar, des Aguilliers, Du Plat, Le Mesurier, etc.

In the anteroom of the R.A. Mess hangs the portrait of General Borghardt, the father of the Royal Artillery. He was, like Von Moltke, a hard bitten old Dane, survivor of countless battles and sieges. The reason for the foreign origin of so many of our Royal Artillery officers who became almost a regimental caste and upheld its glory, "Ubique," for many generations, was that the fighting English aristocracy preferred the Cavalry and Infantry service, in which rank could be purchased and no stiff examinations were required. They were too proud, in fact, and mentally indolent to study the base mechanic science of artillery. On the Continent it was otherwise, and men like Leonardo da Vinci were gunners as well as artists and aristocrats.

Charles Gordon was at the R.M.A. at this time.\* Though a severe disciplinarian, as an old cadet, and eccentric in his modes of punishment, as in all else, he never joined in these frivolities.

Being short of stature he was rear rank man to Cadet Jingo on the left flank of the Cadet Company. Gerald Graham (General Graham, V.C., also of Soudan celebrity), was the right hand file when the cadets were paraded on the occasion of the Chartist Riots in 1848, when the Iron Duke took such precautions as rendered any rising impossible. Nothing was forgotten, even the cadets were paraded, served out with ball cartridge, and given the brief instruction not to fire without orders, "to fire low, and to fire slow."

Charles Gordon had always strong opinions, and was addicted to scarcely "sotto voce" comments on affairs in general and on orders in particular, disturbing to the equanimity of his front rank file, behind whom the speaker was unseen.

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\*Gordon Pasha of Khartoum.

On one occasion an order was read out that on the recommendation of the doctor, gentleman cadets were forbidden to bathe later than the month of October.

"Damned nonthence, coddling young soldiers," lisped Gordon, "let us bathe all winter and prove that it's wholesome and the doctor's a fool."

An argument like that of Dickens' patient, who, forbidden muffins, "eat 'alf a crown's worth and then blowed his brains out to prove that muffins was 'olesome and the doctor was wrong."

The front rank file grinned and got an extra drill for unsteadiness. Gordon stepped to the front, took the blame upon himself, and also got a drill for his pains.

Next morning, after "oxters," (extras) as the defaulter's drill was called, they doubled over to the cadet's pond and bathed, continuing to do so all winter, though they had sometimes to break the ice.

A warm friendship, which lasted for their lives, existed between Charles Gordon and "Long Tom," as Cadet Jingo was familiarly called. Gordon would at times, without apparent reason, withdraw himself from his friends, not speaking for days, then he would come up as if nothing had happened, and say :

"Come for a walk, old fellow."

In these walks they made many plans. Strange to say, Gordon had always a hankering after Africa. They were to volunteer for service at the Cape, get long leave, not difficult in those days—equip a waggon, trek north, shoot elephants, and with the proceeds of the ivory carry on further explorations. Details were not forgotten, even to the pattern of a rifle and a hunting knife, "Long Tom" being considered an authority, as his father had given him a gun and a rifle, both of which he could use fairly, shooting snipe and seals on the West Coast of Kerry.

Had he been told then that his impulsive little comrade was to be a great soldier, his self-conceit would have led him to think :

"More likely me than him !"

The characteristics, which years later made Gordon the idol of many Englishmen, had scarcely developed.

But those African plans fell through—"the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley !" Their paths

separated—Gordon was commissioned into the Royal Engineers, which Jingo missed by one place, getting 1st Artillery—mainly in consequence of steeple-chasing over the ditches in Woolwich marshes, using levelling rods as leaping poles, whereby the survey and the poles suffered.

When Gordon was forming his ever-victorious Chinese army, he applied for his old friend to organise the Artillery of his Force, but was refused. "Lieutenant Jingo could not be spared from Regimental duty in India." A few months later he was sent home round the Cape in charge of invalids!

But they met again. On his return from China, Gordon was put to build mud forts at the mouth of the Medway. He spent his spare time and spare cash in teaching street Arabs. When asked by his friend why he had not accepted the enormous present of "Sycee" silver given him by the Emperor, replied—

"Wanted to show them there was no price for a British officer."

The following characteristic letter was the last he wrote to his friend :—

" Massowah, 18th May, 1878.

" Colonel Jingo, R.A., Quebec.

" My dear Jingo,

" I never forgot you or the R.M.A. or our ideas so much in common as they were.

" ——— wrote to me, and I received his letter with yours yesterday, on my arrival here from Berbush, Zeyle, and Harar, which is some 235 miles inland.

" It was very interesting to see Harar, which for years had bullied Abyssinia, it is a walled town of 20,000 inhabitants. Burton visited it in 1862—and described it in the book he wrote—'First Footsteps in Africa.' The town was founded in the 7th century. Egypt occupied it in 1874, and it is now under my Government.

" I have written to ———\* to tell him to consult with you (ask him to show you my letter) about his future. It would be absolute ruin for him with no profession to be out here, what can he do, look at him yourself, is he an engineer, a carpenter, a botanist? It is the one great mistake our class of life makes in educating their children to no trade.

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\*A nephew of General Gordon.

"Put our birth, our energy, and our determination into shoe-making, carpentering, etc. we could beat the tradesmen out of the field, but now we pay £100's for a miserable education of which more than two-thirds is useless.

"How often during my life I have regretted I could not braze metals, could not solder, etc.

"Kindly advise ——— for the best for I feel for him, and thank you and Mrs. ——— for your kindness.

"I do not know if you knew his father ———, a queer Puritan of the Cromwell type.\*

"You and I have had different lives, but as I said to ———, yours is the safer and smoother; you at any rate are not dependant on a man (H. Highness) having dyspepsia or not, this I am dependant on.

"Kind regards to Mrs. ———

"Yours sincerely,

"C. E. GORDON."

Adam Lindsay Gordon, poet and stockrider, was also a cadet in those days. He was the exact opposite of Charles Gordon—a dreamy lad, with a far-off look in his eyes, indicative perhaps of the touching and semi-philosophical bush ballads, so dear to every Australian heart, redolent as they are of fatalism and wattle blossoms, though scarcely indicative of the man who beat "the Favourite."

Unwittingly, Lindsay Gordon caused the loss of his swabs to Corporal Jingo, who was on duty in the Hall of Study. In marching out, the future poet, probably in dreamland, paid no heed to Jingo's word of command and got a sharp rap on the head with the edge of the ruler, which drew blood, and brought him from the clouds.

"Shoken! shoken! shoken!" shouted little Troppenager, the German professor. "Kaporal, I reports you."

Which he did, and Jingo was reduced to the ranks, the Commandant remarking that though he maintained excellent discipline, his methods were irregular.

Jingo's first promotion was brought about by infringement of rules. There was a Spartan simplicity about the ablutions of the cadets—they took their morning bath under the pump. In doing so, Cadet Jingo was unfortunate enough to sever the tendons of his foot by treading on a

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\*Major Bayley, R.A., killed in action during Indian Mutiny Campaign.

broken bottle, which sent him to hospital for so long a time that it lost him an examination, and many places in his regiment.

One day he, with others, was smoking in the hospital ward, against orders. The spurs of "Eardley the Upright," or "Ramrod," as it was generally shortened to, clanked up the passage. Cigar ends were thrown out of window and cadets stood to attention.

"Who's been smoking here?" asked the officer.

"I, sir," said Jingo.

Seven days' close arrest was the punishment.

"Anyone else?" remarked the Captain, looking round with something of a sneer when there was no response. The others probably considered one scapegoat quite sufficient for the occasion.

At the completion of his punishment, Cadet Jingo was sent for to the Orderly-room, pondering in his mind what new peccadillo had been detected.

To his surprise, the Commandant said:

"I have sent for you to tell you that, though your conduct cannot be considered steady, and you have not reached the Upper Academy, I intend to promote you."

"Thank you, sir, I would rather not be promoted," was the foolish reply. "I can't report my comrades."

"You are much too fine a fellow to be a fool, and I shall promote you, and you will do your duty as a soldier on your honour."

Cadet morality was elastic on many points, but when a cadet was put upon his honour, it was never known to fail. If placed under arrest in his room, no sentry or watch was ever kept upon him.

Thus in his abrupt and kindly fashion did the Captain of Cadets secure the hearty service and affectionate esteem of all who served under him, man or boy. It was the turning point of their lives when they came under the influence of Eardley Wilmot, the Military Arnold of Woolwich.

Cadet Jingo was shortly promoted Senior Corporal of a Division. On the first day of the term, a coronetted carriage, with flunkeys complete, entered the gates with the humbler cabs of other last joined cadets. From it alighted a still beautiful woman with her son, a fair-haired delicate-looking lad. He was among those told off

to the Division commanded by Corporal Tom. His regulation portmanteau, containing the usual trousseau, including the indispensable cotton night-caps, generally used to boil eggs in, was carried to the barrack-room by a stately flunkey and deposited on the sanded floor with a sigh of relief, and a cloud of powder from his hair.

Surveying the room, with its iron bedsteads, pewter basins and grated window, he touched his hat to his master and said, with an air of respectful condolence :

"Good G—d, my lord, they are not going to put you into such an 'ole as this ?"

"That will do, Mr. Plush !" said the Corporal in charge of the room ; but the magnificent one heeded him not, and again touching his hat for orders, received his dismissal from his master.

"And what is your name, sir ?" said the Corporal, somewhat aggravated by the sang-froid of the flunkey.

"Lord Ronald Plantagenet de Montmorency Grosvenor," said the little man, drawing himself up all his inches, and fixing a fishy gray aristocratic eye on his interlocutor.

"Oh, you're a lord, are you !" and he gave the poor boy a box on the ear with the comment, "Ough ! It's only like boxing any other fellow's ear !" Then—"Your hair's too long, sir, get it cut regimental length. Number 24 barrack-room, you'll find a barber."

When the lad entered the room designated, he found an impromptu barber, with all the paraphernalia necessary, the shoulder straps of a Corporal appearing above the apron. A pair of candle snuffers for scissors and tallow as an accessory were produced. On saying he had been ordered to get his hair cut, he was again asked his name and unfortunately gave his title with it.

He was told to turn round and hold up his coat tails. Scarcely realising what was contemplated, he did so, and received a kick, with the remark :

"I never had the honour of kicking a lord—just like any other fellow's——"

Being made to sit down, and scissors substituted for snuffers, which were not found expeditious enough, his hair was reduced to less than military brevity.

As he left the chamber of tonsorial torment, walking moodily and brooding over the indignity to which he had

been subjected, he met the Senior of the Division, who had got wind of the practical joking that was going on, and thought the poor lad had probably had enough of it. The boy expected more harsh treatment from the commanding looking senior who stopped him, especially when he heard the oft-repeated query :

"What's your name ? "

He answered with the same fatal precedence of his title. The senior put his two hands on his shoulders and, looking down kindly, said solemnly :

"Did your Godfathers and Godmothers in your baptism wherein, etc., etc., call you Lord Ronald and so on ? "

"No, sir," said the boy, a new light breaking in upon him. "My christian name is Ronald."

"And your family name ? "

"Grosvenor," said the boy.

"Very well, my lad, when you are asked your name, give it, and if anyone wants to know your title, you can tell them that also."

He took the hint thankfully and was bullied no more, for he was an amiable lad and turned out a very good fellow.

Academy days, in spite of hard study towards the end of the term for those who had been idle, passed pleasantly with kindly camaraderie and athletic sports. Eardley Wilmot, the captain of cadets, kept a pack of beagles, which were followed on foot, Lieutenant Biddulph\* being a whip that few could match. It was a sport that laid the foundation of an enduring soundness of wind and limb in those who pursued it, instead of wasting health and money in Saturday and Sunday leaves to imaginary friends in London, from whom written invitations, which were too often "fudged," as it was technically termed, were expected to be shewn.

But those whom a limited purse made wise if nothing else, would make expeditions into the country, bivouac in Epping Forest or elsewhere, instead of going to imaginary relatives.

One Easter a cadet 8-oar ascended the river. The funds of the crew ran low, and Le Fer and Jingo, the most impecunious and eccentric of the lot agreed to sleep in the boat. Towards day-break it was cold, and they found moreover,

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\*General Sir Michael Biddulph, Keeper of the Crown Jewels at the Tower.

that the ribs of the boat and their own were not in accord. Going ashore, they tried to join their comrades in the hotel but found it closed and silent. Jingo, by a jump, managed to grasp the balcony and pull himself up, whilst his companion waited for him to make an entry, descend and open the door.

A policeman, unfortunately, had witnessed the house-breaking gymnastics, sprang his rattle and another appeared. Le Fer bolted, policeman No. 2 in hot pursuit. The hotel was roused by this time, and Jingo's unconventional entrance explained, but nothing was seen or heard of Le Fer save the returning footsteps, slow and depressed, of his pursuer.

Had he been captured? With a bewildered face, the policeman related how he had followed hard upon the burglar through lanes and byeways into a churchyard where just within his grasp, he had mysteriously disappeared. The man patrolled until he was tired without getting on the track of his prey.

There was no use speculating as to his whereabouts, so Jingo and his friends tipped the "peelers,"—glad to see the last of them, and sat down to a breakfast of rashers and eggs. When nearly through the third relay, Le Fer dropped quietly into a seat at the table and at once appropriated his share with the ferocity of a Chocktaw after a long fast, remarking, in answer to their astonished queries, that he had enjoyed a smoke with an unobtrusive companion, who didn't bore him as the present company were doing with questions.

Later on the truth was elicited. Le Fer had dashed into an open vault, which had been prepared over night for the burial of a local magnate, sat himself coolly on a coffin-lid and smoked his pipe until his pursuer got weary of searching for him.

During his last winter vacation young Jingo had varied trotting over snipe bogs by riding to hounds over the Kerry Hills. Politeness in opening gates was not appreciated by the Kerry girls of the period. His cousin gave him a mount named "Breakbones." The brute kept up its reputation, by smashing a collar-bone for our Jingo.

When he joined the riding school, names were called—"Jingo! hum! any relation to Paddy Jingo, of the Royal 'Orse?"

"Cousin."

"Ah! you Hirish think you can ride. Well, take your countryman, 'Shamrock'—the greatest brute in the school. "Lead the ride—cross your stirrups—wa-a-lk, march—tro-o-ot—get into those corners. Here, sergeant, fetch the long whip." Crack, crack! an irregular circus ensued. "There you are! all over the place! like peas on a drum! 'Alt! Wo-o gave you horders to dismount, Mr. Brown?" he remarks to a poor beggar who had been shot over his horse's ears. "Without stirrups prepare to mount—mount," and after some ineffectual swimming on his stomach Brown is given a leg into the saddle. "Walk—march—trot—leading file circle—go large. You won't take that 'orse into them corners, won't you?" and the riding master made a rush at Shamrock—with a whip. The knowing old brute waited till he was close, and then let fly, kicking the forage cap off the irate riding master, who knocking the tan off the lace of that diminutive bauble, replaced it on the three hairs left to him, shewing a bald patch behind like a monk's tonsure, now apoplectically purple. "Bring out the bar—top-hole," and the furze-covered obstacle was set up by the grinning orderlies. It was without precedent to produce it so early. "Now then, leading file, steady; don't let that 'orse rush." Bless you! steam steering gear would neither guide nor hold Shamrock, upon whose callous old mouth untold numbers of recruits had hung until pulled over his head. A three foot six bar was nothing to Jingo, after stone walls and five-barred gates. Though to give him his due old Shamrock made ample provision for avoiding the prickles, for he cleared them by about 2ft. "That will do," said the autocrat of the tan—"Don't want no cruelty to hanimals 'ere—take away the bar—make much o' your 'orses." Lieut. Jingo was continued in the lead of the ride. The same performance was gone through about half a century later, with another young Jingo—his son.

The army is Conservative.

After being commissioned, some months were spent at the astronomical observatory, for in those days artillery officers were, if they so desired, permitted scientific employment, and under such men as Generals Sabine, Lefroy, Eardley Wilmot, Younghusband, Smythe, Strange, Haig, Blakiston, Drayson and others, a series of valuable magnetic observations were carried out wherever our flag floats.

The younger officers, however, occasionally varied astronomy with nights devoted, not to the signs of the zodiac, but to those of the Woolwich tradesmen, their permutations and combinations being not strictly mathematical. A large red cocked hat was exchanged for a golden boot, the gigantic golden "9" over a Hebrew "mont de piété" by inversion became "6," while the three balls dangled in the place of the snuff-taking Highlander, whose image, with the superscription, "Licensed to be drunk on the premises," was one morning found conspicuously displayed over the door of the commandant.

They were before the time in their crusade against the tyranny of sky signs and aggravating modern advertisements. A tax upon advertisements all these years would have yielded a large revenue and certainly lessened the confusion of the unfortunate foreigner who might well imagine the name of any unknown station was "Colman's Mustard," and who sees upon an omnibus only "Nestle's milk" when he looks for the place of its destination.

## CHAPTER III.

GIBRALTAR—GIB-AL-TARIC—SARACENIC CONQUEST—A QUEEN'S CHEMISE  
—RIEN DE SACRE POUR UN SAPPEUR—THE UNION JACK—A CAPTURE—  
SPANISH HONOUR—SCRAMBLING.

The hill of Taric was named after the Arab conqueror, who was the crest of the wave of Saracenic War that surged through Spain, across the Pyrenees, until it met the Frankish chivalry of Charles the Hammerer upon the plains of Tours, thence to be rolled back through the passes of Roncesvalles in the alternate defeat and victory that marked the centuries of Spanish Crusade. Tradition says that one little wavelet rippled west to that corner of Armorica which was the last refuge of the stubborn Kelt. There on the site of the City of Aleth (St. Servan) Les Puits des Sarrasins gives local colour to the legend.

Was it ever among the possibilities that the Cross should pale before the Crescent in Europe, or be wiped out as it was in those Eastern lands where it first rose and spread?

In the West the scimitar of Islam shivered on the mail-clad warriors, among whom was neither sophist nor schoolman to weaken war with words, such as divided the schools of Alexandria and distracted the Councils of Byzantium.

The Western barbarian, who had forsaken Wodin to follow the faith of the White Christ, had not forgotten the manhood of his sires nor the respect for his women folk, which monogamy, the necessity of a cold climate, and the strife for life in such regions had engendered. Hence the birth of chivalry, from the contact of the virile Frank with the cultured feminine Christianity of the Roman populations he had subdued.

The Saracen knew more science than either Goth or Latin Christian, and the Pagan Greek more of art than either. Thus the triumph of the Cross retarded the march of science for many centuries. In the plenitude of its power it destroyed the sensuous Pagan worship of Art and persecuted Science with Galileo.

## "VICISTI GALILÆE."

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean ; the world has grown  
grey from thy breath ;  
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of  
death.

\* \* \* \* \*

O lips, that the life-blood faints in, the leavings of rack and of  
rod !

O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of a gibbeted god !

\* \* \* \* \*

Of the maiden, thy mother, men sing, as a goddess with  
grace clad around ;

Thou art throned where another was king ; where another  
was queen she is crowned ;

Yea, once we had sight of another ; but now she is queen say  
these.

Not as thine, not as thine was our mother, a blossom of flower-  
ing seas.

\* \* \* \* \*

For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to sorrow ; but  
ours

Her deep hair heavily laden with odour and colour of flowers.  
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour, a  
flame,

Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet  
with her name.

For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves and rejected ;  
but she

Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and Imperial, her  
foot on the sea."

That Europe would have been happier or more advanced than she is had Charles Martel been defeated on the plains of Tours is improbable, judging by the state of Islam to-day. Yet Islam in the East is scarcely a criterion of what Islam would have been in the West. There would have been no feudal system, no Crusades, nothing of what we call mediæval art or faith. The mind refuses to look down the long vista of "might-have-beens"—suffice that, as the cold morality of Christianity never took root in the East, so the polygamy of Islam could not flourish in the West ; yet the red towers and fairy courts of the Alhambra in the green valley of the Vega bear witness to the culture of

the most brilliant branch of the Saracenic race, most in contact with the West, while the old Moorish Castle of Gibraltar reminds us of a warlike power that has passed to the Englishman, for it is the quarters of the subalterns of Royal Artillery, and the five lads on the deck of the steamer, whose anchor chains rattle through the hawser holes, are looking up to the twinkling lights that gleam from their future home.

The roar of the evening gun had died away amid the hills of Spain, and the great shadowed rock looked like a lion couchant, keeping watch and ward.

But to-night the subs do not think much about Saracens, lions couchant or rampant, nor even of the daring capture of the fortress by a handful of Marines and its subsequent stubborn defence by red-hot shot against the fleets of France and Spain.

Some day the lads will shoot quail round the old ruined tower, called "the Queen of Spain's Chair," and learn perhaps from the very excellent garrison library, that the tower was so called because from its summit the Queen of Spain used to watch the progress of the siege, and rashly vowed she would not change her chemise while the British flag floated over Gibraltar. Poor lady ! it became yellow, and the Court ladies, to console her, dyed their under garments with saffron, which became the fashionable colour for underlinen. It is to be hoped the Queen eventually changed her mind—and her chemise.\*

No, to-night the thoughts of the newly-arrived subs run wholly on their future life. Presentation to the Governor took place in due time—there was Tommy Jingo, the senior, Billy Pease, the most amiable, Le Fer, the soi-disant sardonic, who seldom *said* kind things but always did them, Johnnie Scott, "El Rubio" the Red, as the Spanish girls called him, and "Chikito," the little dear, as they called their favourite youngster.

His Excellency, Sir Robert Gardiner, himself an old gunner, made them an encouraging little speech to the effect that if "*rien de sacre pour un sappeur*"—everything was possible for a gunner. The great Napoleon, he reminded them, was a subaltern of Artillery. It is said when Corsica

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\* It is said the gallant Governor eventually ordered the flag to be lowered sufficiently long enough to enable her to do so.

was under British rule, he applied for a commission in the English Army—had he succeeded the fate of Europe might have been changed! His Excellency forgot to mention that Napoleon would have died of disgust under Wellington, who did not know how to handle artillery, and never allowed an Artilleryman to teach him. The tradition has been handed down in the Horse Guards, but as their writ did not run in India, little Bobs of Cabul got a chance. These matters, however, did not trouble the buoyant spirits of the new-joined subs.

Young Englishmen take England's supremacy everywhere in a very matter-of-fact fashion—they *had* reason. Our flag had not been furled in the Ionian Islands; the British drum-beat, that heralds the rising sun around the globe, had not become intermittent by the withdrawal of Imperial troops from Canada and Australasia, though the old flag still floats above loyal people and loyal hearts beat beneath the Queen's uniform of Canadian Militia and Australian Volunteers.

There had been no Boer surrender, no cession of territory, nor frontiers lost by arbitration, nor had the British fleet been employed to destroy the lobster-pots of Newfoundland fisherfolk.

Lieutenant Jingo thought it quite natural, when sent on duty to Europa Point, that his orders should be to fire on any ship not showing her colours, and that no vessel, not even a cock-boat showing British colours, should be molested within reach of our guns. A vessel, going through the Straits, passing our flag, and not showing her own in return within reasonable time, had a shot sent across her bows as a reminder; if disregarded, another under her stern, a third through her rigging if she continued obstinate—but the second was very seldom required. In any case, the Consul of the Nationality economising bunting had to pay the price of the shot, recovering it from his own Government.

Smart Yankee clippers were about the only ones which tried to run the gauntlet, seldom successfully, for the gunner subalterns got to know the cut of a Yankee craft and gave them less law than the others. I am afraid our long subaltern took pleasure in sending his shot hopping in dangerous proximity to the dolphin striker, and then close under the stern. On one occasion a Yankee skipper shook out his Stars



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and Stripes by hand over the taffrail as a compromise, but a third shot singing between his taut spars, made him run them up to the peak, accompanied, no doubt, by a salvo of such oaths as the descendant of the Puritans is noted for. Familiarity with the Scriptures for many generations has given him his undisputed pre-eminence in picturesque blasphemy.

Just as the morning gun boomed at sunrise, the big Sergeant—Crawford Lindsay—burst into the room of the sub on duty, calling :

“ Sir, there’s a Spanish Guarda-costa chasing a Contrabandista ! She has let drive at her already, the puir deevil has run up the Jack and is making straight for the Guard Battery. Ye ken, sir, we perrmit no hosteelities in oor waters—so ’ave just loddod number one gun.”

Jumping out of bed and scrambling into his uniform, the Lieutenant was quickly standing on the parapet of the battery with a telescope to his unwashed eye. Sure enough, there they were, like two great sea-birds skimming along the waves, their tall lateen sails spread like white wings before the spanking breeze, dashing the foam from their bows. The Guarda-costa could no longer fire her solitary bow gun, as the shot would have come direct for the British Battery.

The Lieutenant’s sympathies as well as those of his Scotch Sergeant had gone out to the gallant little craft, smuggler though she was, that flew our flag. Rather than surrender she had stood on, despite the chasing shot, and now, every reef shaken out, she staggered under her huge lateen sails. She was rushing to destruction on the black rocks round which the sea foamed like an angry cauldron. No time was to be lost. A shot could not be fired to check the mad race, without risk of striking both—they were in exact line and close together—there was nothing for it but to shoot over their heads, letting the Spaniard know she was breaking the law of nations in carrying hostilities into neutral waters.

A word from the officer, and the keen-eyed Scot had taken his line of sight and sent his iron message. It fell beyond both and went dancing along in jets of spray, that rose in tiny fountains far away. The strong breeze cleared away the smoke and seemed even to carry off the report, but it bore to the gunners the derisive shout of the crew of the

Guarda-costa, who realised that the guns from their great height could not be depressed to strike.

The smuggler could not change her course without being boarded, but she managed to swing into a little cove, where she dropped her wings and lay in comparative safety. Some of her crew scrambled on to a ledge of rock at the foot of the battery wall. The Spaniard hove to, lowered her boat, and also pulled into the little cove, and proceeded to make prisoners of the smugglers. The sub shouted in his best Spanish that this would not be permitted and the captors must consider themselves prisoners. The jeering retort was :

"Come and take us."

Calling for a rope, it was made fast to the muzzle of a gun, the guard were ordered to load with ball, and before they had realised the situation, the officer had slid down amongst the Spaniards, and was politely informing the captain he was a prisoner. The answer was a volley of "puniateros" and "carajos" with an accompanying flourish of his sword. The English officer had no sword, but he pointed to the levelled carbines of the gunners, who crowded the embrasures of the battery.

The Spanish captain noted the grey eye of Crawford Lindsay behind the sight of his carbine, which was reduced in length to a round O. He, therefore, became more polite, an understanding was arrived at—the matter was to be referred without delay to the Governor of Gibraltar, and the Spaniard gave his parole that he would await the decision. The honour of a Spaniard can always be trusted, be he peasant, robber, or hidalgo.\* The English officer ordered the withdrawal of the guard, and swarmed back up the rope.

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\*At a picnic in the cork woods the Governor's A.D.C. lingered behind to pay the reckoning, and imprudently showed some gold pieces. The twilight fell swiftly as he rode after the party, the still evening was disturbed by a hoarse "Boca a bajo!" (mouth to the ground), the Spanish robber's usual order to dismount and deliver. The English officer, roused from his reverie, possibly of bright eyes among the merry party ahead, saw the muzzles of many "escopetas" pointed towards him. He was riding through one of the sunken roadways made by the Romans and unrepaired by Goth, or Moor, or modern Spaniard. The high banks, crowned by prickly pear and aloes, tall and sharp as spears and at angles, like "cheveux de frise," to say nothing of the escopetas, made flight impossible. He was unarmed. There was nothing else for it; with the best grace he handed his watch and his purse to the robbers, one of whom grabbed his cigar-case. He who appeared the chief noticed the act, and, turning to his comrade, said, "You are no gentleman to take the Caballero's cigar-case. Don't you see it is worked with a lady's hair, doubtless a gift from his Querida," returning it to the officer. Then he remarked, "These puros (cigars) have not paid duty to her Majesty of Spain. I will take toll for Isabella!" (Dei gracia Reyna y puta de todas las Espanas). Returning the case with a bow, he selected one, saying, "Va usted con Dios caballero." The A.D.C. was loth to part with his watch, notwithstanding the bandit's benediction, for it was an heirloom. He told the chief, who asked, "At what do you value it?" A sum was named. Said he, "Send that same amount to — (giving a certain address) make no enquiries about our little 'function' to-night, and your watch shall be sent to you." And it was.

His Captain when routed out of bed was somewhat sleepily perplexed.

"Tut! tut!" he said, "what an awkward complication! You are so impulsive, Jingo! Sliding down a rope! How unseemly for the officer in charge of the guard!"

But the orders were distinct, and had been obeyed in a fashion, eccentric perhaps, but practical. A messenger was dispatched to the Governor, and an order came for the release of the Spanish officer and a safe conduct for the Contrabandista into Gibraltar Bay.

Much loneliness had to be endured by the subaltern on duty at Europa, but he was an omniverous reader, and the garrison library excellent. He had mastered Spanish with an occasional help from certain dark-eyed dictionaries, and the too ardent pursuit of knowledge was varied by bouts of boxing and single-stick with his sergeant, who had a drop of good blood in him as his name and appearance implied. Had the "lang-legget Scot" served under Louis XI. instead of Victoria he might have been a Quentin Durward; as it was he served his time as a sergeant, took his discharge, and became Sheriff or Head Constable in the rough early days of British Columbia, where Crawford Lindsay's heavy hand was too much for the rowdiest miner.

For duty our sub was in artillery charge of the Rock Gun District, *i.e.*, the whole jagged summit of the rock. Every gun magazine and store had to be inspected weekly to the despair of the District Gunners, who found it hard to follow the long-legged, deep-chested sub in his short cuts and climbs.

A bet was once made against his clambering from the sea-level to the summit of the rock in a given time. It was thought impossible. He won the bet for his backers by running along the top of the old wall built by the Emperor Charles Quinto. It was ruinous in many places and the stones clattered down as he mounted.

Of course, like other tail-less apes of the garrison, he tried to rival the tailed natives by attempting to descend the precipitous face of Gibraltar, from the Signal Station to Catalan Bay, where the height is lessened by a vast accumulation of sand. When the depressing Levant or Siroc wind blows it brings with it clouds of warm moisture from the Mediterranean and fine sand from the African desert. The sand, striking against the perpendicular face of the

rock, trickles down in tiny rivulets, causing, in the long ages, the vast accumulation piled up at its Eastern base.

It is needless to say, Tom Jingo and Johnnie Scott, who had made the attempt together, failed to reach the sands of Catalan Bay, and Jingo had to be ignominiously helped from a "parlous" position by the sash of his companion.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A VISION.—A BRAIN WAVE.

“ Oh, solitude ! where are the charms,  
That sages have seen in thy face ?”

“ J'aime beaucoup la solitude,” a sentimental French-woman remarks, but she candidly adds— “ à deux.”

Tom had not tried it that way, but one evening his solitude was shared. He was sitting down to rest upon a boulder of grey limestone, looking across the purple sea to Africa ; the sea wind blew refreshingly in his face. Where the rose pink flush of sunset faded into pale opal, the horned moon sailed like a silver canoe ; a solitary star, Venus, seemed to throw to him a dancing path of radiance athwart the little wavelets of her own *Ægean* sea.

He had been clambering round his district, inspecting the guns, watching our relatives, the apes, and thinking about the cataclysm that had separated the pillars of Hercules, Mons Calpe and Mons Abyla, dividing Europe and Africa at a point where their flora and fauna are identical. He was suddenly brought back from the oppressive eternity of a dead past to a living present.

A woman's hand was gently laid upon his shoulder—she must be standing there behind him.

He was not startled, he did not move except to slightly turn his head. He knew that hand, it was the large well-formed hand of a tall woman, the ring she always wore was upon it. It was his cousin's hand, she of the ancient castle by the Western sea. Her last kiss seemed to come back to his lips—the drenching rain—the outside car, by which he stood to say farewell—her head bent down under her hood, her eyes wet with tears—or rain drops, were they ? She could not be beside him now, but her spirit might and it soothed him. He felt the pleasurable, almost painful tension

of the "ganglionic chords," "nerve centres of the abdominal brain" as the new American medical cult has it.

He rose and turned—

"Is he sure of sight?  
There stood a lady, youthful and bright!

\* \* \* \* \*

He gazed—he saw : he knew the face  
Of beauty, and the form of grace ;  
It was ————— by his side,  
The maid who might have been his bride !

\* \* \* \* \*

Around her form a thin robe twining,  
Naught concealed her bosom shining,  
Through the parting of her hair,  
Floating darkly downward there,  
Her rounded arm shewed white and bare :

\* \* \* \* \*

He started now with more of fear  
Than if an armed foe were near.

\* \* \* \* \*

————— art thou here ?

\* \* \* \* \*

But ere yet she made reply,  
Once she raised her hand on high ;  
It was so wan and transparent of hue,  
You might have seen the moonbeam through,  
'I come from my rest to him I love best,  
That I may be happy, and he may be blest.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Upon his hand she laid her own—  
Light was the touch but it thrilled to the bone.

\* \* \* \* \*

But never did clasp of one so dear  
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear  
As those thin fingers, long and white,  
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.  
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone.

\* \* \* \* \*

She is gone !  
Nothing is there but the cold grey stone.  
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air ?  
He saw not—he knew not, but nothing is there."

Most miserable and disturbed, he strode down the rock to his lonely barrack-room—no cheery mess for the solitary sub on duty at Europa Point.

As a lad, he remembered having seen the wraith or presentiment of a school friend one morning, at daybreak, when going shooting. He had gone into the kitchen for the brogues he had left to be greased over-night, expecting to find them by the kitchen fire. There stood his chum, in his ordinary cord shooting suit ! He knew his friend was in England, and the momentary hallucination had not troubled him much until he heard afterwards that his friend had died about that time.

So now he noted the day and hour of this last vision, which for manifest reasons he did not care to confide to anyone, and was miserable till the next mail brought him a home letter. It was not black-edged ! It told him of the marriage of his cousin, of which he had had no previous information. She had come to him on her bridal night !

The relief that it was not her death helped to soften other feelings.

His solitary tour of duty at Europa Point was over, and he rejoined the cheery messmates at the north end of the rock, who made the vaulted roof of the old Moorish castle ring with a welcome. His artillery district was changed to the charge of those marvellous galleries where the teeth of the British lion grin through grim portals of solid rock.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE CALPE HUNT—AFRICA—SHOOTING AND WEDDING PARTIES.

Time now passed pleasantly, and with no snubbing from seniors—not that it was necessary, for youngsters were knocked into shape before leaving the shop,\* and on joining found brother officers in reality as well as in name.

Our quintette of subs eschewed the tables of green cloth, and restricted themselves on guest nights to the “first cannon,” as the Prince Regent’s allowance of wine, thoughtfully provided by that much abused Prince for impecunious subalterns, was called, and the decanters for which had a distinguishing label. The custom has been discontinued and the allowance absorbed in the general mess expenditure.

The “Four Georges” might never have been written had her Majesty bestowed upon Thackeray the titular honour he is said to have coveted.

As the expenses of Army life were about half what they are to-day, the youngsters were able to keep horses and hunt with the Calpe hounds. Unlike the loose stone walls and stiff banks of the West of Ireland to which Jingo was accustomed, Spanish fences in those parts are few and slight, except where the prickly pear or aloë comes in, and then they are not to be negociated. A little spice of danger was added when the fleet came in and the irrepressible “mid” got outside a horse. Riding in his usual fashion, he would generally elect to hunt the M.F.H. In vain the poor man, with a pack of hounds in front and a pack of “mids” behind, would protest *he* was not the fox.

“All right, old Red-coat! When in distress, hoist the

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\*R.M. Academy.

danger-signal, and we'll 'bout ship!" was the cheery assurance.

It was novel fox-hunting in every sense. The meet was usually at a half-ruined old convent, a dilapidated Hacienda or Venta. Then followed long wanderings over uncultivated country to pick up the scent, which, evaporating quickly under the hot sun of Spain, only lay in the shades of the ever-green oak glades of the cork woods, or in the opener spaces where the myrtle bushes rising to the horses' flanks and the aromatic herbs yielding fragrance to their bruising hoofs, ought (one would imagine) to have demoralised any right-nosed English foxhound.

Then the wild-looking Spanish earth-stoppers were a surprise when you came suddenly upon them; they looked like bandits hurriedly burying a treasure or a corpse.

When the scent was picked up there were short scurrying gallops, dodging the gnarled branches of the cork trees, or trusting your horse over ground intersected with ravines hidden by the tall myrtle and

"The cistus, with its purple eye,  
Blooming but to die,"

which the fox rarely did, except at a good old age, for the earths were many and the earth-stoppers—Spanish.

"Mañana por la mañana" was the invariable Iberian reply to the indignant M.F.H. "Mañana es la calle por donde se va a la casa de nunca!" Just so. "To-morrow is the street by which you reach the house of Never."

Then there was the subalterns' yacht, "Gitana," with their old Genoese pilot, Giacomo, and the scratch crew of "the boys," in which they would carry sail in a way calculated to make a sailor's hair curl.

Alas! one wild night, off the coast of Barbary, the yacht was lost. The subs were ashore shooting, and Giacomo contrived to get to land somehow. They were homeless, but managed to make their way to the town of Tetuan, where the Moorish officials were more polite than Sir Euan Smith found them. A house was provided near the mouth of the Mehannish river, and snipe, red-legged partridge, and boar were to be got there. A guard of Moorish soldiers (paid for by the party) was imposed upon them. This added more to their dignity than their safety.

One day, out shooting, they noticed a long procession winding through the hills to the music of trumpets and tom-toms. Ladies in litters tempting to a nearer approach, some of the male part of the procession took deliberate aim and fired at the Faringi. Although it was a wedding procession this was not a "feu de joie" that the Bedouins were indulging in. Tiny spurts of dust flew round the feet of the Englishmen, and a few bullets pinged about their ears.

They opened into skirmish line, and showed a front; but as they had no ammunition except bird-shot, that eminent strategist, Hamley,\* who was one of the party, suggested a strategic movement to the rear, in which all except "the iron one" concurred, especially as their escort of Moorish soldiers were seen galloping away—for reinforcements, they afterwards affirmed.

When it came to the ears of the local Pasha that the Englishmen had been fired upon he expressed regret that he could not control the Bedouins, but offered to burn the nearest village. The execution of the project, with its accompaniment of looting and ravishing, might have been acceptable to their gallant escort, but was declined with thanks by the British officers.

Meanwhile, the novelty of the situation had worn off. Of food there was little to be got but the proceeds of their guns, and game was getting scarce in the immediate neighbourhood. Yet, going far afield, the shooters were liable to have the tables turned, as on the occasion of the wedding festivities. It was winter, and the winds blew keen from the snowy Atlas range. There was no glass in the picturesquely-arched Moorish windows of the summer palace they inhabited; they had brought bedding from the yacht, but there were no carpets on the azulejo-tiled floors, and no table but a sort of tray with legs about four inches high, round which they squatted for meals, curling their length of leg as best they might, till cramp supervened. The pretty-coloured tiles were

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\*Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K.C.B., was even then a brilliant writer of fiction and the life of the little party. Since then he has risen to fame by sword and pen in the service of his country. He entered Parliament, but was out of place there, where a man can only serve his party or himself. His book on the "Operations of War" was the first written, and, it may be said, it still is the only text-book on strategy in the English language, and unsurpassed in any other. Since this was written he has gone to the "land of the leal," for a loyal hearted man he was, in spite of the dastardly statement in the "Standard" which appeared on his death: "That he was the best hated man in the army,"—a statement I would like to qualify by a short Saxon word of three letters.

æsthetic to look at, but cold to sit upon. Tom's only pair of breeches had been torn to the verge of indecency by the thorn-bushes, and were in the hands of a local sartorial artist for repairs. He had borrowed a kilt from Johnny Scott, which he supplemented with leather gaiters, a costume not uncomfortable except for sitting on cold tiles. Once he put their little portable stove to warm the special pattern of tiles on which he sat for dinner. Removing the stove as soon as that meal was announced, he plumped down for fear someone else would appropriate his warm corner. Alas ! it was a hot corner, and he suffered severe cutaneous affliction for many days in addition to the pitiless chaff of his comrades, who compared him to a locomotive.

The party were getting uncomfortable in other respects ; their period of leave had run out, and there were no means of communicating with the garrison at Gibraltar or of getting back. At length, a passing "fellucca" relieved them and took them back to a gentle wiggling, and in time for the season of gun practice.

## CHAPTER VI.

## ANDALUCIA.

RED HOT SHOT—AN ASS WHO LOST HIS HEAD—A RIDE IN ANDALUCIA—  
THE INSULAR ENGLISHMAN — "ZINGARI"—PEPITA — CADIZ —  
"EL TIGRE REAL."

At the time-honoured practice of firing red-hot shot from the batteries that had repulsed the combined fleets of France and Spain by setting fire to those roof-decked vessels so much resembling our Noah's Ark pictures, constructed to protect the decks from the plunging fire of the high rock batteries, our sub had a narrow escape.

Jingo had just been relieved from his gun and his place taken by Le Fer, when, at the next discharge, the gun burst and the fragments spread destruction, killing and wounding the gunners. Jingo escaped, as he was standing in the shade of one of the big trees of the Almeida battery, and was protected by its trunk.

The first thing that met his eyes was a poor fellow, prostrate, with the front of his skull blown away, and his brain actually visible.\* Close to him lay Le Fer, breathing, but apparently insensible. Jingo went to the latter, raised his head, and loosened his jacket, and, as Le Fer opened his eyes, said :

"I will bring the surgeon, he is close."

Le Fer, in his usual dry tones, slowly replied :

"Give me a weed, old fellow, and send 'Sawbones' to some of the men who want him more than I do."

Though evidently in great pain, Le Fer silently smoked and chewed the end of his cigar until the doctor came, who found on examination that he had been struck on the leg and

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\* The poor man had had a portion of the bone of his forehead blown away, and the brain was exposed, but the scalp was drawn over and the wound healed. He lived for some months, and when excited the blood vessels of the brain could be seen pulsating beneath the skin.

his foot crushed by a huge fragment of the wooden gun-carriage, but fortunately there was no fracture of any important bone. When the doctor complimented him on his patience, "the iron one" made a grim joke that it was "only an ass who lost his head," pointing to the headless carcase of an animal which lay in the roadway behind the battery.

The breach of the gun had been blown to the rear, and had carried off the head of a passing donkey, ridden by a Spaniard, sitting very far back as usual, near the animal's tail. The rider had stood on his feet as the ass sank under him, had sworn a bit, but not so much probably as Balaam, and had finally walked off, never to be seen in Gibraltar again.

Le Fer was many months before he recovered from his contusions, and the dangerously wounded gunners were sent home to England.

After the drill and practice season leave was easily obtainable, under the plea of perfecting oneself in the language.

Jingo, having sent his portmanteau, packed with city garments to Cadiz, rode off in light marching order, his "alforjas" (saddle-bags) containing little but sketching materials, a revolver, and Ford's unequalled handbook. He preferred travelling alone, as Englishmen are such incorrigible grumblers over inevitables—oil, garlic, fleas, and the tarry taste of wine from the bota.\*

Not that the journey ever was lonely, for he made friends with all sorts and conditions of men—"Gente del Camino," "Zingari," "Arrieros," "Contrabandistas," and their enemies, the "Carabineros," priests, women, and peasants. He even accompanied a mountain battery of artillery for several marches. Treated "en camarade" by the officers, he learnt something of the excellent system of the Spanish mountain artillery. Our own peerless screw-gun batteries of Himalayan artillery were not then in existence. Now the Muscovite must reckon with those and the flower of British and native armies, ere he descend the slopes of the Hindoo-koosh, as inevitably as the glacier—glacier-like, he will melt

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\* Wine is carried and kept in pigskins lined with tar—the bota is a similarly tarred leathern bottle, often hung from kitchen rafters, thus one understands the words of the matchless Shemitic poet, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke"

before he reaches the valleys. But let us leave the Russ upon the Pamir, and return to our sub in the Sierra Nevada.

Finding his suit of "dittoes" playing out, besides being abominably conspicuous and marking him an unmistakable Englishman, thus adding many pesetas to his expenditure, he assumed what was then the ordinary costume of the road, the picturesque and serviceable *majo* dress, the smart jacket, many-buttoned breeches, and bottines, sash and sombrero. *A vingt ans, on est bien dans un grenier*, or in a Posada, and takes one's oil and wine with a cheerful countenance.

Jingo rode about the mountain towns and villages of the Sierras down to the valley of the Vega, lingering many days and moonlight nights about the courts of the Alhambra, and the gardens of the Generalifi, his head full of history, diluted with Chateaubriand and Washington Irving. Such memories haunt from youth to age, and a water-colour sketch still brightens his room with mimic sunshine upon the vermilion towers, the green gardens, and the far-away snowy summits of the Sierras, their changeful tints like opals in the dying day. Thence he tore himself away to stately Seville and its Giralda, and to Cordova with its many-pillared mosque converted into a cathedral.

Southern Spain used to be, may still be, a land of romance to any youngster with a good digestion, a light heart, and a little imagination. But he must be familiar with the liquid lisping Latin of the "Andaluçena" and have the gift of rolling off the sonorous Spanish without biting the ends off the words. *Los Ingleses se hablan Castellano con los dientes serrados*. Above all, he must not be an insular Englishman, that most heartily detested being on the face of the earth.

Froissart chronicles the haughty ways of the insolent Islanders. When our Plantagenet kings led our English chivalry and yeoman archers to the conquest of France, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, there was perhaps excuse for English hauteur. And even after the Union, when we faced Europe and America, patriotically submitting to the press-gang to man the fleet that swept our enemies from the seas, we had reason for national pride.

Europe now sees in the wealthiest and most defenceless people of the world, who, like the Romans of degenerate days, refuse personal service in their own defence, nothing to authorise national swagger in individuals.

Often have I seen the mozo scowl as the dismounting

Englishman threw him the reins of his horse. It is the reprehensible "here—boy—hold my horse" manner which makes the proud, but naturally courteous Spaniard recoil, nor will he be placated with tips. That man's unconscious horse will be treated worse than his who distributes the only coin which enriches both giver and receiver.

The travelling Englishman, too, will pay an evening visit to Spanish ladies in his everlasting "dittoes" and thick dusty boots, when everyone else wears a black coat. Pity it is! that though he often looks like a young Apollo in a Norfolk suit, his manners are not also Olympian—unless it be the Olympia of West Kensington?

The custom of the English army never to wear uniform even at military ceremonies, among nations who do the reverse, has an air of insolence. I have seen a British general inspecting Colonial troops in a shooting jacket, and at a London dinner, given by volunteer officers, one may see the guest of the evening—perhaps a guardsman officially connected with the hosts—"en Pekin," the only man so attired, except the waiters.

As had been said, our sub had sent his portmanteau to Cadiz, and as the Queen of Spain's Court was at Puerto de Santa Maria at that season, we shall see presently how he fared there.

Riding through the mountains towards Ronda, he was warned not to stop at a certain settlement of the Zingari and especially to avoid a particular Posada of evil repute—"Muy mala gente." In fact the whole neighbourhood was bad and there had been many robberies, many a "milagro Andaluz," as the little wooden wayside cross that marked a murder is sometimes facetiously termed. But he gave little heed to these stories, taking them as part of the stage business of travelling in the unfrequented parts of Spain.

He carried little cash and showed less, and was generally taken for a Spaniard, or, at least, one familiar with their ways, and only when caught sketching in the sun was he detected as a mad Englishman, "loco Ingles." And that is a character foreigners are not over anxious to tackle.

Thanks to our traveller's habit of smoking his cigarette and chatting to the stable boy whilst his horse was eating his barley, his powerful grey Andalusian steed had kept in good condition.\* But one day the road he was descending

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\*"El ojo del amo engordera el cavallo." Anglice—The eye of the master will fatten the horse.

became a sort of dislocated staircase of loose stones. Almanzor came down, and in struggling to his feet, tore off a shoe. He was dead lame. It had happened close to the Posada of evil repute, but as night was coming on, there was nothing for it but to stay there.

Fortunately a forge formed part of the interior court. The smith, a powerful gipsy, agreed to shoe the horse, and began at once rather roughly to lift the shoeless hind leg.

Tom warned him that Almanzor was difficult to shoe, especially by a stranger, but the Romany gave a guttural carajo :

“Don't you think I know my own business ? ”

As there was only one way to shoe Almanzor, and the gipsy did not know that way, Tom stepped aside to see the circus.

Through all the centuries that have passed since he left the East, the Spanish Egyptian has not learned the Western way of shoeing.

The man called an assistant to hold the hoof and began to work, facing the horse's quarter, but Almanzor soon sent both men flying across the forge. They picked themselves up slowly, and did not seem violently eager to tackle the job again. Charcoal only was used in the mountain forges, and yet there was a sulphurous smell about the place—was it the gipsy swears ?

Almanzor usually carried his flowing tail like a “panache blanche,” now it touched the ground, tucked into his quarters, his ears were laid back, and the whites of his eyes were visible. His master went up to him, made much of him and whispered into his ear, as he was wont, and the naughty symptoms vanished. Then Tom lifted his leg, and, taking a hitch of his tail round the fetlock, held it securely for the smith, who, after cursing Almanzor's mother, finished the job and was duly paid.

Tom, signalling Pepita, the pretty waitress, ordered wine for all. She had been looking on with the rest of the loungers, assuming a pose “plastique,” which she knew to be fetching ; her arms thrown back above her head, as she needlessly prolonged the operation of putting a pomegranate flower in her blue-black hair. The action threw out her shapely bust under the snowy chemise above the low-laced bodice. Her short yellow basquina displayed the well-formed



1151/10

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ankle and foot that could stamp and patter so effectively in a bolero. Her eyes—well, they were Spanish ! and gitana at that. True daughter of the Gaditanæ, the dancing girl of Cadiz, who conquered her Roman conqueror.

In our own day, the renaissance of the skirt dancer and the decline of the hideous pirouette performance with an apology for a petticoat, is only a return to that ancient Eastern source of graceful movement, the Nautch girl. A Yankee will bet his "bottom dollar" that the daughter of Herodias was a skirt-dancer, and he will tell you he saw her in Mexico without the historic "plat, tête de saint."

The wine went round, and the moon rose ; a guitar, tambourine, and castenets were produced, and Pepita took her part in dancing and singing snatches of Andalusian song, eminently descriptive of herself and her little ways :

" Es una hembra morena,  
Con unos ojos barbales.  
Que lumbran como sirales  
Tiene los dientes parejas\*  
Blancos como los ovejas.

Mi madre no quire soldados aqui  
Qui rompen la puerta y tric trac con mi."

As travellers start early to avoid the sun, Tom essayed to go bedwards, but his popularity had risen, and it was hard to get away, and also advisable to carry with him his saddle and " alforjas." In that he was anticipated by a friendly hand, which, in lifting the saddle on to his head, caused the pistol to drop from the holster. A bullet went through the ceiling. Tom picked up the revolver, and sighting a water-pot across the patio, put out to cool its contents, he smashed it and showed to the company the remaining four loaded chambers.

Mine host remarked :

" Basta ! senor, we understand you carry the lives of six men. We never saw the like before. Good-night and safe journey to-morrow."

Pepita brought him his morning chocolate so thick that the spoon would almost stand in it. And then at break of day he rode away, giving Pepita the tiny gold dollar she begged

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†The Spanish "j" is a soft guttural "h." The author will not be responsible for Tom's Spanish under the influence of bright eyelight and moonlight.

from his watch-chain, to add to the other gold ones she wore as ornaments.

The fame of his weapon had preceded him. Further along the road the ladies of a party travelling to Cadiz wished for the escort of a "Caballero" so well armed, but their male friends intimated that their "escopetas" were ample protection.

On reaching Cadiz he rode to the hotel where he had sent his portmanteau, and asked for a room; but the dapper little office clerk eyed the travel-stained *majo* and suggested the Posada del Sol as a more suitable place for people of his sort.

Jingo felt inclined to vault the bar and shake him, but resisted the temptation and only laughed, pulled his key from his pocket and opened his portmanteau, which he saw in a corner. The clerk eyed the operation with suspicion, and evidently thought a "gentleman of the road" must have robbed the owner, but did not like to intercept without the presence of a "guarda civil."

When the open portmanteau disclosed the uniform of a British officer, and the clerk contemplated the tall straight figure before him, he took in the situation, and was profuse in apologies for failing to estimate rightly the eccentricities of the Englishman, who was then shown the best room, where he peeled off his dusty dress, and enjoyed the long-postponed luxury of a bath.

Jingo then sallied forth to find an old friend, John Burdon, a genial English wine merchant, transmogrified into "Don Juan Bordone." Not realising that they could be the same person, Tom proceeded to describe his friend as a "jolly old fellow with a red face and white hair."

"You d——d irreverent young rascal, is that the way you describe your friends?" was heard from behind a red curtain. A hearty handshake followed and an invitation to dinner. It is hard to keep your mouth shut when you have put your foot in it, but Tom made a minimum of apology.

His friend had married a charming Spanish lady, and after dinner Tom found himself in their box at the Opera, and the next evening at a Court ball at Puerto Santa Maria, where her Majesty of Spain was staying for the baths, and at which Tom's uniform proved a passport. The transition

was sudden from a dance with Pepita and the Zingari to a waltz with the Marquesa de ———, the bluest blood in Spain in the most exclusive Court of Europe. The ladies of the Court looked like lovely sisters, so similar were they in type, but, indeed, the Spanish aristocracy are closely allied.

The men? Well, I am afraid our youthful sub did not find them as interesting as the ladies. His partner, the Marquesa, notwithstanding her *sangre azul*, had the full figure of a peasant girl, with the grace of an aristocrat; the rich blood tinged her cheek through its olive, and her eyes positively outshone Pepita's and her own diamonds.

*El tigre real*, was her sobriquet in society—she was said to have a temper and a will of her own.

During a pause in the slow, swimming, Spanish waltz, Tom had the unwisdom to ask his partner the name of the little man in buttons, alluding to a short gentleman in Hussar uniform, who was eyeing them uncomfortably.

"My husband," she said, with a mischievous gleam of teeth and eyes, "but let us not waste the music."

The next time Tom saw her, the *tigre real* was fumed, and there was no smile on the older, but still beautiful face. She and her husband were fugitives from a Spanish revolution. The couple sat on the deck of a Channel steamer, and she was carefully wrapping her little, old mummy from the cold. Tom was also a passenger, and while pacing the deck he had recognised her, but to make sure, he coaxed away her little dog and read the name on the collar.

On arriving at Folkestone, she was in tribulation at the Custom House over their many boxes, containing all the portable valuables they could get away with. They could not speak a word of English and had no courier.

Tom made himself known to the Custom's officer, and told him they were refugees of the revolution. Their boxes were not opened, and in the refreshment room, he tipped the waiter and ordered him to attend to their wants. She seemed to wonder why things went so smoothly all at once, but she did not recognise her old partner, who had kept in the background, but who had the satisfaction of hearing her tell her mummy she always did like Englishmen.

Tom could help her no more, but he would have liked to have held her thin hand for a moment, yet, Englishman-like, he left her without taking off his hat.

## CHAPTER VII.

## BULL FIGHTING; PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR.

A MATADOR'S SALUTE—A KNOWING BULL—DEMOS—A WHITE HAT—  
 PICADORS AND HORSES—CHULOS AND BANDARILLEROS—THE  
 MELÉE—A WILD WALTZ—THE SLAIN—COSAS DE ESPANA—  
 AN AMATEUR BULLFIGHT—TURKEY PLUCKING—WICKED  
 WOMEN—A CROWNED MONARCH OF THE STREET—A FLEA-BITTEN  
 GREY.

The Plaza de Toros brings back the barbaric arena of old Rome, with a dash of the medieval tournament—a vast multitude of spectators, athirst for blood and strife, brilliant colours under a dazzling sky, the Alcalde in his seat of office, the pomp, the heralds, the calm active matador as he stands to receive the furious onslaught of the bull, with naught but his keen, bright blade and scarlet capa.

Before the final onset he turns to the spectators, tier upon tier, and he knows where, among that sea of heads, is she, for whose smile to-night he will risk his life to-day. He kisses to her the cross handle of his sword; who can tell, among those flicking fans and gleaming eyes, which woman's heart it is that flutters at the salute, well-known to her, unknown to all besides? She may be peasant or noble, maid or wife.

He turns quickly, for the bull is upon him—a cunning bull who will not regard the flourish of the tantalizing capa, but goes straight for the matador. Surely there is no escape! Many hearts thump, one woman's throat is dry, all heads are bent in eager expectation. As the bull lowers his massive front, it seems as if the matador must be impaled against the wooden barrier of the arena, where he stood to make his last salute.

But no! His foot is lightly placed between the lowered horns and the agile matador at a bound clears the charging bull, whose horns crash into the splintering wood-work. The

man turns and derisively gives him a twist of the tail and a smack on the quarter.

A thunder of bravos shakes the arena, perfumed handkerchiefs, fans, bouquets, sombreros, cigar cases, purses shower upon the bowing matador, whose calm, set face is turning a trifle pale, for he knows the sulky half-stunned brute, which is slowly preparing to renew the conflict, is not one to be deluded by the scarlet scarf. And now, so quick and furious are the charges made, that the man in his extremity, turns from the bull and vaults the barrier, while a low murmur rises from the fickle multitude, as they hiss the matador, and shout "bravo Toro."

A flush surmounts the pallor now. The man raises his sword hilt to his lips a second time, turning his eyes from the bull to the woman—a mad act for a matador at such a moment. And Demos sees and is ashamed that it doubted the courage of a gallant man.

Again the bull comes thundering down on his assailant, again the matador, having thrown away his useless capa, stands perfectly still to meet the onslaught, again the horns are lowered, when, with a side step of a few inches the matador straightens his sword arm and the bull drops dead beside him without a quiver. But the sleeve of the matador's gay jacket is ripped to the shoulder. Again the mob thunders out bravos—this time for the man—but he takes no notice, save by a quick glance in the old direction, ere he draws his sword from the neck of the prostrate bull and wipes the marvellously-tempered blade bending beneath his foot. Then he strides from the arena, leaving flowers, fans, and purses in the bloody dust.

As the gaily caparisoned mules, four abreast, canter into the arena and drag off the carcase of the slain in a whirl of dust, irresistibly again does the mind revert to the Roman Amphitheatre.

The excitement was over, the crowd must relax, they suddenly spied the tall white hat and black hatband, Ally Sloper like, worn by a solemn Scotch doctor who was sitting next Tom. Now a white hat is undeniably suitable under a burning sun, but unusual in conservative Spain, where sombreros and mantillas are black. A wag shouted :

"Il sombrero blanco !"

The refrain was taken up by ten thousand voices, accented by as nearly many sticks and twice as many feet

keeping time, and all eyes were fixed upon the Ally Sloper looking medico, who asked his neighbour what it all meant.

Tom told him, what he could have seen for himself, that his was the only white head covering in that vast assembly and Demos would have it off. The dogged Scot damned Demos and sat stolidly crowned. There were cries of :

"Where did you get that hat? Take it off! Knock it off! Throw it to the toro!" and an amendment to pitch the obdurate owner after it, all which motions were duly translated by Tom, with the addition of his favourite Persian proverb : "Politeness is the only coin which enriches both giver and receiver."

The economical side of the question seemed suddenly to strike the Scot, who got up, doffed his offending hat and bowed, amid shouts of applause which rivalled those that greeted the successful matador. Demos was appeased—the doctor sat down and resumed his Ally Sloper tile.

The arena had meanwhile been cleared of the despised trophies showered upon the angry matador, sombreros thrown back to bare-headed enthusiasts, though not always to the rightful owners, while officials of the ring reaped a rich harvest of flowers, purses, and fans.

The sand was raked over the blood, and all was ready for the renewal of the games, more merciless than the Roman, for neither man, nor bull, nor horse was ever spared. No matter how good a fight they made, the thumbs were always down.

The four picadors, gorgeously apparelled as to the upper man, unpicturesquely padded as to their lower extremities, to protect them from the horns of the bull, sat proudly, lance in hand, on the high-peaked saddles of their poor old, blindfold Rosinantes, patient servants of man,

"Butchered to make *Iberian* holiday!"

At a signal from the Alcalde, whose box bore the royal arms, and to whom all eyes turned as to Cæsar, the clarions rang out, the doors were flung open by the alguazils, who usually ensconced themselves behind as the gallant bull dashed out in the arena, charging the picadors. But this time he varied the performance by standing still, wild-eyed and irresolute. The alguazils peeped out from behind their respective half-doors to see why the bull did not come on,

but they beat a rapid retreat, for toro went for them alternately, trying to prod them out, amid the jeers of the populace, until an impatient picador rode up and pricked the bull with his lance. The lances have a disc a few inches from the point to prevent a thrust so deadly as to spoil sport.

The bull turned, the opposing spear flew into splinters as he charged home, and plunged his horns into the horse, pinning him against the barrier and goring him until the entrails gushed out. By a violent effort the maddened horse dashed forwards and galloped round the arena, trampling on his own intestines, but bearing away his rider unharmed.

There seemed no pity in that Christian crowd.\*

The poor horse soon fell under his rider; the nimble chulos vaulted the barriers and took off the attention of the infuriated bull from the fallen picador, by flapping their many coloured capas in his face and leading him to pursue them, one after the other, until the picador was released from his dying horse and assisted over the barrier, his cumbersome, heavy leggings preventing him vaulting as did the flying chulos.

None were now left in the arena but the bull and the three remaining picadors, sitting like expectant statues. The bull, panting, snorting, and pawing the dust, gave a triumphant bellow, believing himself lord of the arena until he caught sight of those three silent, statuesque picadors. Insulting in the calmness of their pose he evidently thought them, for he dashed across the arena at the one opposite to him.

He was received on the point of the lance, which bent like a reed, and then broke but never slipped in the vice-like grip of the rider, who was borne backwards almost to his horse's croup, yet never lost his seat. The horse was forced to rear upon his haunches, but the impetuous charge was not stayed an instant. With lowered horns thrust into the animal, he fairly lifted horse and rider over his head. They fell upon the bull's back, man under, bringing the bull

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\* Does Christianity inculcate pity for "the brutes that perish?" "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," and "The merciful man regardeth the life of his beast," come from the Old Testament. The New tells us we "are of more value than many sparrows," though the little fellow was sacred to Venus, and had a good record with her "cher ami" Mars.

also to his knees ; a moment more, and a tangled mass, man, horse, and bull rolled into the arena.

In less time than it takes to tell, the flying chulos flung themselves into the *melée* ; white silk stockings, brilliant coloured gold and silver embroidered velvet jackets, crimson, blue, and yellow sashes and breeches, and fluttering many hued capas flashed amid hoofs and horns and swirling dust in one mad dance, to a fiendish accompaniment of curses, shouts, groans, and snorts, and flakes of bloody foam. When the dust cleared the bull alone, of the fallen trio, was on his feet. He stood bewildered, a

scarlet capa wrapped cleverly over his eyes and horns, his flanks heaving and dripping with blood and sweat.

A daring chulo held him by the tail and a wild whirling waltz began with man and bull for partners, while skipping bandarilleros stuck him full of barbed and quivering darts, decorated with gaily fluttering ribbons and fireworks, that exploded like pistol shots, adding sparks and smoke and a smell of singed hair and flesh to the hellish holocaust, the bull bellowing with rage and pain.

The horse's limbs quivered and began to grow rigid in death. His rider lay limp and pale beside him, his heaving chest alone telling that he lived. While the firework waltz went on, he was carried, groaning with the pain of removal, away on a stretcher. As the dying man was borne past, ladies' fans were drawn across their faces with a gentle sympathetic flutter and a murmured, "Ay de mi! Ave Maria Santissima! Madre de Dios! Pobre hombre!" and so forth. Yet still the bloody game went on, men shouted and women soon smiled again.

Tom and the Scotch doctor went at once to the sufferer, but he was beyond human help. His fight with the Universal Conqueror was over, it was his bereaved wife and children had now to carry on a warfare with the world without the wages from the bull-ring. Leaving a little money for the widow and orphans, Tom and his companion went saddened to their hotel. They thought they also had seen their last bull-fight.

"Cosas de España!"

In the Spaniard mingles the blood of many races, Iberian, Roman, apostate Hebrew, and Moresco. He, like ourselves, has peopled a new world, his banner of blood and gold, meet emblem of the crimson conquests of Castile in the New World, has flaunted as bravely as our own. There are Englishmen among us who would hasten the day and bid us be content when we also shall be celebrated only as the *mother* of many nations.

The long crusade against the Moors made of the Spaniard's religion a fanatic chivalry. Among the men little of the former remains—with the women it is different. On the Almeida when "Las Animas" rings, a Spanish girl will abruptly stop her flirtation, spread her fan and cross herself behind it, and then as abruptly resume her amusement. And as Potiphar's wife in Arnold's poem veils the head of Ptah, she turns the picture of the Virgin to the wall, that Mary may not see her peccadilloes. Are her sisters of colder climates more consistent?

In the ancient city of Tarifa, upon one day in the year, a bull is let loose in its narrow and tortuous streets, causing amusement to men and boys, amateurs of the arena, but consternation to ordinary folk. Women watch the fun from their balconies or from the Rejas, grated windows, where in the gloaming, they enjoy what is termed, "turkey plucking," that is, when the heads of two persons of opposite sex get very close and their hands mixed, rather like Pyramus and Thisbe until the lion appeared. When the bull is loose "turkey plucking" is in abeyance.

Tom and the doctor were strolling through the town in happy ignorance of this fiesta. Suddenly there was a mighty clamour and confusion and a bull appeared, tearing down the narrow street, followed at a respectful distance by

a shouting mob of men and boys, flinging projectiles of all sorts.

Tom dashed through an open doorway into a group of giggling girls. They let him pass, and banged and bolted the door behind him. The wretched doctor was cut off. He next appeared climbing the Rejas, the bull below stamping and snorting with baffled rage. The girls were "costuras" (work girls) of the Spanish grisette type. They shrieked with laughter and mercilessly prodded the poor doctor with their needles to make him let go. Tom was very angry, remonstrated and swore in two languages, but he could not control half a dozen frisky females armed with needles.

They only laughed at him, and as fast as he tore one away from torturing the doctor another would take her place. In vain he unbolted and opened the door, shouting to his friend; retreat was cut off by the bull, which was making ineffectual prods at that portion of the doctor's person that was "nearest and most inviting." The long legs of the unfortunate man had slipped through the Rejas, rucking up his trousers, and the crazy girls were tatooing the bare flesh. Tom could with difficulty restrain himself from joining the wicked but contagious hilarity.

At last a more vindictive prod caused the tortured victim a violent convulsion; his hat fell off and dropped on the horns of the bull, which shook its head; the hat rattled sonorously, but was not dislodged. The bull waltzed with the Ally Sloper like hat cocked knowingly over one eye, and while his attention was thus diverted from the doctor, Tom opened the door. The bull dashed for it, and Tom had barely time to slam and bolt it ere the horns splintered it.

The brute had stuck his horn through the hat and firmly fixed it there, somewhat flattened and out of shape to be sure, and thus adorned he trotted bellowing down the street to the great relief of the naturally indignant doctor. But what can a man do with a wicked woman except kiss her or let her severely alone? The doctor chose the latter alternative. He bought a black sombrero at the nearest shop, and then poured his pent-up wrath on Tom, who had begun to shake with long-suppressed laughter. Tom apologised meekly, but was not forgiven, and the next day added to his delinquencies.

Before the rosy-fingered dawn had opened the pearl grey curtains of morning our two travellers were at the

stable. The doctor's steed, a white one, rather high in bone and low in flesh, had been stabled in a disused outhouse, there being no room in the ordinary stable of the inn where Tom's steed stood. As the doctor led out his horse to saddle him, in what there was of grey daylight, he exclaimed :

"Here—confound it all, this isn't my horse ! He's spotted, or piebald, or something."

But no ! There was the unmistakeable Roman nose, with the pale pink suffused over the nostril, the watery grey eye and white eyelashes. To assure himself he stroked his steed, when horror ! the brown patches writhed under his hand ! His horse was literally transformed to a flea-bitten grey. Why a disused shed should be so prolific in fleas is one of those "Cosas de España" no fellow can understand.

Now the doctor was as pernicketty about fleas as a woman who hates dogs and the scent of magnolias. (N.B.—Bad sort of woman to marry is a woman who dislikes dogs and the perfume of flowers, she never cares much about men). It was useless to try to curry-comb the fleas out, the readiest way seemed to be to ride him into the sea. A nice level beach was close at hand, so Tom recommended the doctor to do Parthenon frieze, *i.e.*, that he and his steed should, like Haidee and Juan form

" ———a group antique,  
Naked, natural, and Greek !"

and so drown the Spanish "pulgas," that most persistent of fleas. But the medico was too modest, though there was no one about at that early hour.

He jumped on to his horse, clothed as he was, and rode him slowly into the sea. The water rose higher and higher, and the fleas crept higher. The doctor rode on until his long legs were twined round the horse's neck, and he found the fleas had left the animal and settled on the man. He forbore a final plunge, and so came back to the shore, bearing the transferred insects upon his own unhappy person. He vented his wrath in such unmeasured terms upon Tom for what he considered his insidious advice that they parted company.

Moral—Never trust man or woman who only takes half your advice.

## CHAPTER VIII.

GIB ONCE MORE—MOORISH HAIKS AND HIGHLAND KILTS—THE CARNIVAL—  
 "RULE BRITANNIA"—"PLUS ROYALISTE QUE LE ROI"—THE CRIMEA.

About the hour of evening gun-fire as Jingo rode across the neutral ground towards the gates of the old fortress, he met the quartette sallying forth for their evening ride, and he heard Billy Pease remark :

"Hullo! Here comes a big cock Spaniard."

"He is riding Long Tom's horse then," said Le Fer, "masquerading may be lawful, but not always expedient."

The sequel shows the words and acts of the speaker were not always consistent. Next morning at gunfire Tom was startled by seeing a Moor in his bedroom. Sleepily he wondered if the old denizens of the Tower had returned from the other world ; on arousing discovered that it was Le Fer in a Moorish haik, fez, slippers, and precious little else ; his aquiline features and dark complexion made the disguise complete. Thus attired, to save the trouble of dressing and undressing, it was his habit to go down and bathe.

Tom wanted to accompany him, but here came the rub. There were many Moors in Gib, but they did not usually promenade with British officers. Le Fer suggested Tom should wear Billy Pease's haik, which he used as a dressing gown. This, with the hood pulled over his head and Moorish slippers, completed the costume, and it was no one else's business that there was nothing but a nightgown under it. Down they strode through Bell Lane, where many belles resided, to the old mole, and enjoyed a plunge in the cool green sea, followed by a stroll through the market, munching green figs and muscatel grapes.

Next day came a lengthy epistle from the Town Major's office, demanding "reasons in writing" for wearing Moorish costume in the city of Gibraltar.

Brevity being the soul of wit, Tom turned up the corner

of the official document, and answered in one word, initialed, thus :

"Coolness. T. J."

He had to put in an appearance next day at the office, and was told severely that his reply shewed excessive coolness. When he reiterated the fact with edifying seriousness, that it *was* coolness, and nothing more or less that led him to adopt the costume, he was told not to do it again, as the ladies objected. He ventured to inquire how they recognised him.

"By your pink heels," was the reply.

"Oh !"

The story got about, and a huge Highland officer borrowed the kilt of the smallest bugler in his regiment and marched past the house of the lady complainants, on his way to bathe every morning. More than *heels* was visible, but no objection could be made—it was uniform.

The rough old Colonel of the same distinguished regiment was annoyed by the persistent crowding of the aforesaid ladies on the limited ground of the Almeida. The regiment was in line, and he gave the word :

"Gordon Highlanders, r—r—reet aboot face ! Ground arms !"

The fans were put in requisition, but the Spanish ladies were not put to flight by the Colonel's manœuvre.

As there were very few unmarried ladies in Gib., dances were rare, but the youngsters took advantage of the balls at the theatre, where it was the custom to choose a partner for the season from the Spanish grisettes, who danced beautifully, were very bright and cheery, and had charming manners.

But the preference of the "shes" for the wearers of the Queen's uniform led to jealousies on the part of the "hes," ("Rock Scorpions," as the Gibraltar Spaniards are unkindly called), and matters culminated at the Piñata, the last ball of the carnival.

A huge chandelier, ornamented with bon-bons and miniature trophy flags, was lowered from the ceiling, and a Spaniard was blindfolded and given a long stick, which he flourished round to enlarge the circle of men standing ready to scramble for the sweets and little flags of all nations as trophies for their *queridas*. These withdrew to the boxes to watch their partners struggle for the relics of the Piñata

chandelier, which the blindfolded one eventually broke, after sundry impartially administered whacks to the men who, in their eagerness, came within reach.

On this occasion there was not the usual impartiality shewn, for the stick always came down on a British uniform. The bandage was evidently ineffectual, but the young officers took their whacks good-humouredly.

When the Piñata was broken the scramble began. The stick-wielder was then at liberty to push up his bandage and join in the scrimmage. This he did by going for the smallest officer in the room, our friend Chiquito, who had secured a prize and was quietly walking away with it. The Spaniard followed, and tried to snatch the trophy from him (it was a little Spanish flag). There was no surrender on the part of Chiquito, so the bigger man knocked him down. In less than two twos the assailant was on the broad of his back and the row became general. Navajas were drawn, the English officers picked up the chairs as shields and weapons, and after clearing the room of every Spaniard, they brought down their girls from the boxes and began to dance again. (Women always side with the conquerors). The band being a military one, played up for their officers, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," until the chief magistrate appeared upon the scene with a body of Scorpion police.

He ordered the arrest of our Tom as the ringleader of the previous fracas. Tom was dancing quietly with his partner, Dolores, when a policeman seized him roughly by the collar of the open mess jacket he wore. The arm that encircled Dolores' slim waist was quietly withdrawn and the fist came down like a sledge hammer on the glazed leather top of the policeman's hat, which was about the level of Tom's shoulder.

The minion of the law was brought to a sitting position, where he remained struggling with his hat, which had been driven over his face and firmly fixed there. The policeman's hat of those days had steel ribs up the sides to prevent its collapse from a bonnetting blow, but the force applied on this occasion had not been contemplated by its ingenious constructor.

The police drew their truncheons and, headed by the magistrate, made for Tom, but his brother officers rallied round him, and in less time than it took to clear out the civilian Spaniards, the Scorpion police, magistrate and all, were ejected from the theatre. The bonnetted policeman,

like a small Samson Agonistes, was sport for the young Philistines, but instead of bringing down the house he had to be led forth ignominiously, for no one on the spot could, or would get the hat off.

The girls had disappeared in the tumult and the band, who had all along been with difficulty kept from helping the officers, was marched off, while the triumphant youngsters, after singing "Rule Britannia" to an empty house, prudently dispersed to their quarters, lest any of the senior officers should be informed of the row, and appear on the scene.

Next morning a complaint was lodged before the Governor and Tom was made the scapegoat. This time he felt uncomfortable for he had a recollection of hustling the portly figure of the chief magistrate out of the theatre door, and flinging into the street a certain little baton of office, surmounted by a gilt crown. This indignity to the Royal emblem troubled a conscience "plus royaliste que le roi." At the same time he felt that he would have surrendered at once had no hand been laid upon the Queen's uniform which he wore, while the magistrate who directed the arrest appeared in the usual British shooting coat, from the pocket of which, at the eleventh hour, he produced his little baton of office.

However the matter ended in a lecture from a superior officer on the supremacy of the civil over the military power, the edge of which was taken off by the lecturer asking Tom with a smile, what was his fighting weight?

But a bloodier fight was looming over Europe. The Crimean War was declared, and the quintette of subalterns was broken up. Tom, to his intense disgust, was ordered to England to join a company in the West Indies, to which he had fallen by promotion. The other four went to the Crimea, where they saw hard service, and Le Fer, who had always pretended that he did not "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," volunteered for the spiking party of the Redan.

## CHAPTER IX.

HOME AGAIN—DISAPPOINTED—CHAIR AU CANON—THE SUB AND THE  
BOMBARDIER—OLD IRELAND—ANOTHER WOOLWICH JOB—THE  
ANTILLES—YELLOW JACK AND PORT ROYAL JACK.

“Home again from wandering on a foreign shore,  
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy to see my friends once  
more.”

Not a bit of it! The lady of the hallucination was the happy mother of twins, and our sub sent her a pretty wedding present. He was burning now only with a desire to go to the Crimea.

After a short visit home he returned to Woolwich, and having got strong recommendations for active service, he haunted the Adjutant-General's office, then at Woolwich. The Deputy-Adjutant-General R.A. of those days was a kindly sensible fellow, and saw in the tough, strong sub excellent “chair au canon,” so he was promised the first death vacancy which occurred in his regiment. There had not yet been an engagement. I regret to write it. This otherwise amiable young officer eagerly scanned the daily papers for news of the first general action, which would inevitably take him to the front, so unprincipled and selfish do those become who follow the nefarious profession of arms! One always wonders why He, “unto whom all hearts are open and all desires known,” declared that He had “not found so great faith, no, not in Israel,” as in a Roman centurion. But the Roman legions have marched past into Eternity, and the House of Rothschild rules the civilised world, in which

we are bound to include the Czar of all the Russias. Will the present King of Israel give to the last-named potentate Hindostan for an inheritance ?

Meanwhile, our sub was not wise in his generation ; therefore, he must have been a child of light, for he did a very unwise thing. The D.A.G., R.A., had a confidential clerk, an excellent man and a full bombardier, who sat daily at his desk driving his quill through the enormous pile of correspondence he had to submit for the sign manual of his chief. The Lieutenant on his frequent visit appeared. The bombardier did not look up from his task, but simply said :

" The Adjutant-General will not see you to-day."

The foolish blood of some ancestral Irish Rapparee rose to the brain of the officer, and he said :

" Do you know to whom you are speaking ? Stand to attention !"

The non-commissioned officer's pasty official face did not flush like that of the angry sunburnt sub. He put down his pen and rose to his feet, saying :

" Sir, the Adjutant-General has given me orders to admit no one."

The discomfited officer would have liked to have made some sort of apology, but he slunk out instead. Next day there was an order for him to take charge of a detachment of Field Artillery ordered to the north of Ireland, with a private note from the D.A.G. to say that he would not forget his desire for active service.

And so in early summer he marched through pleasant "ould Ireland," before the reign of Parnell, the last king of the Stuart line, had made it unpleasant, and there he forgot for a time his hunger for more active service. The people were kind, the old lord who owned the property on which the barracks were built, had set aside a special snipe bog for the subaltern on duty, and the considerate captain, as it was within sight of the barrack-gate, allowed its use\* ; the "pisantry were the noblest in the wor-r-ld," as Dan O'Connell put it, the unplundered gentry hospitable, and pretty girls galore.

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\* On the first spot of shaking bog the last-joined English sub invariably found a jack snipe. It seemed to rise out of his pocket, zig-zag round his head, and soar away with an ironic "Cr-r-rake" after he had let off both barrels. Jingo, more to the manner born, without a notion that he was spoiling sport, shot the poor bird after it had said "Cr-r-rake !" His comrade was desolé.

But the day of reckoning was only deferred. Looking through a military paper, anxiously longing in the spirit of the old martial toast for "A bloody war or a sickly season," his eye caught the large letter heading :

### ANOTHER WOOLWICH JOB.

"We hear that Lieutenant Jingo, whose company is in the West Indies, where his presence is much required, two subalterns in succession having died of yellow fever, is to be permitted to go to the Crimea out of his turn."

The bolt was shot. The next mail brought his orders for Port Royal, Jamaica. The West Indian mail steamer sped him across the summer sea, her sharp bows dashing aside the yellow Sargossa weed which floats in the endless eddy of that shoreless ocean river that flows from the Gulf of Mexico, to warm the moist climate of Western Ireland. Disraeli declared the Gulf Stream had much to do with the character of the dwellers by the shores of that "melancholy ocean"—the same Sargossa sea, with its little crabs dancing on its golden wavelets, as their ancestors had done three hundred years ago round the prow of the low caravel that had carried Columbus to the Western World and given him an excuse to encourage his faint-hearted crews with the hoped-for proximity of land though they were still in mid-ocean.

There were pleasant planter folks on board, with their grotesque coloured domestics in blazing bandana turbans. The sugar industry was not, at that time, quite ruined by the refusal of the slavery abolitionists to pay a half-penny in the pound duty, in favour of free-grown sugar. With equal consistency to-day, the octogenarian descendant of a slave owner, who rules our motley government, (the Cabinet livery of England should surely be motley for all parties !)\* would fain have abandoned Uganda, whence the roots of the slave trade spread their deadly tendrils athwart the dusky continent.

A balmy tropical morning beamed upon the glassy waters of Port Royal Harbour, promising a blazing day. The land

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\*"I met a fool i' the forest, a motley fool ; a miserable world."

wind had died down and the sea-breeze had not yet begun to curl the green waves on to the beach, nor to toss the long feathers of the cocoa-nut palms which fringe the low spit of land on which stands Port Royal, with the huddled-up shanties of Negro Town by the shore, and beyond, the barracks, and the long, low, red-brick crumbling batteries of antiquated guns which had slept through nigh half-a-century of peace, and which even the echoes of the Crimean war had failed to displace for something more modern.

The green mangroves swept away in a curve past the palisades of that well-peopled burying ground, where many a good fellow has been sanded down, to the scarcely more lively town of Kingston, while beyond were the green hills of Up Park Camp, beyond which rise the long wavy lines of the Blue Mountains. The white cottages of Newcastle, the Sanitorium, nestled on the spurs of slopes covered with tropical verdure. A lovely picture, this emerald gem of the Antilles made—

“A summer isle of Eden, lying  
In deep purple spheres of sea.”

Grim, old red-nosed Noll conquered it for us—when shall we give it away? Its commerce we have let go to America—it would be *protection* to stop it. St. George's banner, broad and gay, (are we to pull out the crosses of the three other fighting saints, Patrick, Andrew, and David?) floated in those days from the peak of the old battle-ship, *Boscawen*, recalling Rodney and the old sea-dogs and carrying us back in imagination to the buccaneers, those picturesque old rowdies of the Spanish main.

The listless present seemed to slumber in the long-forgotten past, and the tranquil waters covered the earthquake buried city that lay hidden beneath the keel of the panting, puffing West Indian mail steamer, the only thing alive. Ere her anchor chains had rattled through the hawser holes, and the morning gun had boomed across the bay, it was alive with craft of all sorts, a flotilla of canoes and boats, laden with tropic fruit and flowers, and peopled with laughing, chattering men and women of many shades, from the just warm “ten cents to the dollar” girl to the ebon, plenteous-lipped daughter of Ethiop, with her gleaming teeth and eyes, and

whose white and coloured calico garments scarce restrained her buxom charms, in the excitement of paddling her own canoe.

“ . . . stilles meet in fantastic  
 'emine types of four.  
 e pretty English girl in  
 3-me-quick bonnet,” and  
 pure Africaine, whose  
 iminous and(perhaps to  
 own male) voluptuous  
 suggest to the white  
 only an indefinite post-  
 ment of osculation.  
 ie delicate featured  
 Aryan woman of the  
 7 East Indian coolie  
 moves gracefully  
 along, carrying her child on her hip.  
 Here and there a dash of Chinese blood  
 appears, as well as Anglo-Spanish, French  
 from Louisiana, and original Carib.

“Ah, there's the uniform of the dear old regiment  
 in the stern sheets of a boat.” She sweeps along-  
 side with the stroke of men-of-war's-men. “God  
 bless my soul !”

The men are in their shirt sleeves and regimental trousers,

BONNEY  
 1854

but the little forage caps are cocked on woolly heads, and  
 —and—“By jove, they are all niggers, non-com and all.”

The sailor officer saw the new-comer's surprise, and said :

"Ah, yes, they all get that way in time. You'll soon find your hair curl tighter than it does now, just like those other fellows."

Our sub did not know that there was an establishment of negro gunners attached to the Royal Artillery, and splendid men they were, very useful for fatigue duties in that climate. They had been formerly enlisted from crews of captured slavers; the fellows with teeth filed to points and who were said to have had cannibal antecedents, made the best gunners. But that source of supply has long since ceased, captured slaves are now sent to Liberia to keep company with "Auntie" who came to see the Queen the other day. The modern Jamaica Baptist nigger is a poor substitute for the fresh-caught African.

It was early when the swarthy crew landed the new arrival at the Barrack Wharf, where he was met by his brother officers, for no one but a lunatic wastes a tropical morning in bed. As a matter of course, a gunner is made at home everywhere except at Woolwich, where the nearness of modern Babylon draws men into its vortex and away from comrades.

There, in Jamaica, was found one of the crew of the cadet 8-oar, and others Tom had never seen before, but the same hospitality was extended by all. The breezy breakfast of pink mullet *en papillote*, kedgerree, and green chillies, alligator pears, plantains, and custard apples, in the mess verandah, with the sea wind sweeping through, was cheery. There was no talk of the deadly yellow fever that had taken two of his comrades, and which was still more than decimating the men.

The irony of fate is for ever repeating itself. Tom had been promoted by the death of the president of the cadet court-martial that had administered to him the most effective thrashing he ever had in his life. He had never felt the slightest ill-will in the matter—least of all now, when he had been sent to fill the poor fellow's place. It was and is after a long life the fixed opinion of General Jingo, that a good gunner is rarely a bad man. He never knew but one, and as a cadet he had freely used the buckle end of the belt for his reformation. The only instance in which he had used it, it failed—for the man had a dogged courage that resisted punishment and earned for him the Victoria Cross (which of course he did not get). But he was selected for

a responsible post in which he brought disgrace upon his corps.

"Sun ober de yard arm, long drink or short drink, sah?" said the black mess waiter after orderly-room, morning chat and cigars.

The new comer looked for explanation.

"Drinky for drunk or drinky for dry?" was all that was vouchsafed to intimate the difference between a cool sangaree with lots of the juice of fresh green limes and only a dash of Madeira, or a stiff "B" with but a dash of "S."

At daybreak next morning was the Lieutenant's first duty—a funeral, for which he arrayed himself according to regulation, in tight coatee and epaulettes, the collar stiff with gold embroidery to the ears, and the leather stock buckled behind the neck, the whole surmounted by a top-heavy shako and a stiff white shaving brush for a plume. The pocket of the swallow-tailed coatee held a diminutive prayer-book and a cigar case, a degree more useful than the modern tunic with a breast pocket where even a pocket handkerchief creates such a protuberance that that requisite article has to be carried up the sleeve like a man doing a card trick.

The parade ground was tenantless, no firing party, no following party, no muffled drums, no parson. Four unpainted wooden boxes were aligned on the wharf where waited a couple of long canoes, with niggers and mattocks to scrape up the loose sand of the palisades, the usual burying-ground.

The officer asked the crew where the funeral party was, but only got grins and shakes of the head, with the explanation:

"Yellow Jack funeral—for true—sah!"

He walked over to the barracks and found the Sergeant-Major unable to give any more satisfactory answer, for he had evidently taken several extra tots—medicinally, no doubt. He was placed under arrest and the dismal duty went on. The lily maid, Elaine, had a water funeral, but her boatman was mute; better had these been so also. The pestilential vapour of the green mangrove swamp along which they coasted in the close morning air, excused a cigar, and the poor fellows who were being taken to their last and longest resting place would not have objected could they have known.

The negroes soon excavated four shallow graves ; at a depth of two feet the water filtered in rapidly, and the coffins splashed when dropped with a flop. The hideous, purple, bloated-looking land-crabs scuttled about, some stood and stared with stony protuberant eyes, waving expectant nippers. An abridged burial service was read and the niggers shovelled in the sand, dancing it down with their long bare heels. A mound over each grave was negotiated for, but the leading sable sexton, as deeply philosophic as Hamlet's, remarked :

" No good, massa, land crabs too much hurry ! " and with his tool he struck a mound of loose sand over a coffin yet more carelessly interred than even the officer's last poor charges. It had merely been laid on the ground and sand thrown over it, which the negro had displaced, disclosing the coffin. As he struck that with his mattock, the land-crabs inside scuffled about. And yet land-crabs are considered a delicacy in the West Indies, like the prawn curries of the Ganges in the East.

The officious young officer was hauled over the coals by the Colonel, and the Sergeant-Major, an excellent old soldier suffering from fever-funk, was released, while the extreme simplicity of the funeral rites was attributed to the depressing effect of incessant dead marches—possibly for the same reason ordinary drills were much abridged.

Our youngster took the men seine fishing, and he invested in a canoe, which he fitted with outriggers and sculls, and then went a-fishing for sharks and devil-fish with his nigger boy, who was a capital youth, but who would wear his master's best dress-shirts at the "dignity hops." He was indifferent to any amount of thrashing on discovery, the display of cuffs and collars up to the ebony ears being compensation. His other peculiarity was a passion for putting everything on his head, from a chest of drawers to a three-cornered *billet doux*. On the top of the latter he would carefully place a brickbat to prevent its being blown away by the sea breeze, and then walk away with the erect, jaunty, swaying swagger common to both sexes of coloured folks.

The prize the Lieutenant longed for was "Port Royal Jack," a legendary shark of fabulous age and size, said to be rationed to swim round the *Boscawen* guardship, to prevent the blue-jackets swimming ashore for a spree or

deserting. "Port Royal Jack" had of late forsaken his post, attracted to the bathing-place of the garrison ladies, round the somewhat rotten palisades of which his black fin constantly sailed. A young sucking-pig was bought and killed near the bathing-place, and the blood allowed to run into the sea. A strong iron hook, deftly inserted as in a trolling minnow, with a bit of chain long enough to reach beyond the shark's teeth, was fastened to a rope coiled in the bow of the canoe. Our fisher then quietly paddled with his bait, until, getting weary and hungry, he made fast the rope to one of the palisades, and left as a watch "the Demon," as his black boy from his sublime ugliness was called. Then he went to breakfast, but was barely seated ere the shouts of "the Demon" brought him out again. Too late! The bait was gone, the rope broken, and the palisade pulled out of place.

After breakfast he went to the Quartermaster's store, got a piece of salt junk, such as "Port Royal Jack" was wont to receive as his daily ration, and fastening this beef with wire to a number of stout hooks placed back to back as for stroke hauling, he put a harpoon in his canoe, and again essayed his luck. "Port Royal Jack's" appetite had only been whetted by the pig, away flew the carefully coiled rope, until the gunwale literally smoked under the friction. The line was out and taut in a jiffy, and the canoe shot over the water till Tom put in his paddles and backed water to try to check the run. Now the monster would dash from side to side, nearly upsetting the canoe, and causing the poor balancing "Demon" to turn a peculiar tint, then he would plunge right down until the bows dipped. Many a salmon had our fishing friend played, "but never aught like this." How to reel, give line, or butt was a puzzle. He pulled his best, but the fish could go faster than the boat. Suddenly the line was slack—had he broken off? There was his black fin making straight for the canoe. Tom seized the harpoon and stood ready in the bows, shouting to "the Demon" to steady her with the oars. When almost touching Tom launched his harpoon, it turned the shark, but glided off his back with only a scratch, and again the line was taut and the canoe spinning along as before, in instant peril of being capsized. And now other black fins came skimming round to see the fun; the situation, like the rope, was strained, and Tom was half minded to cut

both and give it up, when he heard the encouraging shouts of his men from the beach, for the garrison had turned out to watch the novel sport. So he put his back into the sculls, the huge brute began to give way, and Tom fairly played him until he lay like an exhausted salmon ready to be gaffed, almost still, now and then showing his white belly and the huge mouth under his nose. Calling to the onlookers to be ready to haul in, Tom made a spurt for the beach, and as the keel grated the men dashed in and dragged the shark high and dry. He lashed furiously with his tail and bit in two a handspike which had been thrust into his open jaws, but a smart gunner lopped off his caudal appendage, and thus rendered him powerless without that leverage. He was then easily dispatched and cut open. The fish-hooked beef had caught in the roof and sides of his mouth, the smaller steel hooks and wire having held, though he had snapped the iron chain, which with the pig, iron hook and all, were found inside him. Next came a Marine's coatee, fortunately the owner had not been inside; it had probably been hung in the rigging to dry the pipe clay with which the white braid breast-adornment of those days was cleaned. A gust of wind had blown it overboard, and it had been taken by "Port Royal Jack" as a salmon takes a fly. A tin colander, a foot in diameter, turned up, which the cook's mate had let slip when washing the greens—here was a spinning spoon bait for "Jack," as it sank, shooting from side to side, as such shaped articles do when dropped into the sea. There was an assortment of beef bones, the remains of "Jack's" rations, tufts of feathers, and miscellaneous trifles, with three or four fish about a foot long shaped like young sharks. Whether they were so or not, and sheltered in the mother's mouth, as the sailor's yarn has it, is left for naturalists to decide.

"Port Royal Jack" measured twelve feet from the tip of snout to tail, and the *Boscawen* boys rejoiced over its capture. Whether his successor was put on the ration list history does not relate.

## CHAPTER X.

D.T."—CREOLE LOVE—OPERA AND MANGROVE SWAMP—MOTHER WINGROVE—THE BLUE MOUNTAINS—A NEGRO HYMN—RUINED PLANTATION—BLACKSMITH AND MINISTER—M.P. AND WAITER—A DEVIL FISH—A YOUNG EARTHQUAKE—NEGRO DISTURBANCE—ISLAND HOSPITALITIES—ORDERED OFF—JIGGER'D.

"Don't leave me, old fellow, for God's sake, don't go away or that cursed Jackass will come and play the trombone in my ear, and my head is splitting already. If you forsake me like the rest, I shall finish it with this," he said, holding up a razor he was sharpening at his dressing table.

The speaker was a beautiful boy, with a perfect classic face, large violet eyes, long-lashed like a woman's, and with a mass of crisp curls crowning a Greek head. He used to be called "Pretty Polly" at the shop.\*

Tom turned and closed the door gently, and as he saw the wild look in the now bloodshot eyes, the quiver on the sensitive mouth, and the trembling hand that held the razor, it came like a flash upon him that this was D.T. His comrade was one of those unfortunate fellows whom no one ever sees drunk, who never appeared unfit for duty. He had lately withdrawn from the intimate society of his comrades, having formed a liason with a handsome Creole girl, as young as himself, and the unhappy sequel had followed—a pretty baby.

Tom did his best, seldom leaving him day or night, until the doctor insisted upon his being relieved by a sentry. The cure was slow and the reformation fitful, for alas, he had reached that stage when promises are naught. The foolish girl, who, with the easy morality of her race and that climate, did not consider such a connection discreditable, loved him in her own passionate way, and nursed him tenderly, but

could refuse him nothing, not even his mad entreaty for liquor, which she managed to get for him. When this was discovered, she was made to return to her people.

As a last hope, Tom joined him in a pledge to touch no liquor so long as they remained on the station; but his poor friend broke his promise, and in spite of watch and ward and doctor the end came soon.

Tom kept his oath, and to it, together with abstinence from meat, may be attributed his impunity from illness, for he was habitually careless and exposed himself to the sun while fishing and shooting, and often to the miasma of swamp and forest.

The grief of the girl was as violent as perhaps short-lived, happily for such natures. She asked Tom for a pair of white gloves to put upon her beautiful "karpse," as she called her lost love. Their ways are not our ways, nor their thoughts our thoughts. It is best so. In a few hours the dead had to be removed from the living—"from friend and from lover."

"Or ere decay's effacing fingers,  
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Tom took him and many another poor fellow to the dismal "God's Acre," where he had read his first funeral service.

*El vomito negro*, as the Spaniards call it, was not stayed. Like every good soldier, Lieutenant Jingo was a fatalist and felt no personal anxiety. But his surroundings were depressing, for being the only subaltern available, he was on perpetual duty; the other who acted as Adjutant and Quartermaster, was engaged to a bright Irish girl, who sent each mail what Tom called the "Ballinacree Chronicle," a cross herring-bone correspondence, deciphering which apparently occupied his whole time between mails. A faithful fellow he was, and a magnificently handsome pair they made. He was blown up testing fuzes, and died shortly after.

Meanwhile the Crimean war went on with its record of duty and suffering, for which came honours—ribbons and crosses only, for subalterns, brevets in addition for happy captains.

But there was a bright spot for the solitary sub. The Governor of Jamaica and his charming wife were very kind

to him, and he had a room at Government House whenever he could get over to Spanishtown. He asked for a little modification of the rigour of his imprisonment to the low spit of sand and coral reef, the barrack, the batteries, the hospital, and the dead-house, which constituted Port Royal, but was refused. Tom thought it was perhaps because his chief was known not to be a *persona grata* at Government House. Of course Jingo was wrong and still more wrong in the sequel.

A celebrated Spanish opera troupe had come to Kingston, and there was a pressing invite to their Excellencies' box and a room at Government House. So at dusk he put his mess jacket and white trousers (which were *de rigueur*), in a tin box in the bow of his canoe and paddled off. What could happen except some poor fellow die in the hospital during the night, and for that there was the doctor, and he would be back before daylight. On arrival at the capital he changed his clothes and entered the regal box, where were his bright handsome friend, with her kindly chat, her equally kind husband, and his chum, the A.D.C., a man of his own regiment.

Tom felt a qualm of military conscience when the officer commanding the troops also entered the box, but the chief was not supposed to know he was absent without leave, and was too kind and wise to ask questions. The evening was a treat, a delightful break in the sad monotony of Tom's life, though he was not able to accept the offered hospitality of the Governor, and had to make his way back in his canoe when the opera was over.

He tried a short cut through the lagoons; but the bright moon went behind clouds, and he lost his way in a labyrinth of mangrove stems. The pestilential miasma of the swamps assailed him with the lassitude it brings and which fasting intensified, the mosquitoes were maddening, as both hands were on the sculls he could not scratch. But he pulled away to be in time for morning parade. He reached the palisades, that dismal swamp where his friend lay; his head felt like molten lead and his back ached to dislocation with every stroke. Kingsley's marvellous description of the fever-stricken Amyas Leigh in the mangrove swamps of Central America came to his mind, and the charges brought against Sir Walter Raleigh by the Royal pedant, who said the poor prisoner was so great a liar "he hath declared that he

visited lands where oysters do grow upon trees"—and here they hung from the mangrove branches dipping in the sea—a perpetual reminder of a gallant sailor and a coward King. The sudden pink flush of a tropical dawn had tinged the sky. He would be late for parade. He put on a last spurt and just as his keel grated on the barrack beach, the morning gun boomed and the mellow bugles rang out the reveillé.

He tried to run his canoe up high and dry as was his wont but his strength was gone. He plodded across to his quarters feeling dizzy, and meeting a group of laughing Creole girls going to market with baskets of bananas on their well-poised heads, their graceful figures swaying their skirts with the abandon of their natural walk, so unlike the stumping of high-heeled European femininity. He was not too ill to note these things—"Ha, that was a good sign," he thought.

But their greeting depressed him. "Hi! my sweet massa, you have Yellow Jack for true," said a softly sympathetic voice from thickish lips under solemn kindly sphynx-like eyes, that might have been Cleopatra's in her gentlest mood, only Cleopatra was a Ptolemy, a pure Greek, not half-European, half-African like the girl before him.

A few paces further he met the adjutant, who said: "My dear fellow, you look awfully seedy. Go to your room, I'll send the doctor."

"Send Mother Wingrove," (his old black washerwoman) was the request of the object of all this solicitude.

Tom got to his room, looked in the glass, and saw the whites of his eyes were bright yellow. His Demon offered breakfast, but was hustled off to hasten Mother Wingrove. In bustled the comfortable stout negress, who in her caressing way undressed and put him in a warm bath covered with blankets, and thence into bed, on which more blankets were piled. She made no unflattering allusions to his awful aspect, but said:—

"I make you all right soon, my sweet sonny; don't you take no nasty doctor stuff." Then she gave him a big drink of a hot decoction of herbs, which she called "feber tea." Next day he felt all right except for a taste in his mouth as if he had feasted on the contents of Simon Peter's sheet of unclean things. He thought he would get out of bed, but he flumped



reserved for the fortunate British infantry that formed part of the garrison, it being considered necessary to keep all the gunners by their guns, although twenty-four hours would have brought them to the batteries strong with the health-giving mountain air.

From the flowery porch of his cottage quarter he could see over verdant valleys, with blue-green strips of sugar-cane and the darker green of coffee-plantation and forest, to where that long strip of coral strand\*, his military prison, stretched into the distant sea. On the opposite side of the bay lay the swampy parade-ground of Fort Augusta, in the precincts of which the 22nd Dragoons have left almost a complete list of their regiment—in stone. Whose folly sent them there? Or what use could they have been without sea-horses? Perhaps in the old marooning days they went.

The grave-yard had been overgrown with bush and Lieutenant Jingo came upon it in a dual expedition for shooting guinea fowl, and inspecting the armament of the fort, of which an artillery non-commissioned officer was in charge. He could never be left longer than a month lest he should go mad. The last I heard of this delectable fortress was in a late newspaper. A non-commissioned officer of a West Indian regiment had gone mad there, and had fired at the officer who came to inspect. The officer had to return for a detachment, and as the madman had taken up a good defensive position and wounded some of the party, they were compelled to skirmish up to and then shoot him.

We have forgotten both the follies and the glories of the history of Jamaica, but have repeated the former, even that last folly of giving constitutional government to the idle children of hastily liberated slaves, whose arrogant claims culminated in insurrection, and who had to be put down by a resolute man—Governor Eyre—whom some of us wanted to see exalted as high as Haman, and others raised to the peerage.

The Anglo-Saxon never understands the negro. He has been personally his master or under his heel. A country producing by coloured labour valuable commodities, granted political equality, and you have immediately inequality, the numerical preponderance giving

\*Don't remember "India's coral strand" that Bishop Heber wrote about, nor that part of Hindostan where "So green a glade" but then India is a big country and

the inferior race. Then comes strife, and eventually, as the negro is more prolific than the white in hot climates, you have the result—black barbarism, as in Hayti. This is the problem the United States of America have to solve. They should not take Cuba or accept Jamaica unless they mean to alter their constitution and govern the negro race. As it is, they may find in the not very distant future, a belt of black barbarism spread across their Southern States.

Tom made many mountain excursions, ascended the Blue Mountain peak, whence he had a magnificent view of—clouds! Then he crossed to the other side of the island. He had bought a mountain pony and was riding one Sunday evening near a native village. The sweet melody of negro voices singing a well-remembered hymn brought with it a flood of memories; his conscience reproached him, he had not been to church. Of course he tried the threadbare excuse to himself, he had been worshipping in “the temple not made with hands.” It would not wash. There were these poor semi-savages worshipping God in decorous fashion, he would draw near and see what good might come to *his* soul.

The chapel was thatched and many-windowed, all open to the evening breeze. The hymn had ceased and the minister was holding forth. Jingo rode close up to a window. The negro girls grinned and giggled plenteously at the “buckra” (white man). The preacher’s attention was drawn to the frivolity of the female part of his congregation and the cause, and his face assumed a piously stern expression. Casting up the whites of his eyes, his rich bass voice rolled out in solemn tones :

“Brudders and sissers, let us sing a nym ob my own compogin and den pray for de soul ob our poor loss white brudder.”

He gave out the first verse, thus :

“ ‘Bring in de man wid de durty soul—durty soul !  
Walk him along on fire and coal—fire and coal !  
De missable man wid de durty soul—durty soul !’

“Toon—‘Cocoa blossoms bloom so sweet.’”

He repeated this through again. The air was a lively, lilting one, a sort of Moody and Sankey, though these gentlemen had not then been invented.

It is curious that the Anglo-American has but little music, grave or gay, which he has not borrowed from the slave.

The congregation sang with gusto, the ladies especially accentuating the reproof it conveyed, with "nods and winks" and very much "wreathed smiles" at the unlucky intruder. Accidentally or of malice prepense, at the end of the words given out, they sang the words of the "toon"—their favourite one :

"Cocoa blossoms, blow so sweet, blow so sweet,  
Blow so sweet—we'll have a little motion too."

It is hard to say if the last lines were suggestive of a dance, but certain it is that the emotional Christianity of West Indian coloured women had very little effect on what we would call their morals. How it effects the men except in making them insolent, I cannot say, nor dare I say how it affects those white races that take to it as readily as the negro, to wit, certain classes of the Anglo-Saxon and his Celtic neighbour, the Welshman.

Buckle has not gone into this subject in his "History of Civilisation."

Jingo retired from the church half laughing, half sad. For during the rainy season he had read much in the verandah of his cottage—from cover to cover, though he had been made to learn much of it in childhood by heart—of that most wonderful and beautiful of all books, and he had got as much puzzled over St. Paul's metaphysics as that honest old fisherman, St. Peter, declared himself to be. So he took a course of "Paley's Evidences," with the usual result of only becoming more muddled. "Butler's Analogy" did not mend matters, nor "Locke on the Human Understanding," in that it proved the mind of the new-born babe a blank, its ideas coming from surrounding material objects, from a night-light to a nurse's nose when she snored. Tom came to the conclusion that the human mind was not a machine capable of judging of the "plan of salvation" any more than an Irish landlord can see the justice of the "plan of campaign." Much mountain air, however, and reading of the unprinted book of God improved his digestion and restored mental repose. As for practical morality, a diet such as a priest of the Roman Church would consider a perpetual fast, exorcised those devils that we are told, "Come not forth but by prayer and fasting."

This digression on the mental condition of Lieutenant Jingo at this period must be excused to the author as giving the key to many of the shortcomings of some of the Jingo family in general, and of our unheroic hero in particular.

In one of his wanderings, our Jingo sprained his ankle badly, and was kindly taken in and hospitably entertained at the house of a planter. "The Great House," as the planter's dwelling is always called, stood on a hill overlooking a flat valley, a green sea of sugar-cane. The breeze broke it into waves, and lights and shadows fleeting across it completed the illusion of a sea of verdure, whose shores were dark jungle-covered cliffs. There were islands of jungle also, projections of rock in what seemed to once have been the alluvial bottom of a mountain lake. The soil was black and rich and the cane luxuriant, but there were no hands to wield the macheté\* for harvest. The great sugar-crushing mill stood silent and idle, the wild flowering convolvulus creeper, with the passionate luxuriance of tropical vegetation, clasped the rusty machinery in its soft fantastic tendrils.

The emancipated slaves and their sons no longer cared to work, except fitfully. Why should they? They were tenants at will—their own will—on the master's land. A sort of black Ireland it was. He had left them at first, hoping they would work, but a very little work in the day and a great deal of banjo and shay-shay dancing at night was the cheerful routine of negro existence, supported on a patch of plantains and a little salt fish, while for garment, there was a calico shirt and trousers on one sex, and a sort of unpretentious cotton teagown for the other. Piccaninnies in plenty, with no garments at all, are no encumbrance. And the white planter who owned these fertile acres, fast lapsing into jungle, had been wealthy once, he and his fathers, in slave times, and might have been so still, had the philanthropist giver of other men's goods consented to a slight tax in favour of free-grown sugar, and permitted some species of vagrant act conducive to even partial industry. But perhaps no one of less authority than Moses could regulate slavery. To follow it with political franchise has proved a failure. A few East Indian coolies and Chinese have been imported without much beneficial result.

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\*Negro cutlas.

The planter host, living hopelessly in his mansion decaying from damp and lack of repair, was a cultivated amiable gentleman, educated at Eton and Oxford. He still struggled on, his wife bearing her part uncomplainingly, except as to the future of her children. He had now neither place nor power among his coloured neighbours—every Justice of the Peace, every county official was black. It was government, not by brains, but by counting noses, and the majority of noses were black.

Before his ankle allowed him to walk our sub was summoned to the plains as a member of a Court Martial, his short leave having expired. His friend lent him a pony, which he rode to a village, and there left to be returned, while he hired a trap from the blacksmith, who owned the only conveyance in the village—a mule cart.

On bargaining for the trip down to Spanishtown, about twenty miles, the sable smith asked five pounds.

"But I don't want to buy the trap and mule," said Jingo.

"No, sah ; dat is de hire."

"But it is extortionate."

"Torshun or no torshun, you take it or leab it. An' you pay down fo' you start."

"Where does the nearest magistrate live?" enquired our sub.

"Jus top ob de hill dere," said the sable one, pointing to a handsome house.

"Very well ; whatever the magistrate says is right. I'll pay and leave the money with him."

"Jus so! An' you bring me his honour's receep fo' de money. Dat genleman's member of Legislatur. I vote fo' him."

"That's bad," thought Jingo ; "an electoral conscience is a poor thing to expect justice from."

He rode to the big house, dismounted with difficulty, hitched his horse to a paling, and knocked. The door was opened by a negro in a white linen suit with a napkin on his arm.

"Is your master at home?"

"Sah! I hab no master but Gawd."

No use to attempt apology and say, "I mistook you for the butler!" The magistrate had risen from dinner and opened the door himself, hence the napkin—or it may have

been old habit. He had been a waiter in early days, and now *waited* for the Premiership of the island.

The matter was explained, and Jingo submitted that the price was exorbitant. The answer was a shrug and the oft-repeated formula :

"He free man same as you—please yourself, he please hisself, I please myself, ebbery body pleased all roun'."

But Jingo demurred, said he was not pleased, he should pay the money under protest, but would appeal. This remark produced a guffaw so loud and a grin so wide that Tom had a momentary hope that the ends of the mouth might meet at the back of his neck and the top of his woolly head come off. But it didn't—the powerful jaw of a practised parliamentary orator, white or black, is not easily dislocated. The money was paid, a receipt given, and Tom returned in no good humour for his drive.

NEGRO HOME RULE,

CIVIL DIGNITARY



He started with the blacksmith, driving a rattletrap sort of gig, with a mule which could be made to go only with the special bad language of his master, and was like the one driven by the religious ladies in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

The road was rough and his sprained ankle painful, the night was hot and his companion odorous as a crocodile\* or an Assyrian Guardsman, not that Lieutenant Jingo had ever met an officer of that distinguished corps—he had only seen their pictured presentment and read somewhere that they were "curled darlings, smelling of musk and insolence."

Suddenly the negro pulled up. They had reached a spot where the road was a narrow ledge along the edge of the precipice, with a steep bank on the other hand, the tall

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\* The natural odour of negro or crocodile is musk.

feathery bamboos, through which the wind sighed, closed overhead and increased the inky darkness. The dull roar of a mountain torrent in its rocky bed rose from the depths below.

"You gib me nudder poun' righ off," demanded the driver.

Tom told him to go to a place hotter than Jamaica, and perhaps used adjectival cuss words of sorts.

"Sah ! I a minster ob de Gospel, supprize t'heah ejjicated genman use sich lanwidge."

The Lieutenant meditated as to whether he could chuck the minister down the gully and drive on. But he was on the wrong side of the trap, he had a sprained ankle, and the blacksmith was the heavier man, with the muscular development of his trade. So Tom lit a cigar and said he was in no hurry.

Presently the mosquitoes tackled the cigarless negro, he began to be impatient, and said, "I go on for tree dollar." He got no answer. "Two dollar ?" More scratching and some expletives. "One dollar ?" Still no answer. "Gimme cigar den I go on." A puff of smoke in his face was the reply.

The pent-up profanity of that preacher burst forth in a torrent. Lieutenant Jingo's cuss words were nowhere in comparison.

"Sorry to hear a minister of God blaspheme him," said the Lieutenant, taking a long pull at his cigar and carefully knocking off the ash.

The minister drove on and there was silence, broken only by the croaking of the tree-frogs and the necessary swears on the part of the charioteer to make his mule go.

The sun rose as, nearing Spanishtown, they drove down the Boca Agua, "Bog Walk" as the uneuphonius Englishman has called it.

"Stan' us a drink, massa," suggested the driver, assuming a conciliatory manner.

"Would be pleased to pay for the rope that hangs you, for one will be wanted some day," was the reply. Possibly the prophecy came true, for some black Baptist ministers were hung for complicity in the negro insurrection which broke out shortly after.

Early as it was, everyone was about, and Tom went to Government House, where he enjoyed a luxurious bath

and breakfast. He told his story to the Governor, and asked if he could appeal against the extravagant sum sanctioned by the native magistrate.

But the Governor shook his head, saying: "It would probably be tried before a coloured Judge, and we have instructions from the Colonial Office never to interfere with the decisions of a coloured magistrate. There is a good deal of feeling just now because my wife said she was too tired to dance with a black M.P. who asked her.—You must give up dancing, my dear," he said, turning to ——— Her Excellency. "Not at all," she replied, "I shall intimate my Royal pleasure on this point to my very intelligent A.D.C." It was given out "that to avoid offence, the A.D.C. would arrange for this ceremonial."

Tom's friend, the A.D.C., had heard the shark story and now accompanied him down to Port Royal on the chance of some similar fun. The Court-Martial was over, and the Lieutenant was relieved of his pleasant charge of invalids, who had all recovered. The fishers got a larger, wider-beamed canoe, but they had no sport. They could not get a rise, for the wily sharks would not take the most fascinating bait. They seemed scared by the sad fate of "Port Royal Jack." They got another fish, however, but not to fry.

One calm blazing afternoon, after the sea-breeze had died, they spied a black mass floating on the still surface of the water. It was a sun or devil-fish, a huge flat fish like a maiden-ray, measuring about seven feet across with a hideous mouth and a tail, which perhaps gets him a name he does not otherwise deserve, as he is quite harmless. Creeping up with noiseless paddles, the huge fish was successfully harpooned by the A.D.C. There was a rush of line, and the harpoon-shaft quivered for a few moments as the brute sped away, and then the pole dropped from its socket in the barbed point as it was meant to do, the line being fastened to the steel head, and also with two half-hitches round the pole, which thus acted as a float and drag on the poor devil-fish, preventing him from diving or going fast. He could not execute the lively manœuvres of the shark, but he made steadily out to sea, towards the outside reefs, over which the sea, for the wind had risen, was breaking furiously. The game was not worth the candle. At last, when the canoe was within a few feet of apparent destruction, the line was cut and the poor devil let go.

Sail was hoisted, and the canoe spun back to harbour. As the fishers neared the *Boscawen* they were all sitting on the windward gunwale, for there was no ballast. The huge hull of the man-of-war suddenly took the wind out of the sail, and the whole crew went headers backward into the sea, while the dug-out canoe half filled with water and all but upset also. Tom and his comrades were all good swimmers, so before the *Boscawen* could lower a boat they had reached the gunwale and commenced rocking the canoe cradle-fashion to dislodge the water. This would have been done more expeditiously had the sharks which infest the harbour been remembered. But that danger never occurred to any of them until safety was reached, when Tom's black boy said :

"Hi, massa, de shark miss him berry good dinner."

But as a fact, sharks will not approach much splashing. A sail is sometimes slung overboard by the corners during a calm in the tropics, and used as a bath by the men, a boat rowing round and splashing meanwhile.

"Once upon a time,"—I forget the date, the reader can look it up for himself—the old town of Port Royal was swallowed up by the sea during an earthquake. People with strong eyes and imaginations can on calm days, like Tommy Moore's Lough Neagh fisherman, see the ruins,

"In the waves beneath him shining,"

and are only deterred from diving for the buried treasures of the buccaneers by the sharks. The garrison had a few gentle reminders of the event with no more serious result than the impromptu appearance as Aphrodite on the part of a married lady, who rushed from the bathing house in terror, without any apparel but her beauty—and a bathing towel, which she flourished in despair. Tom got used to it—the earthquakes, I mean.

But there were other disturbances besides young earthquakes, thought very little of at the time. The negro population, under injudicious philanthropic petting, like Jeshuron, "waxed fat and kicked." The troops were maintained in "masterly inactivity," the Adjutant-General and his orderly officer for the occasion were for a time under a fire of garbage, material and vocal, with an occasional bric bat from the negro viragoes, against whom no weapon could be used but chaff. Once made to laugh they got into

good-humour and sent home their men, who had prudently kept in the rear rank.

Matters culminated some years later, when it was found necessary to hang by Court Martial the Reverend Mr. Gordon, a coloured Baptist minister, and also to suspend the constitution of the island. It was subsequently restored by Mr. Gladstone, who could not, however, reinstate the clerical gentleman, nor could he even be amnestied.

With the disappearance of the epidemic of yellow fever, painful memories were forgotten, or rather, were not allowed to interfere with the daily life of those who still enjoyed the sea-breeze and the sunshine of a really pleasant climate. The kindly, unpretentious hospitalities of the impoverished planters were as much appreciated as those of the Government officials. There were pleasant picnics in the mountains by day and an occasional dance at Up-park Camp or on the deck of the guard ship by moonlight with the Creole ladies, who are proverbially charming.

The name Creole does not of necessity imply coloured blood, as some persons imagine. It is also applied to persons of perfectly pure ancestry born in the West Indies, and some of the best blood of England courses in Creole veins.

But our sub was suddenly removed from this genial society, where he had already many kind friends, and ordered to the Bahama Islands, to relieve an officer appointed to the Horse Artillery in the army of the Crimea. How poor Jingo envied him !

Just before embarking, his foot became inflamed, from no apparent cause but a little purple spot on the end of the big toe. He consulted his Demon who, after brief examination, shouted :

“ Hi ! you be jigger'd ! ”

His fine, open countenance expanded more widely than usual, as he noticed the incipient look of resentment on his master's face, at being thus familiarly, not to say disrespectfully, addressed. The Demon explained that the “chigoe,” one of the insect plagues of the West Indies, had laid a bunch of eggs in his foot. These he deftly extracted with a needle. It was his last office for his master, who parted from him with regret, for the African makes a good servant but a bad master. The Demon's grief was assuaged by being presented with some of the high-collared shirts which he had so persistently worn.

## CHAPTER XI.

NEGRO HOME RULE—AMIABLE ABORIGINES—SIMIAN APTITUDES—  
A YELLOW BANDANA—A PRINCIPAL PRODUCTION—QUARANTINE—  
NEW PROVIDENCE—WAR PREPARATIONS—PIG HUNTING—ANGLO  
SAXON RELATIVES—THE IMPERIAL OCTOPUS—A SWIM FOR THE  
MAIL—A FIRE—A RETRIEVING SNAKE—A SPECTRAL PIPE—A  
GARRISON ORDER—A MISSING DETACHMENT—WANTED FOR THE  
CRIMEA.

The mail steamer which carried our Lieutenant to his destination, Nassau, the capital of New Providence, one of the Bahama group, coasted along the luxuriant shores of Cuba and Hayti, or San Domingo, as Columbus called it, because he discovered it on Sunday. Hispaniola, New Spain it was afterwards named, is now the paradise of negro Home Rule.

It consists of two independent republics, and has had many vicissitudes. The whole island belonged to Spain until the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697, when the east end was given to France. The natives still speak Creole French and Spanish. The gentle aborigines whom Columbus loved, and whom the amiable missionary, Las Casas, tried to serve by baptism and the substitution of negro slaves for Indian labourers, were improved off the face of their beautiful island. Neither remedy proved effectual, in this world at least. Whether the baptism saved them in that world to which they have passed, Lieutenant Jingo was not sufficiently versed in theology to decide.

At the epoch of the first French Revolution, the negroes imitated their white brothers of France, and extirpated the, to them, odious ruling caste of Frenchmen. This was an *argumentum ad hominem*, as difficult of digestion to the advocates of the rights of man in France, as it was to the founders of the American Republic.

But France had set herself the task of overrunning Europe, and Napoleon, who sold Louisiana and its French-

men to the United States, never seemed to grasp the future importance of the New World as the much-abused Bourbons had done. He therefore let things slide in San Domingo, and Toussaint L'Overture was put into the Republican school books as a patriot. With true simian aptitude, when Napoleon III. executed a "coup d'état," the negro President, Zoolouque did ditto, and assumed the Imperial purple and big boots, and like his prototype he died an exile.

When Jingo landed at Jackmel, the mail-port of Hayti, he found the sentry on the tumble-down wharf, a caricature in black of a Voltigeur of the Imperial Guard at Paris, with the same tall tri-coloured plume, to which a tropical shower had given a bedraggled droop, for there was no sentry box. On the rain ceasing, Sambo got a chair and sunned himself and his plumage while he smoked a long cigar, his rusty rifle between his knees. But we must not be too hard on Sambo, there is excuse for him, he may be a step nearer

the ancestral ape than the Anglo-Saxon. Yet our army cultivated Prussian pigtails and grenadiers after Frederic the Great, considering powder on the soldier's head as essential as in his musket, forgetting that these details were of his father, the glorified Sergeant-Major, and not of the genius of his son. Wellington never copied anyone's clothes nor tactics, but stuck to the thin red line. After the Crimea our caps

(NEGRO HOME ROUTE)

grew kepi-like, military trousers expanded at the hips and actually permitted pockets as do the French red legs of to-day. But on the reversés of 1870, the military mind of England saw that reform was needed, and we braced up until Tommy was not left a pocket for his pipe, and when we crowned him with a spiked pot, we made believe we had the Prussian military system.

Upon the hills that overlooked the harbour was a fort. Lieutenant Jingo, anxious to learn all he could of the military power of a negro empire, ascended the elevation in the sweltering heat that had succeeded the tropical downpour. He was accompanied by a pair of energetic middies from the mail steamer who said they knew the ropes.

“ In the afternoon  
They came into a land wherein it seemed to be always afternoon,  
A sleepy land of drowsy head it was.”

The scattered little town was taking its siesta, the lizards basked upon the walls, swelling out their varying coloured throat bags, black satin babies pillowed their heads on scrofulous-looking pigs and snored in concert under the verandahs. The gate of the fort stood open, the guard had retired to the shelter of the guard-room. Their arms stood in a rack in the verandah, the sentry snoozed in a hammock under a couple of trees, his rifle leaned against a trunk close by.

It was more than mortal middies and a harum-scarum sub could stand, the temptation to capture a fort all on their own hook. Noiselessly they took the sentry's rifle and hid it, then the arms from the rack. They entered the fort and looked round. There were no occupants but the lizards basking on the crumbling parapets. The tropic growth of bush had filled the ditch and was forcing its way between the interstices of the masonry. The antiquated cannon, hot to the touch, rested insecurely on their rotten carriages with pyramids of rusty shot beside. The Imperial banner drooped from its staff in the sultry air. Quick as thought the middies seized the halyards and lowered it to substitute a yellow bandana, emblem of quarantine. Then they became inebriate with the exuberance of youthful frivolity and before the more sober Lieutenant could stop them, they had commenced to roll the shot over the parapet slope down into the ditch below. The rumble of the iron cascade roused the guard, who rushed

about looking for their lost rifles and chattering like demented baboons. They rushed into the fort furious with the mischievous monkeys they found there. A torrent of vituperation was met by the Lieutenant remarking in French—

“Very well, gentlemen, take us before the commandant and explain to him how you lost your arms and where they are.”

This was a poser. A treaty of peace was arranged. On the restoration of the missing arms and the price of a modest drink, the Britishers were allowed to depart. They did so, abandoning their extemporised flag, the yellow bandana, hoping it would not be noticed until they were well away.

They wandered on along the dusty tortuous roads, among the scattered single-storied shanties and lean-tos which made up the town of Jackmel. Faded jalousies, ill-kept gardens of limes, guava, bread-fruit, scarlet hybiscus, and flaming Barbadoes Pride, were the prevailing features, arranged in no order, but apparently dusted out of some huge peppercastor over the jungle-covered undulating country, with here and there a patch of sugar-cane, unmanufactured, and seemingly grown but to suck, for almost every man, woman, and child were so refreshing themselves during their evening cackle across the garden gates or among the sweet-scented hedges of Marvel of Peru, which also has its siesta hours, waking to perfume the evening air for the lovers to whom moonlight and fireflies are all-sufficing, illumination and mosquitoes not deterrent.

Ever eager for information and having satisfied himself that the state of national defence, like our own, did not mean defiance, Jingo turned his thoughts to the commerce of the country and accosted a bright-looking Creole girl behind the counter of a miscellaneous store, enquiring what were the principal productions of the place.

Leaning over the counter and shrugging her shoulders with an arch look in her eyes, she replied: “Rien que les enfants, m'sieu—qu'en voulez-vous de plus?”

The answer raised such a train of thought that Tom forgot to make further investigations about commerce. But I find in a school board geography that “the chief vegetable productions are, mahogany, logwood, coffee, cotton, coal, with tobacco, wax, ginger, and sugar. Its excellent harbours afford great facilities for trade, but the unsettled state of the Government has almost destroyed its commerce.”

When the vessel steamed away, she fired a gun and dipped her ensign in salute. The yellow bandana was lowered in return and then hastily pulled down, for until then the lazy guards had not noticed the change. The quarantine colours had been hoisted in mockery on the Fort, but in bitter earnest did the yellow flag flutter from the mast-head when the port of St. Thomas was reached, where quarantine was enforced, for the fever had followed them and broken out among the crew. The ship lay in the hot land-locked harbour of St. Thomas, a Danish possession and about the last of the vast inheritance of their sea-king forefathers. The passengers gazed helplessly at the bright town of Dutch toy-looking houses, their red roofs shimmering in the sunshine. Jingo made a rough water-colour sketch to keep his mind from dwelling on the row of pitch-daubed hammocks that lay in the gangway every morning with a shot at the foot of each, ready to be launched to the hungry sharks in the placid green depths. 'Twas hoped they sank so fast they were not caught until they got to rest at the bottom, anyway the shot were hard pills. Tom liked exercise, but his early walk was circumscribed by these quiet occupants of either gangway.

The sketch he made then is like nothing that exists. The town of St. Thomas was shaken down by earthquake and the *debris* overwhelmed by a huge sea wave which carried ships from their moorings to rest upon the green hill-sides. But all mundane things must have an end, even quarantine, one way or the other, and Tom was released at last, to go on board the trim, white, swift-sailing schooner that was to take him to the Bahamas. Here he met the outgoing sub he had come to relieve, and who did not express himself violently overjoyed at his change, but perhaps this was swagger of some sort, or a kindly attempt to comfort his comrade for the disappointment of not going to the Crimea, for which he himself was bound.

The long lake-like harbour of Nassau, with its clumps of greenery, its fringe of waving palms, and its English-looking church spire was refreshing after weeks of quarantine. It is low and of coral formation. About the highest point is crowned by Fort Fincastle, once the stronghold of the pirate Black Beard. The salubrious island, swept by the sea-breezes, and encircled by coral reefs with numerous openings for small craft into the always calm water inside, made

it a favourite resort of the buccaneers. Why it is called *New Providence* one can't imagine, unless the old one was played out. A Yankee would say the same thing of New and old England.

The first task of the Lieutenant was to overhaul the Artillery defence of the island, to make the best of it, for we were at war. The command of the garrison devolved, of course, on the Colonel, an able officer, commanding the infantry—a West India Regiment—but considerable responsibility rested on the Artillery subaltern, with its usual exhilarating influence on a young soldier. Those were days before the crushing Control Department had laid its heavy hand upon the Artillery service. There was a Board of Respective Officers, as they were called. The officer commanding the garrison—the Senior Artillery officer, the Royal Engineer, the Ordnance Storekeeper, and the Commissariat Officer. During the long peace no money had been spent in repairs, and the state of the principal fort would be best described by the flippant remark of the Lieutenant when asked his opinion as junior member of the Board. He said it was a "piano fort," and was forthwith very properly frowned down until he explained his views for "tuning up," which he was allowed to carry out as far as funds and the views of his Engineer colleague permitted. But the purely Artillery part afforded ample scope for energy.

As Government had provided none, the Lieutenant bought an old man-of-war's boat by auction, and with the help of a chart made himself practically acquainted with the channels, marking with unobtrusive little buoys the ranges for his guns, etc. A road went round the island, often concealed from sight of the sea by a fringe of bush. A couple of field-guns were so equipped that they could be trotted round with hired horses to meet any attempt at boat-landing, the only kind possible inside the reefs. As for bombarding the beach, or even the town, no one is ever killed by bombardments, it is only a question of bricks and mortar at the worst, and ships for the most part run aground trying to bombard anything.

Once the defensive arrangements were complete so far as the gunners were concerned there was no need to harrass them with unnecessary parades. They were all reliable old soldiers of from ten to fifteen years' service, who were perfectly familiar with the armament in their charge. Ser-

poor Dundup was a treasure of Scotch discretion, and the men had already taken the Lieutenant's mental and moral measurement. There had been no drunkenness, for the men had been rationally employed. The work had been severe, but they knew it was needed, and it had been shared all day and every day by the officer, whom they sincerely suspected would be as hard on himself as he was exacting on duty. The other side of him they equally appreciated, the cricket and football side. Their big boat was practically theirs for fishing and turtle turning on the Keys, as the neighbouring coral islands are called.

He used to take them on expeditions to fish, or to shoot wild pigs on some of the further covered adjacent reefs and tell it not at headquarters' after rifle practice. He allowed the best shots to take their carbons, and he even distributed ammunition for personal warfare.

There were on the island some of the old breed of Spanish bloodhounds, formerly employed to track runaway slaves, and the Lieutenant used them to hunt piggies and run him to bay by the sea-shore. Piggies is not good at swimming, and is generally advised of cutting his own throat with his four feet when he takes swimming. So he stood at bay and was shot at close quarters for fear of missing the dogs for the boat always makes a desperate fight. At any rate he never acted like the *Cochino* swine, about which Professor Huxley is so sceptical, but was eaten fresh or salted down in barrels brought for the purpose as an agreeable change for the men's mess. The only complaint ever made to their officer was the great frequency of turtle soup. Beef was scarce but turtle plentiful, so the commissariat supplied turtle carcasses. If the London Aldermen only knew of this fact it might relieve the difficulty about recruiting. Also we are giving up the purchase of Calipash and Calpee. The troops are being, or have been withdrawn from the Bahamas. I am pretty sure. During the war between the North and South, Nassau was a rendezvous for blockade runners. We may yet want to break blockades in the interest of our starving people. Every spot from which our troops are withdrawn, other interests must step in and eventually become paramount. Apart from trade questions Americans in search of health largely frequent the balmy climate of these islands as a winter resort. They like British officers. *After they down the*. When they don't they fall back for their ideas on their silly old school books,

about Bunker's Hill and the Hessians,\* or Howell's "Chance Acquaintance," and imagine him with a port-wine face, that rivals the colour of his coat. It is perhaps not peculiar to American historians that they never credit the prowess of an enemy. They won't acknowledge the fact that they were driven from their position at Bunker's Hill, and some of their cannon captured.

When shewn an American gun taken at Bunker's Hill and which now stands on the citadel at Quebec, a Yankee remarked :

"Wall ! I guess you've got the gun, but we've got the hill !"

An American girl finished off her sea voyage flirtation with a British officer by pointing out Bunker's Hill as they entered Boston Harbour, remarking sweetly :

"There, that's the glorious Bunker's Hill !"

The young man screwed his glass in his eye with deliberation, and then looking stonily at the girl, said :

"Aw ! Ya-as—and who was Mistah Bunkaw—and what did he do on his hill ?"

Our Lieutenant duly called to pay his respects to the ladies of the family of the American Consul. Ushered in from the outside glare to a cool, darkened drawing-room, with its slippery oak-floor, a beautiful being in white fluff languidly received him, and then sank into a low rocking-chair and commenced to oscillate with a vigour out of all proportion to her limp appearance. The sea-breezes playing through the jalousies, assisted by the motion of the chair, produced the effect of a recumbent skirt dancer. She had dainty little feet, and—and—she would have made a most "fetching" pictorial advertisement for embroidered petticoats in a lady's newspaper, or done for a practical commentary on "the King's daughter," who was "all glorious within, and her raiment of needlework," etc. Our French neighbours call them shocking chairs.

Our poor sub lost his head if not his heart. He sat on the edge of a chair opposite, ready to rush forward to put her right end up, should she topple over, as

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\* It is scarcely a discredit to England that Hessians were employed in the attempted suppression of the insurrection of the American Colonists. Blood is thicker than water, the English troops were half-hearted and the task most distasteful to them. The same thing occurred in the Irish Rebellion of '98. The main work was done by Hessians, the loyal "Irish" Militia themselves, and the Yeomanry.

there seemed every fear she would. He did not know then that rocking chairs, unlike modern ironclads never turn over.

How was he to open fire? The weather conversation being tabooed out of England, he ventured the remark:

"You must find it rather dull in this little island, after your gay New York life—how do you manage to pass the time?"

"Oh, I guess I don't try to pass the time, I jess sit here, and let the time pass me."

We all know what delightfully entertaining companions American girls are, unlike their brothers, who leave school for the counting-house at an early age, and read nothing thenceforth but "Wall Street" and dime novels, or politics equally sensational and about as veracious.

The women-folk read everything, and if they become delightfully dogmatic, are still infinitely amusing.

The electrically-laden air of the New World, where, during the cold, dry North American winter, a man can light the gas in the stove-heated "parlour" with his finger, or produce a blue flash if he should kiss his best girl, has evidently had its influence in brightening and quickening the Anglo-Saxon pulse and brain. That the character has become less solid is not doubtful. Again, there has been a vast intermixture of blood which has brightened the children of the unimaginative Pilgrim Fathers. And finally, the education of boys and girls together gives the latter a familiarity with men, that the insular "miss" waits for the emancipation of marriage to attain.

The common education of the sexes has a tendency to make the man womanly and the woman manly, distinctly a disadvantage to the man, who unwittingly picks up the weapon the woman has dropped—deceit.

"La belle Americaine" and the young Jingo became fast friends, talked books—other things possibly—danced together, rode together, picnicked among the murmuring pines, and began to mingle negro melodies and Spanish ballads on guitar and banjo. This was decidedly dangerous. Luckily a man-of-war came to the rescue. Our Lieutenant introduced his friend, a gallant sailor, lent him his island pony—a wondrous, unshod animal that even a sailor could not capsize—to ride with the brilliant fair one, and our soldier was quickly put in the background, from which he never emerged.

In answer to a three-cornered note, asking reasons for changes quite understood, the youth waxed poetic and wrote in reply :

"The moon has many changes, only lunatics alarming,  
In life we learn, where'er we turn, variety is charming."

But in reality the belle, with true American acumen, scorned mere ordinary impecunious soldiers or sailors. She married into the red book of Burke, and if she were not happy she deserved to be.

But to revert—the social aspect of the question of withdrawing troops from the Colonies is only one of the many causes which make for the disintegration of Empire. The West India regiments, under good officers, have done much hard and unobtrusive service on the deadly East African coast, impossible to white troops, except as a rush out and home, leaving no permanent results. Nevertheless, the honours have fallen upon the military picnickers from Pall Mall. The Bahamas, the refreshing place of the West India regiments from the burden of African service, are to be given up as a Garrison. The excuse for all these withdrawals is concentration. But the Colonies are the tentacles of our octopus Empire, and could be made to supply the food of England with her thirty-six millions of mouths, whose home provisions would not keep her six months. There is less reason for concentration now that facilities of communication are so intensified. It was a *sailing* schooner which had brought Lieutenant Jingo and carried the monthly mails and blank defaulter returns to headquarters.

She had arrived overnight, and when the Lieutenant went for his morning swim he walked along the sponge and coral-strewn beach to the bathing house, a quarter-of-a-mile from which lay the white ship, like a sea-bird with folded wings at rest upon the emerald green lagoon within the barrier reefs surrounding the island. As sharks did not come there, he thought he would swim out and hail the big Dutch skipper.\*

As he neared the schooner he saw there was no one on deck but the look-out man, who was gazing out to sea. The humour seized the swimmer to dive under the ship's bottom,

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\* This swim was never repeated, for a few days after Jingo saw black fins careering inside the reefs where he had often swum and dived for coral, which, by-the-way, is a very unpleasant thing to handle, as it stings when alive.

and as he emerged on the further side, the watcher started —  
“Hi, de debbil ! where you come from ? ”

“Don’t stand jibbering there, but throw us a rope ; I’m tired, I have swum from Jamaica and dived most of the way.”

But the darkie bolted below without throwing the rope and reported “de debbil on the port bow.” The captain came up, had a gangway ladder lowered and welcomed his friend. The passengers had gone ashore, so Jingo’s scant costume did not matter, and was soon remedied by the loan of a suit of vast circumference belonging to the “Flying Dutchman,” as the skipper of the swift sailing schooner was nicknamed.

Over a comfortable breakfast, Tom read his mail, the usual budget from his mother, a few lines from father and brother, who were respectively Colonel and Adjutant of the King’s Own Borderers and were sweltering in the East Indies while he was doing ditto in the West. “Bad family luck !” he thought, though two of his cousins had been killed, one in the old “die-hards” at Inkerman and the middy in the Baltic, while a third had gained a brevet, a C.B., and a Legion of Honour. The war still dragged on, there had been plenty of death vacancies, but he, a tough old subaltern, had been forgotten, whereas boys from the public schools were being sent out as Artillery officers without professional training. They died like flies, though those who survived eventually made excellent officers, as public schoolboys are apt to do.

Tom went home to the barracks, signed the blank returns submitted by the Sergeant, and found an invitation to a dance at Government House, which he was glad to accept, for he liked the old Scotch Governor, whose daughter, a bonny lass, was married to his chum, the sapper sub, at whose recent wedding he had been best man.

He had ordered his best golden garments to be prepared for the festive occasion, but when he came to dress he found his old ones laid out, and rated his soldier servant, Montgomerie, who ruled his master methodically and economically for his welfare and to their mutual benefit. He was a black Protestant from the north of Ireland, Scotch descent with a dash of Irish warmth and true as steel—they make the best of soldiers. Of course he had his way as to his master’s dress, remarking :

“Deed then, shure, they’re good enough for the loikes of folks in this wee bit island.” His speech was a mélange of

north and south. He was never known to be drunk, but he put in a pass for three days in the year, 17th of March, July 12th, and Christmas Day. The pass was always signed and no questions asked. He had good conduct badges to the elbow, but his eyes were fishy and his movements languid the days following those anniversaries.

Leaving the dance after the small hours, Jingo was startled by a glare in the sky, too bright for the flush of dawn. It was over the old wooden town of Nassau, where the houses, dry as tinder, would blaze like matchboxes. The most efficient fire-engine was in the hands of the Artillery. Tom's conscience smote him, for, contrary to regulations, he had given an all-night pass to the whole detachment except the guard. Would they return and work the engines? He dashed off to his quarters, threw off his jacket and vest, but did not stay to change his full dress trousers and patent leather boots. No sign of Montgomerie. He ran down to the barracks. The engine was out and just on the start under the sergeant, the men hitched in with drag ropes. Not a man absent, though some were in even lighter costume than the Lieutenant in his shirt sleeves. Montgomerie whispered, looking reproachfully at his master's gold laced nethers—

"Ech, sir, but ye're that feckless! Ye took no heed til the owld duds I pet oot for ye. It's weel they're no yer best overalls."

Off they rattled, reaching the conflagration before the town engine. The lusty strokes of the gunners sent the water supplied from the sea in a cataract, and they kept it up as the Creole pompiers could not. But nothing could stop the fury of the flames among the old wooden houses. The sea breeze had set in and when a spirit store caught fire it seemed as if the whole town must go. There was nothing for it but to make a gap and pull down the next building. Ropes and grapnels had to be fixed to the brick chimneys, and the Lieutenant mounted to direct operations, followed by Gunner Deacon, who had been a sailor. The lower part of the condemned house was already burning. Jingo's foot went through the floor of an upper room and, the trouser rucking up, a hot cinder got inside his wet boot, which could neither be got off nor the cinder dislodged. The engines had been playing about them as they worked, Deacon with an axe hewing away the connecting beams to the next house. He stood on the end of the beam he was cutting, a black-bearded

handsome man against the lurid glare, looking like a demon with a benevolent mission. Tom had a few seconds to take in the "coup d'œil" while engaged trying with his hand to crush the agonising cinder.

All being ready they descended. All hands hauled on the ropes and down came the house, chimneys and all, leaving a gap which eventually stayed the conflagration. The thanks of the citizens were conveyed to the Artillery.

Officers seldom have cause to repent indulgence shown to good soldiers, who on their side rarely betray a trust. It seems a monstrous regulation not to give a man leave for the whole night instead of until midnight, for very evident reasons. A sense of duty and daylight will bring him up to time in the morning, but to drag himself away before midnight is more than ordinary flesh can stand—and Tommy is very ordinary flesh, and has fewer opportunities than his officers.

There was but little to shoot on the island. Huge flocks of pigeons from the mainland flew over and rested there at certain seasons, and a few snipe frequented the edges of the lagoons. Our Lieutenant bagged the few which were to be got by much bog trotting. On one occasion he came across a novel retriever. A brilliant snake had seized the snipe he had just shot, but as it did not bring it to the sportsman, it was despatched forthwith by the second barrel.

There were a fair library and Literary Institute in the town, of which our sub was a member, and the large gardens attached to the mess house of the West India Regiment were handed over to his supervision, so that his time was fairly occupied. One morning he had been working, planting pine apple shoots, and sat resting in the shade on a low wall. A few feet from him lay a short clay pipe, probably left by the negro gardener. All of a sudden it wagged its stem, then stood on its bowl and staggered away waving its stem in the air! Jingo had been reading Swedenborg's mad muddle of spiritualism and theology until he was getting muddled himself, and the perambulating pipe was startling in the extreme. To make sure it was not an optical delusion, he seized it. It contained a soldier crab. The claws protruded from the bowl which the soft body filled. Exposure to the sun and rain had removed every trace of nicotine from the pipe, otherwise it would have been a deadly dwelling for its eccentric tenant.

The Artillery boat with its lug-sail would often be seen crossing the bar in such heavy weather, that once the watchers from land saw the mast and sail go by the board. The men, however, so soon cleared away the hamper, that they had taken to their oars and recrossed the bar in safety before the local life-boat could reach them. The officer commanding, though a very good friend to our lieutenant, nevertheless thought it his duty to publish an order that, "though the life of Lieutenant Jingo might be of no value, the lives of his men were, and the Artillery boat must not cross the harbour bar when the storm signal was up."

In the next spell of fine weather the gunners prepared a grand expedition to one of the Keys, as the neighbouring islands were called, taking barrels with them to salt down the wild pigs. The trusty Sergeant and the guard only were left. The monthly mail boat had sailed with the usual blank defaulter return, so there could be no official communication for a month. They would, therefore, have a good time, feast on turtle, fish and pork, and Jingo would forget the Crimea. The tent was pitched, supper and pipes and banjo songs prolonged over the camp fire, which was loaded with green stuff to make a smoke to discompose the few mosquitoes that the breeze had left. There was a rival smoke along the horizon, a steamer doubtless—no concern of theirs. There were no Russian cruisers on the high seas.

The prudent ones retired to the tent to avoid the heavy night dews, while the Lieutenant and another, rolled in their cloaks, slept by the fire on gathered leaves and grass. Long before day they were aroused by a boat's crew. It was the Commissariat officer. Good fellow that he was, he had sailed out with the land breeze to tell them a man-of-war steamer, the *Vulture*, had swooped down on the island to carry off the gunners. They were wanted for the Crimea!

A wild "Hurrah!" rang out on that desolate shore, echoing through the lonely bush and waking the wood pigeons, that fluttered and commenced cooing their tender love notes in response to the war shouts of the insensate soldiers. Never since the wild carousals of the buccaneers had such shouts been heard upon that peaceful little coral islet.

"But," added the bearer of good tidings, "make haste, or

you may get left. The captain swears he'll sail without you at daybreak. Swear! My dear Jingo, our army in Flanders was nothing to the navy of to-day. The least and lightest of his swears is that you shall be tried by Court Martial for absence from your post. I wonder he has not blown up his magazine with the red-hot curses he has let off at you. Old Dunny (the sergeant) keeps on, never minding, but getting everything ready. You may be in time yet."

In a trice the tent was down and everything packed away. The winds were kind, exchanging the erstwhile friendly land breeze for a still more friendly sea one, which sprang up hours before its time. The sail was hoisted and the little island left to its desolation—the doves, and the pigs, and the flamingoes by the lone lagoon.

The men gave one more shout as the boat with a sort of spring, dashed over the surge, startling the sober watchers, the flamingoes standing sentry on one leg, while their mates straddled over their fantastic nests in the jaunty way clerks sometimes do on high stools.\* The frightened white flock flashed crimson as their wings opened and like a red cloud hovered over the boats and their freight of soldiers bound for war.

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\* The flamingo is white with red under the wings. He builds a nest on a bundle of ingeniously twisted sticks, which raise it about a foot and a half from the ground, across this the female bird strides. No doubt the position is comical but comfortable, less irksome than for a long-legged creature to squat on its eggs.

## CHAPTER XII.

STORE LEDGERS AND KIT INSPECTION — THE AUTOCRAT OF THE QUARTER-DECK — PUGILISTIC — A CORAL REEF — SOLDIER-SAILORS — PEACE PROCLAIMED — TWO GREETINGS — CRIMEAN HEROES — AN AWKWARD QUESTION — MOPLAHS — WOLF, THE AMAL — CONTINENTAL — A BRITISH MATRON — A SOFT SEAT — A WRATHFUL GAUL — A TELEGRAM.

The missing Lieutenant, when he turned up, found that the indefatigable Sergeant had squared everything, even to that exacting demon of the barracks, damages—with his penny a nail-hole and halfpenny a scratch, deducted from the pay of Thomas Atkins, the worst-cheated servant of the richest people in the world. All night long had the Sergeant wrestled with an infantry Adjutant, who had been little less than an angel in the way he had signed receipts for the contents of a ponderous ledger of artillery armament, alphabetically arranged and beginning—"Axes, pick, iron, helved, wood," and ending—"Zinc, perforated, galvanised, hexagonal, ventilating, magazine, sheets, etc.," as much a mystery to him as the Koran, and taken equally on trust as by a good Mahometan.

There being no relief of gunners, the armament had to be taken over by the West India Regiment who had, fortunately, been taught a little gun-drill. But for simplicity, the armament of those days compared to the present, might be as a round shot to the flying machine the Maxim gun man is bound to invent.

Everything was packed and stowed away on board the man-of-war, including the Lieutenant's belongings. Nothing was forgotten but his watch, which was under repair in consequence of a sea-bath it had taken in his pocket, when its owner had been trying to turn a turtle that dived into deep water with him on its back. He had no bills to pay, and therefore, few people to see him off. There was no time for adieux, except between the "yaller" girls and their pet gunners, who were doubtless rapidly consoled, and there were,

happily, no weeping unregimental wives nor children to be left behind—that cruel curse of military necessity.

The grim old sea-tartar who commanded the *Vulture* began to be mollified from the first ceremonious salute of the soldier officer to that mysterious spot which is not visibly marked, but which exists somewhere on the quarter-deck. This salute had to be performed at the gangway, but the vessel steamed out without salutation from the guns of the fort, though the dodgy old sergeant had managed with his small guard to fire one on the arrival of the man-of-war. The absence of the officer and nearly all the detachment would not have been detected had they not been required for embarkation.

The soldiers were divided into watches as usual, and into guns crews at quarters, which is not usual, but the sailors had been reduced in numbers by yellow fever and long service on the station.

“God bless my soul!” said the old salt, relapsing from profanity into partial piety, when he saw the way the land gunners picked up the naval drill, even helping to set up the rigging, knotting and splicing like any A. B.; “why your fellows are more handy than half the red marines afloat.”

Perhaps the gunners’ blue jackets made him partial, anyway the soldier sub was invited to mess with the autocrat of the quarter-deck, who had a kind heart under a rough outside. And when they disembarked at Jamaica, he said—

“By the way, I shall say nothing about your absence from your post. It is none of my business,” with a twinkle in his grey eye. “I shall only report as to your embarkation, which was *rapid*, and upon the conduct of your detachment while under my command, which leaves nothing to be desired.”

The Lieutenant’s heart was lightened until there came the General’s inspection. The first things he wanted to see were the men’s kits. The General was a terror on kit!

“Great Jingo!” thought the Lieutenant, apostrophising the patron saint of his family, “does he think soldiers slay the enemy with button sticks or fire Douay Bibles at them?”\* He knew he had only looked at the men’s kits once, when he first took command and told the Sergeant he

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\* The Douay Bible was carried by every Roman Catholic soldier in his knapsack and that dedicated to the “Most High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, etc.,” by Protestants; both excellent books, very much alike and containing more interesting military history than the soldiers’ pocket-book compiled by our only other General besides General Booth.

expected the men, if not troubled with kit-inspection, would consider it a point of honour not to make away with anything. Again he had not been deceived.

The wily Sergeant knew the special fads of that General, so the shirts, etc., were rolled with the names outside, and when that warrior, as was his wont, opened the socks, lo! they had been neatly darned by the coloured ladies who did the washing and rendered other little services to the men. Had he looked as carefully at the arms, he might have found cause for complaint. There had not been time to clean those the men had had with them on the pig-shooting picnic, and they had been stowed away in the arm-chests and put down in the hold, by order of the naval officer, who is supreme on his own ship. The books showed there had been no Court Martial and scarcely any punishments. But the socks had carried the day before the books were opened. The General was pleased.

The hired transport, *Emma Eugenia*, lay in the harbour of Port Royal, a disgraceful old tub of only 400 tons. The men were transhipped at once, otherwise there might have been a break in the good conduct. The Lieutenant had a farewell dinner at mess, and after good-bye to the unfortunates who remained, he strolled down to the wharf to meet the boat that was to take him to the transport.

There was no one there but a sailor lad, apparently about seventeen years of age, kicking his heels against the wood-work of the jetty. The bright moonlight showed the gilt letters on his hat ribbon, "Boscawen," and his hat, well on the back of his head, freed the clustering Saxon curls over the handsome face. A heavy footfall echoed along the pier and a huge negro appeared in evident ill-temper about something, for he walked behind the sailor and shouted:

"Hi, you Boscawen blackguard!"

The boy jumped to his feet and, hitching up the waistband of his trousers, slowly remarked:

"What's that you say, you d—n nigger?"

"I say, you Boscawen blackguards, all same, d—n tiefs."

The boy drew back a few paces, threw off his hat, whipped his white smock over his head, and in a few seconds, stood stripped to the waist and posed for the attack. His skin, white as a woman's, but with rigid muscles gleaming in the moonlight, like the marble torso of a Greek statue, and the

proud head, with its well cut features, set on the column of throat, added to the resemblance, though there was a decidedly un-statuesque gleam in the eye and in the curl of disdain on the hairless lip. The big negro presented a strong contrast. He wore no coat, and beyond his rolled-up shirt sleeves the masses of softish muscles stood out under the black satin skin. His straw hat was thrown off, and the frizzled mane came low down on his retreating forehead. But there was a certain lion-like look in his angry ferocity, for he had not the loose lips of the common or banjo variety of nigger.

The pair seemed too unequally matched, and Jingo felt ashamed of the policy of "masterly inactivity." But before he could frame a protocol he saw interference was not needed. The negro had rushed at the boy, but could not touch him—the lad was a sublime boxer! He just walked round his opponent, putting in his blows with a thud, now and again varied with a counter, full on what should have been the bridge of that negro's nasal organ, but which made as much impression as hammering the lion on a door-knocker. But Sambo was losing his wind and his patience. Suddenly he put down his head, and, butting the boy, sent him sprawling on his back. Then he rushed like a wild beast on his prey, and, fastening his teeth in the pectoral muscles of the lad's naked breast, began like a bulldog to worry him.

Jingo thought it was time for him to take a hand. Planting his heel in the small of the nigger's back, he twisted the fingers of his right hand well into the wool, until he got a grip firm enough to lift him off the boy. The furious savage dashed at the fresh assailant, but was met straight from the shoulder under the chin, which made him keep his head up and give ground, until Tom worked him backwards close to the pier's edge. Now, watching his opportunity, Jingo planted a blow between the eyes, which sent the negro with a semi-somersault into the sea, whither he was followed by a hearty prayer that the sharks would take him for supper. That prayer, like many another, was not answered.

The Lieutenant, having as he thought, safely disposed of one of the parties, turned to the other, who was faint and bleeding from a nasty wound in the chest. Tom knelt over him and with his handkerchief tried to bandage the

awkwardly-situated place. While so engaged he saw stars and felt as if the back of his skull had been lifted off. He staggered to his feet and confronted his late opponent, who was swinging an oar round his head like the two-handed sword of a mediæval paladin. Another sweep of that blade would do for him ! Before it fell he had closed with his assailant, who dropped the oar and fled into the darkness of the crooked streets of Blacktown. Jingo felt too giddy to follow, and returned to the wharf, where he found two boats—one from the *Boscawen* and one from the transport. The “Boscawens” were surprised at the unprovoked attack, for which the young sailor could in no way account.

The boat's cox put the old time-honoured question : “ Well, my lad, who is she ? ” but he got no answer.

The thickness of the muscles at the base of Tom's skull, or perhaps of the skull itself, had saved a fracture. The wonder was that the bump of philoprogenitiveness had not been obliterated by the blow, the effects of which he felt for weeks. The motion of the vessel gave him the sensation that his brain was loose—some of his friends have said that it has remained so.

The old tub could sail only in one direction, before the wind, which was favourable, and the delighted soldiers declared the Gravesend girls had hold of the tow-rope. What remained of two companies of Artillery were on board, but only two officers—Captain Hill, a big, imperturbable blond, with a moustache to match, and Lieutenant Jingo, with his brain loose. There were a number of ladies, grass-widows, and children of officers. Things went pleasantly until it became evident that the skipper, an amiable little man when sober, was very seldom so, and yet persisted in keeping the reckoning himself. The crew were a mongrel lot and many coloured. The bo'sun and a few petty officers only were British. The soldiers, told off in watches, pulled and hauled as required, for all were eager to get home.

Lieutenant Jingo was on watch one moonlight night, walking the deck with the second officer. All sail was set before a light breeze. Suddenly the sea changed colour from purple to pale green. Being only a soldier Tom hesitated to express the opinion that they were in shallow water over a coral reef, the peculiar aspect of which he knew well. But he did ask for information as to the

change. Before he got an answer, there was a shock which nearly sent both men on their faces. The masts shook, the sails flapped, and the vessel heeled over until it was hard to stand on deck without holding on. Jingo ordered the watch to fall in and tore down to report to his superior, but before he could reach him, he had to run the gauntlet of ladies in *déshabille* holding up a variety of night-gowned children for him to save. His swimming feats were known, but the extent of his powers of imagination had not been known, even to himself, until this occasion, and when repeated to him in calmer moments he did not recognise his own inventions to account for the entire absence of danger in the situation. On the morrow there was general indignation when the ladies compared notes and found he had promised each "mamma" in particular to save her special children, to say nothing of herself.

Though the sea was comparatively calm, the number of boats was quite inadequate. Ere Tom reached his Captain's cabin, which was aft, the imperturbable one appeared in voluminous striped pyjamas, that only wanted stars to complete the American banner. Pulling at his blonde moustache, as he did in any little difficulty, he said :

"Yas ! All wight ! Sound the assembly, fall in the men, and tell the Sergeant-Major to call the roll."

But all hands were on deck already, the sailors in a state of confusion getting contradictory orders from their Captain, who began by wanting everybody put in irons. The only quiet ones were the soldiers, who stood as if on parade, holding on, while answering their names to Sergeant-Major Dunlop, who saluted "all present" in his usual parade manner.

The first officer, pointing to the gunners, remarked to Jingo—

"Those are the only fellows that can be relied upon. Can you pick out a good boat's crew ?"

"Yes."

"Very well, I will take out a kedge anchor, and see if we can't haul the ship astern. I dare not trust our coloured rascals in a boat, they would make for the shore and may do so anyway, so put a sentry on each boat."

The long, low coast of Florida was visible in the moonlight.

"But before I can do anything, that drunken sweep, the skipper, must be got into his cabin and locked up there. You

explain to your boss that *he* has to take the responsibility. It would be mutiny for *me*."

Captain Hill came on deck, correctly dressed and received the report. He soon took in the situation and the Lieutenant's explanation. Though deliberate, as big men often are, in manner and decision, he was as quick to act upon that decision once made, as he was slow to abandon it.

He suggested to the obfuscated Captain the propriety of a temporary seclusion, and as the hint was not taken, he hustled the little man into his cabin, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

It was all very well to put sentries on the boats, but there were no arms to give them as they had not been taken out of the arm-chests, which had been stowed below, for, though it was war time, no one expected to meet a Russian cruiser. The sentries, apparently unarmed, were posted, but the Lieutenant noticed that Gunner Deacon had the round end of an iron marline-spike in the hollow of his hand, the point up his sleeve. He said nothing, for the sailors all wore sheath knives. The old Bahama crew were fallen out, and the chief officer ordered them to lower a boat. This was too much for the coloured sailors, they made a rush, led by the bo'sun, who was promptly felled to the deck by the sentry, Gunner Deacon.

The coloured men drew their knives, but on the appearance of more marline-spikes, the sailors picked up the bos'un and retired to the forecastle where they stood sulkily watching the soldiers lower a boat, get out the kedge anchor, and run out a hawser passed round the capstan. The bo'sun soon came to his senses in more ways than one. He was a British seaman, and ashamed of himself, but having once led the men wrong he found he could not get them right in a hurry. They refused to work either capstan or pumps, which duties therefore devolved on the soldiers, who also, under the direction of the ship's officers and quartermasters, put the sails aback to further help her off. The ship was rapidly making water, but the breeze was light and she lay without bumping. The slack was hauled in and the soldiers began to walk round the capstan cheerily singing a sailor song—

" Oh-ye-ho ! Ramzo ! gallant Captain Ramzo !  
Ramzo was a sailor, gallant Captain Ramzo !  
He'd jump 'em and kick 'em and knock a man down !  
Hey oh ! Ramzo ! etc. "

The disciplinary methods of the legendary skipper, though severe, seem to have been necessary with mixed crews of coloured men and foreigners.\*

The capstan bars were manned until they bent. The anchor held, but there was no stir in the ship though the bows were higher than the poop which was afloat. Suddenly with the twang of a gigantic harp-string, the hawser snapped, fortunately close to the capstan, for the ends flew across the deck and would have about cut a man in two had one been in the way. As it was no one was hurt for the deck had been kept clear. The men on the capstan were of course flung forward in a heap and the broken end of the hawser, flying along the deck, flashed into the sea in a huge serpent-like coil. The anchor could not be recovered from the boat which returned to the ship. A second hawser and a second anchor were put out with a like result.

Meanwhile, as the carpenters could not get at the damage, all spare hands were at the pumps, officers and men taking their turns alike, for the coloured sailors remained useless through fear and sulks. But it was weary work, and no progress seemed to be made though the water was kept from gaining. No refreshment was given to the men, the cooks were at the pumps and the captain kept the key of the spirit-room.

Towards morning the wind and sea began to rise, and the vessel to bump on the rocks. What tide there was seemed at the full. The last chance lay in the best bower anchor and the chain cable. All were tired, but a supreme effort was made; everything moveable was shifted aft where the ship floated, the capstan hands were exhausted and dispirited. At last a streak of red appeared in the sky, the ship lurched heavily and slid into deep water, an exultant shout rose from the men, but there was a rush of water in the hold.

Incessant pumping had still to be kept up. At noon the officers got observations and found the ship off the coast of Florida. The old tub having only soldiers for cargo (she was probably too unseaworthy to carry anything more valuable), was light and had made leaway, and the boozy captain had made no allowance for the set of the Gulf Stream.

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\* The abolition of the navigation laws has almost ousted the ordinary British seaman in the mercantile marine. We are told these cheap, and sometimes nasty foreign sailors and free ports have given us the carrying trade of the world. We may have to modify both without losing either. The protective policy of other nations and a desire to hold our Empire by commercial union—the interest of the pocket is stronger than sentiment; for, “where your treasure is there will your heart be also”—may compel a new departure.

Getting into the fog region where the warm water meets the cold Arctic current, they were for a long time without reliable observations ; they went far out of their course off the coast of Newfoundland, and the voyage was protracted until all hands had to be allowanced. especially hard on Jingo who had a fearful hunger for flesh food, due to the damp cold and to his abstinence from meat while in the tropics. The fat salt pork and weavelly biscuit were not appreciated by the poor ladies, who willingly abandoned their share to Jingo in exchange for his portion of what there was of farinaceous food in the form of "death-bed puddings," as naughty tart-preferring children call them.

Past the fogs, the weather became bitterly cold, and the coloured men more than ever unreliable. The gunners did most of the work on deck and a few even volunteered aloft, among them Deacon, who also took his turn at the wheel. One evening when the old tub was beating as close as she could against a head wind, Jingo declared he smelt the perfume of peat reek and the gorse blossom of "ould Oireland," where the gorse is never out of bloom nor kissing out of season, the Lord be praised ! He was derided and told his brain was still loose. Next day they made the old head of Kinsale whose bluffs were crowned with golden gorse in all the glory of early Spring. Fresh provisions were taken in and another start made. At last they sighted the white cliffs of Kent.

The first news the pilot brought was that peace was proclaimed. It damped the pleasure of that insensate Jingo's return, the more so when, seeing the downs of Shorncliffe dotted with white tents, he asked what troops they were, and was told they were the Foreign Legion.\*

"Prince Awlberty's poor relations," that disrespectful pilot said.

Jingo knew that the King's German Legion had rendered good service in the days before our Sovereign fortunately lost Hanover by the Salic Law—but was it necessary under Queen Victoria ? Conscription has dried up that source. In the next strife for National life, Englishmen will have themselves to accept compulsory service for the defence of

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\*The German Legion raised for the Crimea never fired a shot, but were given lands in South Africa. It is the only instance where military colonisation has been tried by England, and it has been said that the infusion of a German military element among the Boers was not an advantage to us.

the soil as the duty and privilege of a free elector. The sadness of it is, we *will* delay until it is too late to save us from disaster if not some national dismemberment, as befel France, Austria, Denmark, and Turkey after a few weeks' war. Of course the senile babblers will prattle on about the silver streak as monotonously as its ripples upon our shores, ignoring that the conditions of naval war must have altered since Nelson's time, and we have nothing now to guide us except the efficacy of the torpedo and the unwieldiness of ironclads.

Of course the east wind which always blows down the chops of the Channel, welcomed the homeward-bound troop tub. But she reached Woolwich Arsenal Wharf at last. There Jingo's men were absorbed by a Woolwich adjutant, whose greeting to his comrade was typical of the man and the place—"Who's your tailor?"

Sun and storm had tarnished our Jingo's uniform. The retort was—"Your's is your maker."

The Lieutenant saw his men no more. They were distributed among the conglomeration of companies composing an arm of the service still ludicrously designated as the "Royal Regiment of Artillery," and were kept out of sight on fatigues until they also had passed through the hands of the Almighty Maker of—modern soldiers.

Jingo wandered disconsolately along the long front of the Barracks, as yet ungraced by the figure of Fame playing quoits with laurel crowns. He could get no quarters, all being reserved for the home-coming siege train. It was late and wet and he was told to go and look for lodgings in the town.

A gruff voice from an upper window shouted: "Here, you long fellow from the West Indies, come and have a shake down with me."

It was a Woolwich adjutant!—unlike that other as gold to pinchbeck. There were not many inches of Dick Oldfield, but every inch was sterling.

The siege train marched past her Majesty, and Jingo and his men were put to keep the ground with the "peelers." The solid tread of those magnificent veterans, bronzed and bearded, made their comrade proud of them, though he had no share in their well-earned honours. Some of the schoolboy officers were served out with medals for the parade, which were taken away from them afterwards

because they had not been under fire. Apparently there is neither heart nor brain to officialdom.

A letter was sent by the owners of the hired transport, attributing the safety of their vessel to the detachment of Royal Artillery. The Lieutenant only heard it accidentally, and the men not at all, as they had been removed from his command—the Sergeant-Major getting a commission as Quartermaster, which he so well merited. For his faithful soldier-servant the Lieutenant was able to get a good berth in the officers' mess. Montgomery had yielded to the fascinations of a plump, pink cook, too much for him after the dusky damsels of the tropics. He required a rest, and it was better than following the fortunes of a Jingo subaltern; moreover, his term of service had nearly expired.

Tom was glad, therefore, to be appointed Acting-Adjutant to the Field Batteries, which gave him experience of the mounted branch, and took him for a brief space to Aldershot, which was then in its infancy.

There he had a closer acquaintance with the German Legion, striking-looking troops, as they marched past singing their "Soldaten-Lieder." Their Anglo-Saxon comrades don't sing so well, but perhaps they fight no worse for their vocal deficiencies.

Returning to Woolwich, he found that entertainments for the Crimean heroes were the order of the day and still more of the night—glorious dances with the London belles in the great mess-room, where the marble statue of Armed Science looked down with stony stare upon "fair women and brave men." Jingo had monopolised a lively brown-eyed little brunette, they passed many pleasant quarters of an hour in cosy corners of ante-room sofas, and "mamma" did not seem to mind. In the intervals of dances she devoted to his comrades, one of them remarked to him:

"Lucky dog! Jolly girl! Nice little piece of ordnance, fifty thousand pounder."

But in the breathing space of a mad post-horn galop, the girl pertly said—for fun let us hope—looking up at the broad expanse on the breast of his tunic:

"You have no medals! Where did so big a fellow manage to hide during the war?"

"Allow me to take you to your mother," was the only answer.

"Mamma" gave a cordial invitation to their house in

town, which was vaguely accepted, but our peppery Jingo never got over that awkward question, which probably prevented the popping of another.

A brother officer was more fortunate in the wooing of her sister. She admired his jacket and medals, especially the Star of the Medjedi, and sportively asked him for it.

"Yes," said he; "but you must take me with it."

About this time Jingo got to know a good many people in the London world, where plain clothes obliterated the distinction of medals. But he soon tired of the crushes, where the big balloon petticoats of the period prevented dancing or even sitting on the stairs; and, moreover, a great part of his modest allowance disappeared in gloves and hansoms. So he determined to cut Society until he had won his spurs. To carry out this resolution he cropped his hair so short as to be unpresentable, which excuse would be scarcely possible now when the back of a blond young man's head looks like a pink sucking-pig.

Jingo's brother had an unlooked-for chance in India. The Moplahs, a tribe of Arab fanatics that we are now wisely trying to enlist in our Indian army, had broken into insurrection. A Madras Sepoy regiment had been sent against them. They went for the "Mundrassee Logue" with their huge knives and carved them. The regiment had been formed into square, which diminished their front of fire, and the Moplahs attacked the angle, for the same reason that Vauban did. They broke in and it was a bad business.

Jingo Senior was sent against the fanatics with a detachment of his father's regiment—the King's Own Borderers. They were met by the Moplahs at the entrance to a bazaar. To fire would have meant shooting into a promiscuous mob of traders, women and children. The K.O.B's were halted. The leader of the Moplahs, in the green turban of a Hadji, advanced and began a harangue, flourishing his tulwar and calling on the faithful to follow. But there was something about the big quiet officer who came out to meet him without drawing sword or pistol, and the set line of white faces behind him with ordered arms, that seemed to have a damping effect on the faithful, which was completed when the officer, without uttering a word, walked close up to the gesticulating Ghazee, evidently "bhanged"\* for the occasion,

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\* "Bhang," a preparation of hemp used by Mahometan fanatics, to excite them to fighting frenzy without taking away their senses, except that of sensibility to danger.

seized him by the wrist of his sword-arm, and bent him to his knees, wrenching his sword from his grasp. The Englishman put the blade under his foot, broke it, and flung the pieces into the crowd. The Ghazee and those behind him remained stupefied for a few moments. Then the former rose from the kneeling position to which he had been forced, and bowing his head with both hands to his face, made salaam, putting the palms together in the attitude of supplication.

"A-a-p ka Gola-a-m hi!" he said, quietly. "Your Highness' slave."

"Bid your followers to put down their arms at the feet of the Sircar," was the reply.

And they did so.

When Gunner Jingo asked his infantry brother how so simple a proceeding occurred to him, the answer was:

"Well, I never thought about it. The fellow looked such a gibbering ape!"

Unlike Jingo, his brother was phlegmatic.

Some years after, this same brother was appointed a Captain to a young second battalion regiment in Ireland, manufacturing soldiers out of the willing "paddies" of those days.

Our Jingo was sent on the same sort of job to Sheerness on the Medway, where he became District Adjutant.

The drudgery and dulness were alleviated by lots of good fellows, a fighting Chaplain from China, "Jovial Jock," the flag Lieutenant who was Admiral of the Green during the late naval manœuvres, and a gigantic gunner, named Wolf, or "the Amal," as he was called, being evidently Norse by name and race, though nothing of a Goth. He was one of those fellows who could do all things well without knowing it, soldier, sportsman, athlete, artist.

When the Staff College was first formed, it was open to the competition of the army, without favour or distinction of corps.

At the first examination for entrance, heading the list of about twenty successful candidates, were fifteen Engineer and Artillery officers. It was thought necessary to handicap those corps by allowing only four Artillery officers, as representing some 35,000 men, to enter each term, as against an officer from each battalion of Guards, Infantry of the Line,

or Cavalry Regiment, which practically excluded the scientific corps from the Staff of the Army. The successful candidates who were debarred from entering, by the misfortune of belonging to the Artillery, were permitted to go up for the final examination without going through the course of instruction. Wolf was one of these. He passed with flying colours, though he was never allowed to serve on the Army Staff, but like other Artillery officers, was thrust back into the Regimental Staff.

Wolf and Jingo occupied opposite rooms and a pair of boxing gloves hung in the passage with which bouts of reading and painting were varied. Of these two it had been said, artists were spoiled when soldiers were made, but as it was a Frenchman who paid the pretty compliment, allowance must be made for Gallic licence.

When the leave season came on, Jingo went to the Continent, where he studied and sketched in France, Spain, and Italy, and subsequently did the tour in Switzerland and the Rhine, in company with two other gunners likewise artistically inclined, or rather, they confined their admiration of beauty to living specimens—a British matron with three pretty girls, for apparently “papa” did nothing but sign cheques. “Mamma,” though her husband had amassed wealth by a patent for improving our batteries—*de cuisine*—did not approve of gunners as companions for her girls, preferring a French titled gentleman of a good round age and a good round figure. But what was he among so many?

“Though he looked like a tun,  
Or three single gentlemen rolled into one.”

The girls, as girls will, differed in taste from mamma, and had each in her turn refused him, yet he continued his attacks under cover of the mother, whose watchful strategy was incessantly frustrated. There were traitors in her camp and the intelligence department of the enemy was informed beforehand of every intended march. The route became a very wobbly one in consequence of the maternal efforts to throw the pursuing force off the track of the convoy. In vain at every table d’hôte did she flank her charges with the father and the fat Frenchman and place herself opposite, the smiling soldiers came and sat on either side of her, pay-

ing her such respectful attention as would throw her off her guard, leaving them free to open communications over and, I regret to say, under the table.

Matters at last culminated. The British matron and her party started from Chamounix for the Mer de Glace when the wily gunners had conveyed the false information of their intended departure in an opposite direction. But they were at the chalet on the glacier before the arrival of the convoy, and had taken all the rooms. It was evening. The rose and silver of the silent Alpine *glum* upon the snow and the black rocks, the perfume of new-mown hay, full of flowers, from the scant mountain pastures, the tinkle of bells on returning flocks, were all swept from that present to linger only in the memories of the past, by the raucous tones of the incensed Philistine lady, who arrived at the head of her bevy of fair daughters, but to discover that the soldiers were masters of the situation.

All their offers to give up their rooms would not pacify her. She strode into the chalet and called for "M'ssoo, le patron." As he did not at once appear and she was tired from walking the last part of the steep ascent through fear of sliding off her mule backwards, she looked round for a seat. Seeing what appeared by the moonlight streaming through the doorway, to be a low flat stool of tempting whiteness and therefore cleanness, always dear to the British mind, she, in her most majestic manner, subsided upon—alas, no, into it! It was a pan of cream on a low stool! As she wore the balloon garment of the period the situation cannot be described. And yet it was only her daughters who audibly gave way to immoderate laughter. The polite young soldiers helped her to rise. No remnant of majesty remained in the limp garments that now clung to her ample person. Assiduously they rubbed her down with wisps of hay, making a noise peculiar to grooms, a transparent outlet for cachinnations that nearly choked them. But they lay awake far into the night in the hay-loft where they slept, shaking with laughter, that had still to be suppressed lest the least sounds of it should be audible in the rooms below, where the ladies slept.

"Mamma" had been partially pacified after supper and they wished a truce for the morrow. It came, and all started amicably together, but the three guides were required to push up the father and mother and the panting Count, where mules

could no longer travel on the snow and the crevasses, so the gunners took care of the girls and the secure lacing of their Balmoral boots.

Pairing off pleasantly, the column of route was at full intervals. The impedimenta necessitating a slower pace in rear, the advanced guard arrived before it at the "Jardin," so called because the Alpine flora blooms in profusion at the edges of the snow, which the brilliant sun, through the clear thin air, converted to tiny rivulets over the soft green turf. The girls sat to rest while Jingo clambered to a little knoll for an opening view of the valley below. He got one—and returned to his companion who was eager to share it. Leading her to his coign of vantage :

"Look !" he said.

Close under them was the fat Frenchman making his toilet, mopping his bald head with a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief with one hand, and balancing his wig on the other. He had proposed to the girl the evening before as a forlorn hope. She laughed outright and Tom joined in. The poor, startled foreigner hastily replaced his wig hind-side before, and wrathfully shook his fist at Tom. The echoes rang with laughter and "sacrés," which quickly brought up the rest of the party. Even "mamma" could not stand it, and gave way like the rest.

With mingled threats and insults, the Count panted up to Tom, who was finally forced to say he would have to administer a cuffing if he were not silent. To-morrow, matters could be arranged.

"Yes, to-morrow," said the angry Frenchman—but he would not stay for lunch.

That meeting on the morrow never came off. Not for one moment is it to be supposed that the Frenchman dreaded sword or pistol—it was ridicule he feared. The ladies saw him no more, and thanked Tom for the riddance. The governor said he hoped "they had seen the last of that con-founded Count," and "mamma" added, "the poor dear man was too funny for anything." Even to marry her daughter she probably meant.

They planned further expeditions across the Alps to the Italian lakes, and so on, but "l'homme propose, (he didn't in this case), Dieu dispose."

In the valley was a telegram for Tom. The Indian Mutiny had broken out, and he was offered an appointment on the

Staff of his old Colonel, to go out with the first detachment of troops by the overland route.

This time his chance *had* come and he took it.

The farewell was hasty and the journey home without a break.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**INDIAN EQUIPMENTS—THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS—THE RED SEA AND COLOMBO—CALCUTTA AND CONTEMPORARY HISTORY—BULLOCK TRAIN MARCH—BENARES PUNISHMENT PARADE—A COMMISSARY OF ORDNANCE—THE BUTCHA—A PLUM-PUDDING—A START—GUN ELEPHANTS—THE HOOSHIAR ONE—AN EKKA—A RELEASE.**

On arrival in England, Jingo was met by his father, who had left the army to save himself from being promoted to the rank of General, thus losing the price of his commissions. Everything was hurry and bustle to get the lightest possible outfit for an Indian campaign, about which the only thing certain was that a minimum weight would be allowed.

The detachment was the first to be sent by the overland route. The big ditch had not been dug by the forced labour of Egyptian Fellahs, directed by the brilliant Frenchman who was to suffer at the close of his long life because he had not calculated the cost between forced and free black labour, the difference between salubrious sands and miasmatic marsh and rock, in short, between Northern Africa and Central America. Let us see what the Almighty American and his dollar will do with the Nicaraguan canal !

The isthmus of Suez was very much what the children of Israel left it, except for a few miles of railroad just begun. The means of transport were much the same. The force carried "its treasure" (arms, ammunition, and busbies) "on the bunches of camels," themselves on the cruppers of asses, and in four-wheeled chariots called "char-à-bancs." The men were clothed in white canvas sea-kits and were supposed to pass as an unarmed party. It was not known how far the passing of troops would be considered a breach of the neutrality of Egypt. But things are changed for the better, thanks to the commercial instinct of our great Hebrew "Maire de Palais," and the warlike policy of his "peace at any price" successor

But we are anticipating. A regimental ball was given to the departing officers, and as all England was palpitating with horror at the atrocities of the Mutiny, the avengers were conjured by gentle dames and damosels to slay and spare not. Yet in the first newspaper they saw in Calcutta an M.P. questioned our right to "let loose a brutal and licentious soldiery on the mild Hindoo."

The Royal Artillery had not served in India since the battle of Plassy. The requirements of India were unknown quantities, that even a scientific corps could not supply. So the men were served out with pillow cases to put over their busbies, with a pocket in front holding a leather peak, which, as there were no means of keeping it at any angle, flapped over the wearer's nose and eyes. "Flap-doodles," the irreverent soldiery styled them. They were given to the men as they marched off the parade after an address from the hero of Kars, Sir Fenwick Williams—a pair of pillow cases and two flap-doodles to each officer and man, to be carried in the hand as they marched to the land of the Pharaohs. Even the solemn Sphinx might have smiled had she seen the head gear provided by a thoughtful War Department.

But she never had the chance ! The reckless staff officer who led the column down the High Street of Woolwich, skied his two peaks, boomerang-fashion, and they came back with a vindictive curve to his Colonel's feet, who administered a mild rebuke—too late ! The men had followed the example set them and the air was thick with skimming scimitar-shaped pieces of leather. As to the armament, some of the woodwork of the gun-carriages bore the date of the battle of Waterloo. When Jingo became a captain and was left in command of a battery, he felt it his first duty to break up those old carriages by trotting them over rough ground until they dropped to pieces and new ones had to be supplied. So the old gun-carriages were embarked, but wives and children, alas ! had to be abandoned to the merry music of "The Girl I left behind me !" Short service has to a certain extent remedied the evil of too many married soldiers.

This time it was no old tub of a sailing troopship, but the splendid Australian steam-packet, packed rather close to be sure, but with comparative luxury, for the warmer latitudes soon allowed sleeping on deck. They sped through the Mediterranean, past the pillars of Hercules, the old rock

fortress of Gibraltar on one hand and the African coast Jingo knew so well, on the other, and where he had sailed in the little "Gitana" over the purple waters which had borne the keels of Carthaginian and Roman Trieremes, the long galleys of the Norsemen and their descendants of to-day. The shores have changed, but not the sea—

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow."

Malta ! Cairo ! Everybody knows them without seeing, and reads in the guide-books about the Knights of one and the Mamelukes of the other. The east of "Eothen" is familiarised. Tommy Atkins, the little man with a penny cane, has introduced the Pyramids and the Pharaohs to Badalia Herodsfoot and the East-end costers ; and Cleopatra's Needle, does it not stand dwarfed and abashed by the big houses on the Thames Embankment ? But the potent spell of the records in stone and dessicated men and women of this most ancient civilisation is not weakened for thinkers, because many have seen without thinking of aught but that Bass's beer is good at Sheppard's Hotel after a hot dusty tramp in the footsteps of the Pharaohs.

More pleasant to contemplate is the conservative tyranny of the Pharaohs than the dyspeptic radicalism of the dismal dweller by the Lake Shores of primitive Europe, he who sat on the platform of his pile-built dwelling, too cowardly to fight his neighbours on the shore. He and his women dropped their bone brooches, their hairpins, and their fish-hooks into the kitchen midden heaps of shells, just as the Maoris do to-day. Let us hope that the young world was warmer, and that there were hot springs bubbling out in volcanic old Europe as in Maori land to-day, enabling them to boil their suppers and to parboil themselves. The Cave Dweller living on the sunny side of the rivers of France was evidently a bolder and a happier man ; he warmed himself with the chase of the curve-tusked mammoth and the reindeer, while his wife stayed at home to cook and receive visitors. In the evening, by the fire he scratched pictures of himself, his wife, and his hunting, on the tusk of the mammoth, which his descendants dig up long ages after when the world has grown old and tired. Neither Cave nor Lake Dweller worried about his soul, to him the claims of his stomach were more imperious than they were to those lentil-fed dwellers by the Nile. They suffered soul hunger,

which was fed by the Priests with solemn ritual and the body was kept for the soul's return. The future of reward and punishment is everywhere pictured. It dwarfed the importance of daily life to a nation of slaves content to build pyramids for their masters in return for a mere pittance of bread and onion. It was a creed only less comforting than that of the Christian slave in Pagan Rome, who was liable to be thrown into a fish pond at the caprice of a mistress, or of the Salvationist in London to-day, because in lieu of mere consciousness of salvation acquired with the help of drum and tambourine, it imposes the necessity of work to be done. Moses was a practical man, he told the people he wished to raise from slavery to be a nation of cultivators and warriors, nothing about their souls, steeped though he must have been in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, his mother's people perhaps. Does not Renan, the great Hebrew scholar, think so? He preferred to hold before the Israelites only earthly rewards and earthly service, "vineyards that ye planted not, cities that ye builded not." And the Jew, like the Scotchman, has tried to keep not only the commandments, but everything else he could lay his hands on.\*

The Egyptian has been bested by both. He was spoiled by the Israelite of old, and the Scotch engineer stokes up his engine with the mummy that was embalmed for the return of his soul.

Among the rifled tombs Jingo found an Egyptian girl ruthlessly deprived of her cerements. She was 4000 years old, and yet she died young! Her thin face had a refined look, the once full lip had been pressed by her last lover—Death—had she ever another? Jingo took her small, thin, brown hand in his big hot one, with futile wonder whether her soul would feel the sympathy of the passing soldier. Her little finger with its filbert nail came off, and he put it in his pocket for that other girl he might some day make his wife. Would she appreciate the memento of her rival's last flirtation?

The steamer to embark the troops on the other side of the isthmus was delayed a week, giving time for a pic-nic to the pyramids. The cavalcade of long-legged soldiers cantered gaily out on Cairene donkeys; very much like Kingsley's

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\* Max O'Rell.

Goths were these, their descendants, prone, with boisterous good humour, to fight, drink, or to make love, whichever came first.

At the foot of the great pyramid, which is a stairway of gigantic steps, each one about three feet high, and a broad platform on the summit, looking like a point from the far below, the wrists of our Jingo were seized by two wiry Arabs, who intended to haul him up and be backsheeshed, while another inserted his turbanned head behind him as a propelling ready-cushioned seat. A backward kick sent the proffered Ottoman flying, and with a right and left hander our angry Goth smote the Egyptian on either side. They fell prone, while the long-legged barbarian, taking each stone in a giant's stride, reached the top without a pause. The races remain unchanged, one barbaric at bottom with a veneer of civilisation, the other an ancient civilisation overlaid with barbarism.

A few days saw the detachment across the isthmus in motley order of march, after a fireless night-bivouac on the extremely cold desert, which at night parts with its sun-acquired caloric.

On the morning after arrival they were mustered, hot, dry, and dusty in the Quadrangle of the Hotel at Suez. Sad-faced ladies, many in mourning, the first fugitives from India, watched from the balconies the arrival of the first reliefs from England. Suddenly they were amongst the dusty ranks with baskets of oranges and ginger-pop, and the thirsty gunners were *attendrissés* to demoralisation; when it got to bottled beer there might have been heard:

"Yes, mum, we'll pay hoff them blooming black beastesses!"

The saturnalia had to be sternly stopped by the officers whom the ladies had not noticed.

The night, hot and stuffy, was passed by the zealous Staff Officer in the hold of the troopship, superintending the stowing of ammunition, and when morning broke in blood-red glory over the shining wet sand and sea, the site where the destruction of the Egyptian army might have been, he tried to dash off a sketch of the scene in water-colour.

His chief stood behind him.

"How can you waste time when there is so much to be done?" he said.

The Colonel, who never spared himself nor anyone else, did not know how his Staff Officer had passed the previous hours.

"There is nothing more to be done, sir," was the reply, "everything is stowed away." He ripped off the offending sketch and sent it flying down the morning breeze.

Henceforward every spare moment was devoted to learning Hindustani, the first language baby Jingo had spoken, and it came back to him as by magic.

A crowded troopship—the Red Sea in summer need not be described, nor burnt-up Aden, nor Colombo, with its palms, outrigger canoes, and native population of apparently interchangeable sexes, men with petticoats and knotted up back hair, and women ditto.

Calcutta was in a fever. Lord Canning had refused to accept white volunteers, or disarm doubtful regiments, until they had shot their officers. Of course in these days, when the sentence of contemporary history is so often reversed, we say he was quite right. Then—with Cawnpore, the base of Sir Colin Campbell's relief for Lucknow, in a critical position, things still looked gloomy, notwithstanding the hard-won success of Delhi and of Havelock's desperate march.

The detachments were hurried up without twenty-four hour's delay.

Everything not absolutely necessary was left behind in store at Calcutta, including the busbies in their pillow-case covers. In those days sun-helmets were not. The Colonel ordered a quantity of turban stuff in the Bazaars which, folded round the men's forage caps, Sikh fashion, down the temples and round the base of the skull, gave ample protection against sun and sabre stroke, besides providing them with a pillow. The smart Hussars wore it folded neatly round the edge of the forage cap, thus courting sunstroke on the exposed temple, and they suffered accordingly for the whim of their Colonel.

What the old Anglo-Indian heads were made of is a wonder; that there was good stuff inside them is certain, probably the white powdered wig and three-cornered cocked hat of Clive's day were as good as a solar topee.

There was a short railway journey to Ranegunge, and

then a long tramp up the Grand Trunk Road with the bullock train, for many nights and days without a halt, except to eat. Bullocks failing, wretched villagers with their beasts had to be impressed; the owners often bolted, and the bullocks, unaccustomed to Europeans, became unmanageable. But the detachments pushed on, and one morning the sacred city of Benares, with temples and ghats reflected in the yellow Ganges, rose out of the plain with the sun.

A parade of the garrison drawn up in hollow square—a line of unlimbered guns—opposite, a row of Sepoy prisoners—fine-looking Oudh men with the handsome features of their Jhât, some still clothed in the tight coatee and shoulder wings, the white dhotee for trousers, scarce reaching to the knee—on the right an old native officer, with a white beard and moustache carefully curled like a white cat's, and wearing on the breast of his uniform the medal for the Sikh campaign, round his neck the gilt necklace and the Order of Merit. These men had been tried by Court Martial and convicted of mutiny and the murder of their officers—"Nimuck Harami"—(faithless to their salt)—they were to undergo the native punishment of being blown away from guns, when their remains would be collected by the sweeper caste, a defilement that would necessitate, for the Hindoo, ages of degraded transmigration for his soul ere he could hope to be re-embodied in the caste he would lose by such a death.

The veteran native officer stepped from the ranks and saluted the Brigadier.

"Sahib, I have often faced death for the Sircar, (Government), let me show my Baba logue (children) how to die."

"Yes," said the Brigadier, "pity you did not show them how to live like loyal Poorbeah soldiers."

The old man made no reply but marched proudly up to the flank gun, and saluting it with his right hand, touching the muzzle and then his forehead on the caste mark, he looked steadily at the gunner. Then he gave the command :

"Ready ! Fire !"

When the smoke cleared, a heap lay on the ground. The guns were not shotted, it was not necessary.

"Now men," said the Brigadier, "follow your officer."

But no man moved.

The six right hand files had to be marched to the six guns faced about. and their arms stretched and tied to the wheels at either side.

"Ready! Fire!"

The six heads bowed, but this time the pieces flew.

Lieutenant Jingo's post was a few paces in rear of the centre of the line of guns. An arm flew back, rotating from the wrist where it had been tied, and sent a swish of blood into his face. He wished the campaign had opened for him in some other fashion, asked leave to stand further to the rear and wiped his face. The difficulty was solved by using a reduced saluting charge instead of the service one, and no more remains flew back. The disagreeable duty completed, the force marched back to breakfast, and the sweepers gathered the remains, Brahman, Rajpoot, and Musselman—

"In one red burial blent."

None had flinched. It was Kismet.

A field force to throw itself into Oudh, cut itself free from base of supply and line of communication, and effect a junction with Sir Colin Campbell before Lucknow, was to be hastily formed under General Franks, a fine old crusted veteran, one of the original "Rakes of Mallow," it was said, for he hailed from there.

A small siege train was required, for there were fortified cities (to wit, Sultanpoore) and strong positions between them and their objective. Also a reserve of field service Infantry ammunition had to be organised. Colonel Maberly, the Commanding Officer of the Artillery Division was the man for the occasion, and he had named the luckless Lieutenant Jingo, Commissary of Ordnance.

"But, sir," remonstrated that unhappy youth, "I'll be out of the fighting;" and waxing hot, added: "Sir, I did not accept a position on the Royal Artillery Staff to run a Noah's ark ammunition train."

"You will obey orders and not talk nonsense. I have arranged for your full share of seeing the fighting. The General wants an extra galloper to carry orders in action, you aren't a light weight, but I told him you would ride anything and go anywhere, so that's settled. Sit down now and calculate the amount of transport, elephants, camels, and bullock-hackeries you will require, for the field siege train, ammunition for the guns, howitzers and mortars, the reserve

for the Field Artillery Division, the supply of Infantry ammunition in the field, and their reserves." And the Colonel threw him a bundle of papers covered with figures of the estimated amount of ammunition for the various calibres, etc., which he had already calculated.

There only remained for Jingo to estimate the number of transport animals—merely that and nothing more. Great Jingo! Which was to carry what and how much? It was like a horrid arithmetical question from "Alice in Wonderland." His poor bewildered brain saw an endless Noah's ark procession of elephants, "a-waving of their trunks," packing themselves with 24-pounder death-pills, camels and sacred bulls slowly trundling sacrificial cars full of fuzes, while the wooden axles turned and creaked in his brain. A crowd of apathetic gharrywans, already bitoad (sat) outside the office tent, their heads wrapped in their bedding to keep out the morning cold. To every question asked as to what weight their hackeries would carry, came the grunted:

"Haw! Sahib! Gee haw!"

Jingo felt inclined to smite them for their asinine reply, which after all was only—

"Yes, sir!"

Then the Commissariat Gomashta and the oleagiously interpreting Baboo also said, "Yes, sah!" with hateful Oriental acquiescence to any impossibility proposed by a "Sahib."

Oh, for one hour of Bishop Colenso with his biblical arithmetic, to find out how many of which would go into what! But his chief, whose head was worth two of his subordinate's for figures, ultimately came to the rescue of the bewildered Lieutenant. He could not forbear a smile at the jottings already put down by the puzzled Jingo. Wisely he took upon himself the calculations and left the Lieutenant to the executive. Between them and various Baboos, and stolid old Sergeants, the ammunition transport was at last organised.

Then—the reward—the General's galloper! He had no horse—none was to be got for love or money. There was barely sufficient for the Field Artillery, none for the Artillery Staff, and there were elephants and bullocks for the heavy guns.

In an evening stroll Jingo met a stately Afghani in a long

fur poshteen, striding at the head of his caravan of camels and horses. War or no war he must trade, or rather, on account of war, he had brought his horses to sell. There was one, a compact Caubul grey stallion, only 14-2 hands, and barely four years old, carrying a pack of raisins and tobacco as proudly as if it were a Princess. A bargain was struck without the usual haggling, much to the grief of the Afghan, who got just what he asked, some raisins being thrown into the bargain as it was Christmas Eve. A plum pudding would be necessary. The few servants who could be got by the officers of newly-arrived English troops were not, in those distressful days, the sort who turn out a lovely dish from nothing in no time. "If you wish to preserve your appetite, never inspect the cook's proceedings," is a wise maxim in many lands. But plum pudding was a mystery to the jungle wallah who acted as bobbachee. Jingo had to supervise, and when he saw the filthy cloth the pudding was to be boiled in he rushed to provide a substitute. The first thing which came to hand was a lady's long white stocking pulled out of Jingo's bullock trunk by a brother sub amid shouts of "Who is she?"

The fact was, that, having worn out his socks in the tramp up the Grand Trunk Road, Jingo had sent the Baboo interpreter to buy some in the bazaar. The man had returned with ladies' long cotton stockings!

The prize was carried off and the pudding boiled in it, a temporary garter closing the top. Great was the astonishment of the Colonel when the lifted cover disclosed a lady's leg! A surgical operation with a pen-knife released the pudding, which was pronounced not bad, considering—but—there was something peculiar! And the festive evening was marred by the early disappearance of some members of the mess. The raisins had been carried in a bag which had held tobacco.

At last the Field Force paraded to move. In the centre, the phalanx of solid British infantry in line of contiguous columns—on the right, the 10th, the General's old regiment, spick and span in scarlet, old soldiers of Indian service who had not been to the Crimea and who looked like Grenadiers beside the boy battalions of the 97th and 20th, both recruited after the depletion of veterans in the Crimean war, Thring's Royal Battery on the right—on the left, Cotter's Horse Battery from Madras—in the rear, a Bengal bullock battery,

while Waller's elephants drawing the heavy guns in tandem, towered like a vision of the army of Pyrrhus above the bayonets of the British Infantry which gleamed through the thin veil of dust that was already rising from incipient movement. On the extreme right again, a troop of British "Tommies" mounted on tattoos, made a good substitute for cavalry, of which there were none, but a few wild squadrons of Irregular Punjabi horse. In rear of all was the Ghoorka Brigade of Infantry with many-coloured umbrellas stuck in the muzzles of their muskets, and looking like a crawling column of brilliant lady-birds, while flanking them was their own extremely irregular artillery. Jung Bahador had loyally sent the Nepaulese army sweeping from the hills to share in the loot of the cities of the plain. The redoubtable Ghoorka Infantry, under their own officers, were a useless and undisciplined mob. What the little Ghoorka becomes under a British officer goes without saying.

There are no martial strains to enliven real war. The bandsmen were all in the ranks with rifles, except the Company buglers. But away behind the tangled ammunition columns was the crowd of camp followers—grass-cutters, dhoolie-bearers, tents, bazaar and baggage animals, an endless stream of struggling, gesticulating men, gurgling camels, placid elephants, and ox carts. Cries of "Oh! Raam-jee! Oh! Ra-a-am Bux!" between lost friends, mingled with the British "damn!" and "Juldee kurro" (make haste) of the rear guard.

The General's trumpeter had sounded the advance—little clouds of dust and dancing pennonless lance-points spreading across the front and flanks showed where the Irregulars were scouting.

Jingo got the order to lead the elephant battery by the best road. The horsed guns could make their way across the sparsely fenced country and it was the dry season. His little horse, "Butcha," full of pride and gram, in his brass bossed appointments, carrying a Royal gunner instead of a pack of raisins and tobacco, was jumping out of his skin, eager to fight the biggest horse he could find. He promenaded a good deal on two legs, in fact the regimental jokist had remarked:

"Jingo's horse has six legs, and this I'll prove to you, For he lifts up his fore legs, and then he stands on two."

And the result was similar to that told of Mrs. Simpkins in the song.

When he reached the elephant battery, he had been quieted down to a hand canter. The leading elephant raised his trunk and trumpeted. This was too much for the mountain-bred Butcha. Camels he had seen, "but never aught like this." He rose, balanced a moment, and Jingo, quitting the stirrups, took a lock of mane with his bridle hand to avoid pulling him over. No use—over he fell backwards, his rider barely escaping the peaks of the regimental saddle which dug into the ground. Jingo scrambled to his feet but he had fallen on the handle of his pistol, which had slipped round the sword belt to the back. It was a nasty one, but he and Butcha picked themselves up and started the elephant battery. The Butcha got used to elephants and to most things before the campaign was over.

There was the long tangle of ammunition train to drill into the habit of moving on the reverse flank to avoid getting in the way of fighting deployment, for in those days, there was a pivot flank. To impress the tactical fact, "that left in front, right's the pivot," and *vice versa*, upon the brains of ount wallahs (camel drivers) and gharrywans, with his limited knowledge of Hindostani, drove young Jingo to the verge of distraction. As for the dust, the sentence of reversion to it seemed likely to be prematurely carried out.

When a cart broke down, the contents, say "howitzer" ammunition, had to be distributed on others and thus would get mixed with gun ammunition or infantry small arm, and so had to be re-adjusted on arrival in camp, when they did eventually arrive, dog-tired and long after everyone else. But after a few days, his wonderful Sergeant conductors soon had everything running smoothly. Once get a native into a groove and he'll stay in it.

One day the siege train halted, a heavy gun had stuck in the muddy bottom of a nullah. Jingo rode up, they unhooked the leading tandem elephant to get him to shove behind or lift the muzzle of the gun with his trunk. But he would not, he only bellowed and swore and swayed uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other in the sticky mud in which he was sinking. At last, with a piteous shrill trumpet, he touched the sharp point of the iron sight on the

muzzle.\* The wise brute's meaning was evident without the mahout's explanation.

"He says he is afraid of hurting himself, sahib."

"Well," said Jingo, in jest, "tell him to spoke the wheel."

"Promise him backsheesh, sahib, and he will," was the answer.

The elephant carefully got himself a securer footing, and curling his trunk round a lower spoke, made the wheel revolve, the shaft elephant put in his ponderous weight, and the gun slowly rose out of the mud and rolled up the opposite bank.

The triumphant mahout demanded backsheesh for his "Hooshier Hatti" (wise elephant).

"You scamp! You want the backsheesh for yourself!"

"No, sahib, I dare not cheat him, and if you don't give him backsheesh, he will remember you are no gentleman and will never work for you again."

"There is something in that," thought Jingo, "whichever is master, elephant or mahout, must have the backsheesh."

"All right," said he aloud, flipping up a couple of rupees, which the mahout caught in succession. "How shall I know you don't cheat him?"

"Come and see him fed this evening, sahib."

At last that dreary march did have an end. Long after everyone else was comfortably smoking the pipe of repletion, the weary, dinnerless Jingo sat on his charpoy in the tent shared with Joe Smart, the Adjutant. Genial Joe!

A native came up and salaamed. "What next?" thought Jingo, "are the Ghoorkas smoking hubble-bubbles inside their ammunition boxes?"

It was an invitation to see the Hooshier Hatti get his supper.

"Blow the Hooshier Hatti! I haven't had my own supper."

"Seeing is believing, sahib," said the Mahout, impressively.

Jingo's dinner or supper, that is to say, his first morsel

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\* Specially pointed sights had been fixed to avoid using the awkward old-fashioned quarter sights.

since breakfast was not ready, so he followed the mahout down the elephant lines. The moon had risen and silvered the great grey backs of the monsters who were blowing dust over themselves. The Hooshier one was swaying to and fro, fanning himself with a branch, looking like a mad, male Ophelia who had not drowned himself, but lived to be old and bald, and had thatched his head with straw and wild weeds. Huge chupatties, (flat cakes made of flour, rancid butter, and coarse sugar) had been purchased and stood on edge round the fire where the mahout had cooked the elephant's backsheesh supper before his own, the animal keeping an eye all the time on the proceedings.

Taking one of the chupatties, the mahout offered it to the wise one, who weighed it carefully with his trunk and then deposited it with a satisfied smack in his raw-looking mouth.

"Now, sahib, this second chupattie is light weight, you see he will find it out."

The elephants are accustomed to a certain ration weight of chupattie when fodder is scarce. The Hooshier took the chupattie by the edge, weighed it, there came an angry twinkle in his wicked little eye, and he caught the mahout a slap in the face with the huge leathery chupattie, which knocked him heels over head.

"See, sahib, I dare not cheat him!" And he went up with a larger chupattie. "Here, you foolish one, did I ever cheat you? This is overweight."

And the wise one was mollified and made to salaam the sahib, who went back to his supper.

The Hooshier one generally led the train. He had a habit which his mahout connived at. The route of the heavy guns seemed to be irresistibly drawn through sugar cane kates, where the elephants would deftly sweep up a trunkful, and tapping the roots on their knees, to knock off the earth, would suck the ends as one would asparagus. Then the wretched Ryots would come crying for justice with uplifted hands, and the mahout would say he was exceedingly sorry and the next day "da capo."

The elephant which carried the Staff tent and baggage and his mahout were equally deficient in morality. Passing through a village, the beast lifted anything handy and passed it up to the mahout. The baggage increased to a mountain, and the elephants were always late in coming up. So the

smart Adjutant had an inspection when out tumbled a whole curiosity shop, brass cooking pots, carpets, etc. The mahout was handed over to the provost sergeant for a thrashing and the elephant looked on and inwardly chuckled.

On one occasion a river had to be crossed. The Hooshiar was in the lead and declined to pass the bridge, refusing to believe the statement of the Royal Engineer that it was all right. After trying with one foot and then with the other, he shouted his contempt for the whole corps of R. E. In vain the mahout mercilessly dug the iron into the back of the animal's neck until the blood flowed, in vain were promises of backsheesh held out. At last a Bengal gunner solved the difficulty. Taking his lunch under a mango tree, he said :

"Don't worry the wise brute, let him take the gun *through* the river, and you come and have a drink."

The wise one was unhooked and sent to try the river bottom, which he reported solid, and in walked the whole train, dragging the heavy guns through. They disappeared. Jingo felt depressed with responsibility—would they ever come up again ! Nothing remained above water but the breathing tips of the elephants' trunks and the mahouts standing on the backs of the submerged animals.

Through they went, up the shelving banks, and out the opposite side, while the ammunition carts, oxen, and camels crossed the bridge. It was hard for a Griff to understand the wisdom and ways of the men and beasts of the mysterious East.

Jingo went to get a coal to light his pipe from the cooking fire of a naked bullock driver. The man had a string over his shoulder and a spot of white paint on his forehead. The Christian shadow fell upon the Brahman's food, his foot had rested inside the circle drawn round the fire. The man rose and threw away his dinner with a gesture of disgust. Jingo felt irritated.

"He, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," who tubbed regularly, to defile the food of that squatting savage ! Bah ! that man's ancestors were civilised when Jingo's wore blue paint ! Besides, the poor wretch had lost his dinner—Jingo never spoilt another native meal.

There was like to be a bad row. A Ghoorka soldier persisted in cutting into the line of ammunition waggons with his cart. The sergeant conductor smote the oxen and

damned and hustled the driver. The man drew his cookerie and the sergeant knocked him down with a stick of firewood.

It was the private cart of a Ghoorka Colonel with a harem lady ! But relief came at last in the shape of a Bengal Artillery officer who knew Hindustani. His men had mutinied without murdering him and his occupation being gone, he was sent, to Jingo's intense delight, to relieve him of the duties of Commissary of Ordnance.

Then there was a day's halt—a blessed halt ! A portion of the force was engaged within sound of cannon. Was the unlucky Jingo never to get himself foughten ! Something had been forgotten, Jingo must go back to the town they had already passed.

"Oh, yes, it was quite safe ; The enemy would not run in that direction."

Jingo did not want to kill his horse and he might miss the way, for night was coming on, so he got a native with an ekka. Why an ekka ? "Ek " means one. It is a cart to carry one, but it must be a being with reversible hinges to his or her legs to sit on a platform less than two feet square, covered with a dome. For a fellow six feet two, here was a problem ! The machine should have been called a "sulky," for Jingo felt that way as he started, the native driver sitting somewhere between the shaft and the horse's tail. The long legged sub tried all sorts of postures. If his legs stuck out they were broken on the wheel, if they hung out behind the pony was lifted off its feet. The most convenient posture was to hitch his feet into the roof and sit on his own shoulders. He executed his commission to the Colonel's satisfaction, and returned to Camp at daylight, broken on his rack, for every joint ached. But he unstiffened after a delicious bath administered in a jet from the mussach of a faithful Bhistie, a good breakfast, and the sense of release from that awful ammunition train.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE SCRIMMAGE OF SECUNDRA—ARTILLERY TACTICS IN INDIA—CHANDA,  
A SPOILT BATTLE—A REGIMENTAL LEGEND—A CLIMAX.

March! March! It was getting monotonous through the flat fields of the Jaunpore District. Here indigo, there sugar-cane, wheat or grain, now and then a burnt-up bit of barren plain or scrubby jungle or mango tope. And there was dust, always dust! The brilliant winter sun was not overpowering, and the hour before dawn, when the march commenced, was cold enough to make one glad to get the feet out of stirrups and walk.

On the morning of the 22nd of January, General Franks was joined by Colonel D'Aguilar and his Battery of Horse Artillery, with two squadrons of Queen's Bays who had made a dash from Allahabad and a night march.

The next morning, the General attacked—Horse Artillery in advance on the flanks of the Infantry skirmish line, the heavy guns kept in reserve, as also the C.O. of Artillery and his Staff. The rebels occupied a belt of low jungle, which concealed their movements and made it difficult for guns to get through, thus necessitating wide and irregular intervals between guns and supports, never much regarded by the gunner of that day in India, whose maxim was: "L'audace, encore l'audace, toujours l'audace!" exemplified by such a quartette of gunners as General Olpherts, V.C. (Mad Jack), Colonel Maude, V.C., General Tombs, V.C., and last but not least, Lord Roberts, V.C.

Brigadier Wood (Sir David) reports:—

"At all times the freest use has been made of the Field Artillery, doing what would be considered in European warfare, the duty of Infantry," while Anderson's Horse Artillery on emergency charged as Cavalry. When riding at the head of his guns through the low bush, Captain Thring was surprised by an agile native swordsman, whose

keen tulwar cut through the peak of the sun-helmet and the skin of his nose, stopped only by the thick folds of his pugaree. The powerful Englishman settled accounts with his assailant, whose loss was his life as against a patch of white sticking plaister on Thring's sunburnt nose, which produced a temporary squint and much merriment among his comrades.

The General, gradually forcing his way through the jungle with the Infantry, sent Colonel D'Aguilar with two Horse Artillery guns and two squadrons of the Bays to threaten the enemy's left flank, "directing him at the same time to observe the greatest caution," so the official account of the action at Secundra says. The result of the caution was that Colonel D'Aguilar, with his little detachment, got possession of the rebels' camp, destroying their tents and blowing up three cartloads of ammunition.

In spite of the difficult country from which the enemy was driven, our losses were inconsiderable. This was an unsatisfactory commencement for Joe and Jingo and their chief, who had neither part nor lot in it, but they managed to cut themselves loose next time.

Before daylight on the 19th of February, the force marched as usual. About the time they were looking forward to a mid-day meal, they had another style of refreshment. The enemy's Artillery opened fire at long ranges and were replied to by our heavy guns. Middleton's and Cotter's (Madras) horsed guns got the order to advance with the skirmishers, directly against the entrenchment of Chanda. The skirmish, or really the fighting line, was composed of the picked marksmen of the 10th, the 20th, and the 97th Regiments, under Colonel Longden, very much as the old light companies of Regiments used to be worked, and their fire, combined with that of the Artillery, was exceedingly effective.

There was a minimum target for the enemy and the main body of the Infantry and the heavy guns, which were pounding away, were kept out of range of the enemy's musketry. A fighting line of skirmishers and Field Artillery were General Franks' invariable tactics, as they were exceedingly elastic and quick in their movements. Before the advance, Colonel Maberly, taking Jingo with him, rode forward to reconnoitre positions and a line of advance for the guns. Seizing the advantageous cover of a mango-grove,

they got within about 300 yards of the right flank of the enemy's position. The round shot from their own heavy guns swished high over their heads.

"I think they are making off, sir," remarked Jingo, looking through his field glasses.

"Lend me your glasses," replied the Colonel. He satisfied himself in a few moments, and, handing back the glasses, mounted hastily, and dashed away at a gallop, straight for the enemy's entrenchments.

Jingo thought his chief was demented but swung himself into his saddle and followed him. The enemy's fire was heavy from their centre and left flank, but had nearly ceased from the right, towards which the pair were making. It was evident that the enemy were retiring from their own left. Jingo followed his chief across the shallow ditch, riding through the embrasure. A dead Sepahi gunner lay beside the silent gun, but the mass of the enemy was hurriedly retreating towards their left.

"Mark these two guns as captured by the Royal Artillery," said the Colonel.

"How am I to do it, sir?"

"Write it with the point of your sword, sir," shouted the Colonel, and a large R. A. was scrawled on the bronze guns above the fish crest of the Kings of Oudh.

Meanwhile the fire was getting hot from the advancing British skirmishers, Enfield bullets came whistling through the embrasure.

"Fasten your handkerchief to the point of your sword," was the next order, "mount the parapet and wave it."

The pocket-handkerchief was not a clean one, but it went up to procure a cessation of fire from friends, and to proclaim the capture of that part of the position. The display on the parapet was not prolonged. The infantry rushed in, traversing the entrenchments, and the village of Chanda in rear, capturing four more guns, and turning the retreat into a promiscuous flight.

Middleton's and Cotter's guns advanced at a gallop, the gunners clinging for bare life to the axle seats and limbers. Getting in rear of the entrenchments, they poured a fire into the confused crowd of the rebels who were trying to cross a stream. Thring's R. A. bullock guns, together with Simeon's

(Bengal) had "accompanied the line in its advance, and they came into action against a body of the enemy, holding a ridge of rising ground by which the skirmishers were checked. The ridge was abandoned after a few well-directed rounds."

"Now for a Cavalry charge!" shouted the gunner chief, who had no right to indulge in such vanities, and turning to Jingo, ordered him to ride back for the General's permission.

Jingo left with a heavy heart, knowing that his irrepressible chief would nail the Cavalry without leave, there being no distinct Cavalry leader for the mounted "Tommies" of the 10th Regiment, the group of Indigo Planters, with their hog spears, under Mr. Venables, and the Punjabi Horse under Russeldar-Gholam-Ma-bund-Khan.

Looking for a needle in a bundle of hay is nothing to looking for a General on a battle-field. When found, leave was granted, and the General became an accessory after the fact.

As Jingo rode back on his now played-out charger, he came across the handiwork of the Cavalry; scattered about were dead Sepahis and Mr. Venables with a lance thrust through his thigh that pinned him to his saddle, a couple of wounded "Tommies," and some dismounted troopers leading their wounded horses.

Shortly after the Colonel appeared, followed by a motley staff, Lieutenant Percival, Commissary of Ordnance, Captain Angus, interpreter, and Jenkinson, the civil magistrate, with Joe Smart, the adjutant, riding at the head of the returning Cavalry. They were flushed with triumph and nothing else, for no one had had anything since morning coffee. They took a smoke to keep off hunger, while Joe told his comrade how the chief had "led the Cavalry up the plain to the right, which was covered with Sepoy fugitives, who turned and stood at bay, firing their muskets and fighting with their swords until cut to pieces." One little group stood splendidly at bay and the Colonel, who was a tender-hearted, generous man, called out—

"Spare those brave men!" But he had to change his mind suddenly, for he was only saved from a dangerous sword cut by the high cantle of his regimental saddle.

He promptly shot his assailant, which was the signal for the rest to go down. "The pursuit was carried on for about

a mile and a half, to the end of the plain, until groves of mangoes and a close jungle rendered a further advance impossible."

The yarn and the pipes were scarcely concluded ere the order came for the whole force to move in a direction to the left of their original front. The General, knowing that two forces of the enemy were trying to effect a junction, had thrown himself between them, defeated one, and now turned to face the other, but without an idea how close they were.

After marching about three miles, the order was given to halt and pitch camp. The Ghoorkas, who had not been engaged, were thrown forward as outposts. The General was in a horrid temper—he had had no lunch—and growling that "that damned hot-headed gunner" had spoilt his battle. The tent-pegs of his own old regiment, the 10th, were not properly aligned. "The regiment had gone to the devil entirely," since he gave up the command. The handsome old man strode up and down, swearing profusely, ordering the tents to be struck and re-pitched. The soldiers of the 10th rivalled their old chief in swears, not loud, but equally eloquent. They also were mostly Irish.

"May the divil fly away wid the ould man from Munsther! Bad luck to the boys that didn't shoot him at Sobraon!"

The General had a legend, and the men knew it. They loved his fighting qualities, but his strictness sometimes irritated them.

When firing blank one day a bullet whistled past Colonel Franks. He did not stop the firing, but when the number of rounds ordered had been completed, he rode up to the regiment, and said—

"Boys, there's a damned bad shot in the 10th. He nearly shot my trumpeter, and what should I have said to that boy's mother? I don't want to know the blackguard's name, the officers will not examine the men's pouches."

They were on the eve of a campaign and the Senior Major came to him before an action and said—

"Don't put yourself in front of the regiment to-morrow, Colonel, you know there are always one or two bad men in a regiment."

"Thank you, Major, it's very kind of you. I might have given you a step."

When the 10th were drawn up for the final advance, he put himself at their head, and said—

"Boys, I'm tould ye mane to shoot me to-day. Take my advice, and don't shoot Tom Franks till the foighting's done, for ye won't find a better man to lade ye."

The regiment answered with a cheer, and carried the Sikh batteries with the bayonet rather than run the risk of shooting the old fire-eater at their head.

Jingo had been sent to ask for orders for the camping of the Horse batteries, who had come up late from the pursuit, but was afraid to approach the General in his present mood. His staff had fled, even to Captain Gordon, the man who managed him best. It was 5 p.m. and growing dusk and neither man nor beast had tasted food since morning.

All of a sudden there was a rattle of musketry from the left, the boom of a heavy gun, and the lob of a round shot. The General's horse was being led up and down behind him by the syce, who was as much afraid as Jingo to ask for orders. The tall, active old man was in his saddle in a moment, himself and his big grey horse a picture.

"Never mind the tent-pegs, boys, pick up your rifles, and fall in, and follow me."

The men were in their shirt sleeves, but they slipped on belts and pouches, and moved forward with a cheer for the General, forgetting in an instant the bad language used on both sides. The Artillery, fortunately not unhooked, swept round to the left at full intervals, and unlimbered for action, but could not open fire, for the Ghcorka outposts were being driven in among the guns.

When the front was clear, the guns opened. The enemy's Artillery was quickly silenced, and their Infantry driven back. They made a second attack, but with no better success. The General rode up and down the line, talking to the men,

"Boys, me heart bleeds for ye. I know you've had neither bite nor sup this blazing day, but I've given ye your bellyful of fighting and you must bivouac by your arms to-night."

The call for Commanding Officers and Staff was sounded.

"Gentlemen," said the General, "we must be prepared for another attack during the night, we have no outposts beyond our guns, I expect the utmost vigilance. The officers must set an example. I'll have no shurrking and lurrking in doolies.\*"

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\* A doolie is a curtained litter for carrying the wounded.

In spite of "excursions and alarms" the imperturbable native cooks improvised a meal. Jingo with a pleasant sense of repletion and a pipe, lay down beside the guns and dozed, but woke suddenly with the sense of some unfilled duty, and rising, visited the sentries along the line of unlimbered guns, loaded with canister. The moon was bright and shone in a fretwork of light and shade upon the white curtains of a doolie under a tree at some little distance in rear of the centre of the line of guns. He thought of the General's last injunction, and lifting his sword scabbard to prevent clanking, he walked towards the suspicious doolie and raised the curtains.

"Sheets, by Jove, and a round protuberance!"

He drew his foot back and administered a deliberate kick. It was followed by a fearful imprecation in the General's voice. Jingo turned and fled to the utmost extremity of the line and flung himself down by the flank gun, a thoroughly demoralised subaltern, feigning the sleep which would not come. He felt utterly depressed. Here was his long sought "baptême de feu!" He had helped his chief to spoil a battle, he had missed the "diversion" of a Cavalry charge, and he had finished up by kicking his General.

What will be the end of a military career commenced in such a fashion?

## CHAPTER XV.

MORNING ORDERS—THE DON—JEDBURGH JUSTICE—WINGED ENEMIES—SULTANPOOR—A YOUNG MAY MOON—A RECONNAISSANCE—A WORD IN SEASON—AN ARTILLERY STEEPLE-CHASE—CLOSE QUARTERS—"FOLLOW ME, LADS!"—DEMON ROCKETS—ELEPHANTINE PHILOSOPHY,

There was much less Orderly-room Clerk and much more personality in the military system of that epoch. Early the following morning our Lieutenant was sent to the General to know if there were any special instructions for the Artillery, the previous evening having closed somewhat confusedly. He went in fear, if not trembling. Would the General recognise the indiscreet executor of his orders in the unobtrusive subaltern who stood behind the Adjutant, and Quarter-Master Generals, Brigade Majors, and others, as they surrounded the old man while he sipped his morning coffee and gave his orders. They received their instructions and left, there remained only the luckless Jingo, who made nor sound nor sign.

The General, in his long grey coat, stirred the bivouac fire with his boot. Suddenly he turned, and seeing the waiting officer, his grey eyes lit up with a comic twinkle and there was a lift of one corner of the grizzled moustache that betrayed an inclination to smile.

"The Artillery? Ah, yes! Tell the Colonel, with my compliments, to make his own disposition for the march—we are not likely to get near John Pandey to-day, he had enough of us yesterday. Good morning."

The General nodded and Jingo retired, immensely relieved. The General had evidently recognised his midnight assailant, but his manner was kind, and at the end of the campaign, he mentioned him favourably in despatches. Jingo kept his own counsel.

At the next halt, when C.O.s and Staff were called for, the General casually remarked upon the hardships

of the past twenty-four hours endured by all ranks, ending with :—

“I have to take care of myself, however, it won't do for the General to break down.”

From that date the Artillery Colonel was dubbed “Don Quixote” by the irreverent. He had the noble side of the Don's character and something of the aspect and habits too—solemn, tall, dry, and unweariedly energetic. For weeks together he slept in his long boots, but he was better mounted than the Don, and in his madness, if such it were, there was the method of a clever, conscientious man and a good soldier. Fate had failed to fit him with a squire of the rotundity and wisdom of Sancho Panza.

The monotony of the marches was varied by the necessity of greater precautions. The enemy had closed in upon our line of communication, which had accordingly to be abandoned, and the force of cavalry was inadequate for scouting, though the Punjabi Irregulars were adepts, especially when loot was to be found.

Occasionally Sepahi prisoners were brought in who had abandoned all traces of uniform, and posed as innocent husbandmen. But their erect carriage was against them in the eyes of an officer who had served in the Native Army, and if the short test of calling the prisoner to attention resulted in his instinctively assuming that military position sentence was passed. “Laijow!” (take him away), was addressed to the Punjabi escort.

One day the advance guard was thrown into dire confusion by an unexpected attack. The Cavalry and Horse guns had halted at noon in a grove of mango trees. A foolish trooper, noticing what looked like a brown sack hanging from a branch above his head, prodded it with his lance. It was a *hornet's nest*! The Cavalry, who had not dismounted, scattered in flight. The Artillery had had the order to “Dismount, down props, and feed the horses.” The maddened animals, released from the bit, nose-bag on nose, dashed away, knocking down the dismounted drivers, who were vainly trying to hold them and who narrowly escaped being crushed by the wheels. After a wild career at full gallop, the leading limber wheel was caught in a tree, the suddenly arrested team was flung round in a heap, and the second gun was brought up on top of the first. When the gunners, in spite of the terrible stings of the hornets, undid

the tangle, not a man nor horse was seriously hurt. But though the Staff and all spare hands, armed with branches, had done battle with the insects, the force had eventually to evacuate the tope of trees. Fortunately no enemy but the winged ones appeared. The vedettes had stood their ground being beyond reach of the attack.

On the 22nd of February, 1858, in the early morning, the force was ordered to deploy on the march. Once off the roads among the dew laden fields (for the crops were green at that season), there was no dust. In the distance, catching the rising sun, glittered the golden minarets and domes of Sultanpoor, while a pale moon grew faint in a sky whose rose tints melted into zenith blue. Graceful groups of the rounded foliage of mango groves broke the level aspect. The scarlet of the long lines of British Infantry contrasted with nature's green, and the glint of burnished accoutrements. The sheen of dancing spears shone above the brilliant turbans of the Irregular Horse, followed by the more sombre hue of the Artillery and the crawling columns of the Ghoorkas in rear, with white bullocks drawing their guns, while high above all loomed the broad foreheads of the elephants as they trundled the heavy guns like baby carts behind their huge forms, walking with their peculiar slouchy gait and noiseless footstep. All made a picture framed in the memory. Put it face to wall! It is irresistibly recalled by a note of the bugle. A happy inspiration had seized the Bugle-Major (a Kelt of course). The mellow bugles of the Light Infantry rang out the lively march of—

“The young May moon is beaming, love,  
And the glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
How sweet to rove through Morna's grove,  
While the drowsy world is sleeping, love!”

And so some marched to death, and all were light-hearted.

This time the General made his own reconnaissance. Jingo was sent to accompany him and to bring back orders. Along the line of freshly-turned earth, forming the enemy's entrenchments, beyond musket-shot he rode, followed by his Staff, a feat impossible in these days, the rejection by the Sepahi of the greased rifle cartridge, which caused the Mutiny, rendered its suppression comparatively easy.

When about opposite the centre of the enemy's position, which was approached by a road at right angles to it, there was a sudden puff of white smoke, a thud, and a shower of dust and gravel over Jingo. A cannon-shot, meant for the General at the head of his Staff, had struck close to the tail—our sub. The smart canter at which they were riding had made it miss its intended mark. The black muzzles of fourteen heavy guns could be counted in a sunken battery, commanding the road, and some of them began to belch forth flash and ball.

Jingo got his orders to bring up the horsed guns through the intervals of the Infantry. Supported by the picked infantry marksmen, they were to pass by a flank march an eighth of a circle to the left, under cover of tall cane and indigo crops. As he neared the line of scarlet columns a cheer broke out, the galloper from the front was the signal for attack. The Artillery trotted gaily out amid the cheers of the Infantry, Major Pennycuick in command. To get forward as rapidly as possible he led them out along the pucca road. Jingo riding beside him tried to explain that fourteen heavy guns commanded that road, but the rattle of the gun-wheels prevented his being heard. In despair at last he rose in his stirrups and shouted, "Left take ground!" using the sword-arm signal at the same time.

Every gun wheeled sharp to the left off the road and across the dip at the side.

The Major rode at him, red with rage.

"D—— you, sir, how dare you take command of my battery?"

The answer came from the masked guns which sent their round shot bounding like cricket balls in quick succession down the road, throwing up fountains of dust and stones.

The Major nodded, "All right!" and in a few moments the moving Artillery were sheltered by a depression in the ground and hidden by high crops until out of the direct line of fire. The enemy's guns being embrasured had a limited traversing range, and their gunners could only get glimpses of the flying Artillery executing an audacious flank movement across their front.

The enemy's shot flew harmlessly overhead, struck short, and bounded or ploughed the ground between the intervals of the irregular echelons which swept past in a wild artillery

steeple-chase, into which the first orderly advance had degenerated.

Fierce but friendly rivalry existed between the Royal Gunners and their Indian brothers. The former accustomed to the decorous jog which alone is permitted to the Field Artillery on Woolwich Common or across the unenclosed heaths of Aldershot\* saw with surprise the leading echelon of Madras Artillery dash at a wall, the leaders, encouraged by the shouts of their Irish drivers, rising, as the long traces permitted, simultaneously into the air, pair after pair, like well-trained circus animals. But the "circus" illusion vanished in a cloud of dust and débris, as the gun wheels, knocking down half the height of the kutcha† brick wall, bounded to the top, over, and down with a crash—and there lay limp, like a living thing arrested by a broken back. A gun axle had smashed, for which there was no immediate repair. The Indian gunners cursed the luck which let those "blank, blank beggars from Woolwich give them the go-bye!"

I regret to record that there was a ring of hardly suppressed triumph in the passing remark of the steady "hands down" Woolwich driver who shouted—"Well rode, Pat!" to the disconsolate Madrassesees.

A man must have ridden the wheel horse of a gun and felt the merciless Juggernaut thunder rattle behind as he goes at an obstacle to know what nerve means, especially if he has once seen the wheel grind slowly over the flattening body of a comrade. Whyte Melville met his death athwart the furrow of a ploughed field. The hunting-field and the battle-field have spirit-stirring moments. But to sit in the saddle ashamed to bow to the dzing! and ping! or to notice the wicked scream of jagged bits of rotating shell is best described by Zola in "La Debacle."

"Mais ce qui frappa surtout—, ce fut l'attitude des conducteurs, à quinze metres en arrière, raidis sur leur chevaux, face à l'ennemi. . . . il fallai vraiment un fier courage pour ne pas même battre des yeux, à regarder ainsi les obus venir droit sur soi, sans avoir seulement l'occupation de mordre ses pouces pour se

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\* Behind every ditch would stand the British farmer with his pitch-fork, backed by his Tory Member of Parliament, to prevent a manœuvres' act.

† Sun-dried brick, much more friable than kiln-baked.

distraire. Les servants qui trevaillaient, eux, avaient de quoi penser à autre chose ; tandis que les conducteurs, immobiles, ne voyaient que la mort, avec tout le loisir d'y songer et de l'attendre. On les obligeait de faire face à l'ennemi, parce que, s'ils avaient tourné le dos, l'irrésistible besoin de fuite aurait pu emporter les hommes et les bêtes.

A voir le danger, on le brave. Il n'y a pas d'héroïsme plus obscur ni plus grand."

It was no use waiting to play long bowls with 9-pounders against 32 and 24-pounders, there was nothing for it but to close on the flank of the heavy guns, and the wild gallop steadied down. The enemy's first fire flew harmlessly over head, killing a few bullocks and drivers in the second line, and bowling over a luckless camel or two that must put their stilted carcasses in the way. The elephants, much too wise to be beguiled under fire, had long ago been exchanged for bullock draught. Meanwhile the advancing Artillery had been getting within grape range of the enemy. Jingo rode by his chief in front of the centre of the leading echelon. A salvo burst from the "gates of hell," as the late Poet Laureate would have called it, and a flight of grape shot sang in the air with the swish of a flock of migrating starlings ; a few more strides and the peculiar swagger flourish of the native gunners turning their sponge staves was visible through the smoke.

Then came another volley of grape. This time laid low, the iron hail threw up spurts of dust all along the hard ground in front and danced forward, driven by the hot breath of battle. Jingo noticed the leading driver on his right clutch the mane with his bridle hand, while the right held the whip extended over the off horse, for they were in the act of reversing for action. The driver's left leg hung loose from the knee like a doll's with the stuffing out ; but the man brought round his horses with exactitude, and then sat in the saddle, white and now clutching the mane with both hands. If he groaned it was lost in the shouts of command, the rattle of the wheels, and the quick reports of round after round of case shot poured into the hostile battery as the echelons came up in succession and aligned themselves. The swords of the subaltern officers riding in front were raised to check the pace for a few moments

before wheeling for action front. There were not sufficient gunners to have lifted round the gun-trails, so it was done by the horses—with extreme precision.

There seemed no haste now. Everything was done mechanically. Round after round of case shot was poured into the enemy, until—

“Cease fire!” sounded.

There was the mad General riding to the front through the smoke, shouting, like a naughty girl at a fair:

“Follow me, lads!”

But there were none to follow. The Infantry were panting half a mile behind. The Sepahi battery stood silent, and the smoke still wreathed from the black muzzles not two hundred yards off.

“Well, bedad! if you’re not coming, boys, I’ll go by meself!” shouted the old fire-eater, riding straight for the nearest gun.

He was followed by two or three officers of his Staff. They could see the Sepahi gunner raise the port-fire—another instant and the General and Staff would be “in smithereens,” as he would himself have expressed it. McLeod Innes, Bengal Engineers, raised his revolver and the gunner fell. A scramble into the battery, where the native gunners lay pretty thick about their guns, showed the reason of our success plainly. It was a sunken battery, and the guns rested on the dried bottom of a gheel (pond), with their muzzles only just above the terrain. In turning them to meet our flank attack the heavy trails had broken through the crust of mud, and in some cases even the wheels on which the gun had pivoted, thus accounting for the first inaccuracy of their fire, while our case shot, delivered point blank, had been most effective, as their dead gunners, as well as the splintered rammers lying round testified. But that mishap alone would have silenced their fire, for, with the curious improvidence of natives, they had no spare ones.

More quickly than it took to realise the situation did the Infantry swarm in and press along the whole line of entrenchments, while the Artillery limbered up and trotted round to take the whole position in reverse, following mercilessly in pursuit, and pouring round after round into the retreating masses. Our losses were inconsiderable, for the General’s

tactics of advancing with Field Artillery and picked Infantry marksmen, had brought a minimum of men under fire with a maximum of effect. Aldershot umpires rule guns out of action within a mile of Infantry fire. Success will be to him who overrides this vicious teaching that men must retire lest they be killed. Tactics move in circles, with the changes in weapons: picked shots with magazine rifles and breech-loading guns with shields will yet form the advance.

The Oudh Talook-dars, native gentlemen who commanded the rebel armies, though brave and accustomed before our régime to fighting among themselves, were ignorant of "*la grande guerre*." The native officers who commanded the Sepahis had the knowledge and ideas of sergeants. Their positions were well chosen and entrenched, but always with the idea that we would of necessity make a front attack and go blundering down the road leading to the centre of their position.

That night the Artillery ammunition waggon had to be replenished and the captured guns destroyed before the force marched off. So Jingo's hands were full. Until late and again early, long before day, was he trying to burst the beautiful long bronze guns, highly ornamented and sonorous as a bell. But the "beastly things" refused to be burst and became more dangerous in their death than in their life. At last, he loaded some of the longest with native powder up to the muzzle, jammed in a couple of shot, then finding a dry well handy, he threw them into it, muzzle down, 24 and 18-pounders, previously connecting a fuze with the touch holes up to which the well was tamped with earth. The fuze was lighted and every one went under cover. With a roar a column of dust and smoke rose, and out of it appeared three majestic demon rockets; like the Prince's plume of the heir apparent of hell, it seemed to the terrified Jingo, who watched this pyrotechnic display as it soared almost out of sight, falling later like destroying angels in the direction of the camp.

One, a 24-pounder, went through a tent, which was fortunately empty as the men were forming on parade. Staff officers rode in relays to curse him, and as the force marched off-gangs of Budmashes \* from the bazaars of Sultanpoor

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\* Disaffected bands of plunderers who swelled the rebel armies.

hung round to cut his throat and annihilate the small detachment who were vainly striving to destroy the almost sacred guns, decorated as they were with the device of King or Emperor, and many a boastful text from the Koran which the infidel soldier could not read.

After the ineffectual fireworks, there were no means of collecting the guns. Jingo at last slew them where they lay. Digging a shallow grave for each, they were again heavily loaded and two shot, with a space between each maintained by a short stick, were rammed in. This method was suggested to him by a leery old gunner who had remarked :

“ Nature aborrs a wackyyum, sir.”

The masses of valuable metal had then to be transported in hackeries to the great disappointment of the Budmashes. The gun carriages had, meanwhile, been reduced to heaps of smouldering ashes.

So it was late in the day when Jingo overtook the head of the artillery column, where he found his chief. He was immediately sent back to bring up the elephant battery, for the passage of the Goomti had to be forced through the disaffected city of Sultanpoor, before which the rebel army had just been defeated. A dashing irregular cavalry advance had already been made under Aikman, who had been decorated with a tulwar cut across the face, to which was subsequently added a V.C. on his coat.

The heavy guns were to be brought up as quickly as possible and posted on our bank of the river on each side of the bridge over the Goomti. To save time it was decided not to change the draught from elephant to bullock. Once in a way the “ wise ones ” might be humbugged into going under fire. They shuffled along quietly and swiftly at first, Jingo riding in advance to show the way to the bridge through the narrow streets of the native town, whose male inhabitants scowled from their doors while the other sex smiled with timid curiosity over veils from lattices and roofs. Middleton's horse battery was in front.

“ Heads up, lads, the girls are all in the top storey windows !”

A few stray shots sang down the street from other than Zenana weapons. The “ wise ones ” understood at once that they were being humbugged into danger. What were V.C.'s to them ? They furiously trumpeted their dis-

## ELEPHANTINE PHILOSOPHY.

content.\* In vain the mahouts prodded until the blood ran down behind their poor flapping ears. Scolding and abuse were drowned in angry trumpetings, but the elephants could not turn with their guns, the streets were so narrow. The "Hooshiar one" made up his mind and took his line. Flourishing his trunk with shrieks of rage and pain he dashed forward, his ponderous cannon rumbling behind him. Right in his path rode Jingo on poor little Butcha, quite subdued now to all the incongruous sights and sounds of Oriental war. Before them was the rear waggon of Middleton's Horse Battery, the advance of which was checked by a column of Infantry on the bridge. On came the thundering trumpetting terror. Jingo turned in his saddle and felt sick with fear. No escape, no opening on either hand! Not even a projecting balcony to clutch and pull himself up out of the way while he left his poor Butcha to be flattened to annihilation.

But he was saved from the baseness of such desertion. A dull rumble and a crash—shrieks, groans, curses—a cloud of dust through which loomed the great "Hooshiar" tranquilly blowing dust from the ruins of a house over himself and his mahout. He had taken his gun through a projecting corner and had brought down the whole front of a building, inhabitants and all, in one fell ruin at his feet, thus effectually barring progress to the guns. He himself did not wish to advance. So soon as he was satisfied that the firing had ceased and there was no further danger to himself, he proceeded leisurely to clear away the ruins of beams and rafters, piling them in an orderly fashion on one side. Then refreshing himself from the contents of a basket of sweets, from the open shop front on the other side of the street he went on his way rejoicing, with the self-satisfied air of having done a good action. But his hypocrisy was evident in the naughty twinkle of his wicked little eye.

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\* Elephants are quite content to perform at strictly peace manoeuvres. They will march past, trailing their guns in perfect line and saluting simultaneously with their trunks to touch the heart of the most glorified Sergeant Major who ever wore spiked helmet, Imperial crown, or cocked hat. They will even assist at gun practice, but to become a target! No! Among the gun elephants there was one old fellow who shewed the scar of a wound received in one of Lord Lake's battles nearly 100 years ago. He had not even been mentioned in despatches! You don't require to live a century to learn that glory goes like kisses—and lasts about as long! But if you are "soldier jhât" you will go in for both.

## CHAPTER XVI.

FORT MOONSHEE GUNJ—POLITE ORDERS—9TH LANCERS—PERCY SMITH—  
AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT—MORE CAPTURED GUNS—A WAR CORRE-  
SPONDENT.

Eight more marches, enlivened by the *qui vive* maintained in passing through the hostile territory of Oudh, with its many fortified villages and warlike population, brought them on the evening of the 4th of March to Selimpore. Information had been brought to the General of a fort, situated about a mile from the line of march for the following day, and which could not be left in possession of an enemy, who would fall on the rear and loot the baggage. Yet on the other hand, the morrow had been fixed for the junction of General Franks' force with that of Sir Colin Campbell before Lucknow. Any delay now would dislocate the plans of the Commander-in-Chief.

It was hoped to carry the mud-fort of Moonshee Gunj by a *coup de main*. On the morning of the 4th at daybreak, the advance guard, two guns, R.H.A., Lieutenant Arbuthnot, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, Captain Coles, and three Companies of the 97th, Major Chichester, were deflected to the right to attack the fort. Colonel Maberly, R.A., commanding the whole, pushed on the guns and Cavalry.

Evidently impatient of any delay, the General himself, doing his own reconnoitering, appeared. Lieutenant Jingo was sent to ask for orders as to the position of the Artillery.

"Go to Hell with the Artillery!" was the answer.

Jingo saluted formally and reined back behind the General, with a mind to tell him that he considered him the best authority on the way to that locality. All the Staff had been despatched on various errands. After a while the General looked round.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Have you not got your orders?"

"No, sir. I don't mean to take that order, and you did not mean to send it."

"You are right. Tell the Colonel he can select his own position for his guns. There! He has done it!" as the first shot was heard and answered by the fort.

The Lieutenant galloped back and gave the message—the polite one—and was told to return in case the General desired a further change, which he very soon did, for he said:—

"Those gunners are playing at long bowls!"

This remark Jingo *did* repeat to his chief as the most concise way of putting the General's views. The Horse Artillery sub overheard and flushed in his yellow beard. With the Colonel's permission he went, followed by the supporting Lancers, (old hands the 9th) who knew how to get there, to be always near, and never in the way.

The Horse Artillery galloped to within 400 yards of the Fort and again opened fire, enfilading one face which they silenced, for the enemy's guns were *en barbette*. Then up the glacis they dashed to within 200 yards, clearing the parapet with case shot. But from the loop-holes of the central keep came an unpleasant musketry fire which the little 6-pounders could not silence. The Gunners unslung carbines, and lying down in the standing corn, replied. Here the Colonel's stirrup-iron rang out a response to a musket ball, and there were some few casualties among the men. Both leaders of one gun were wounded, though they stood like Lady Butler's picture of "Patient Heroes," and it was only when they were required to move that it was found they could not.

Meantime, Bradford's Madras 24-pr. Howitzers came up, and by their larger calibre of shell, seemed to render the outer defences untenable, for the enemy began to bolt. The ditch communicated with a series of dry nullahs, down which the white turbans could be seen streaming. Now for the Cavalry! But where were they? Well and wisely under cover. In vain Jingo looked to the rear, at last he caught the gleam of a lance head just above ground, for the 9th carried no useless pennon. The troopers had dismounted in a hollow, but in less time than it takes to tell they were up, let loose, extended, and

riding down a file on each side of the nullahs radiating from the ditch. Now and again a lance was lowered and there was a white turban the less. As quickly they reformed when their work was done. After the campaign this veteran Cavalry regiment were told, when they got home to Aldershot, that they had to begin to learn their work.

By this time the Infantry had come up and rushed the works. But there still remained the interior castellated keep with flanking towers, to the fire from whose loopholes the Artillery were exposed. The General ordered them to retire and rejoin the line of march, and Jingo was sent to tell the Engineer officer, McLeod Innes, to blow open the gate of the citadel with a powder bag.

On reaching that part of the inside of the exterior entrenchment, which led to a second work by a bridge over the ditch, Jingo saw that this second enclosure in front of the keep had been abandoned by our men. The body of an officer lay in front of the citadel gate beside a beam, which he and his men had used as a battering ram to break open the gate. He had been shot dead and some of the men wounded. The beam had been dropped—and the men had retired under cover of the outside of the second line of works.

With the assistance of Sergeant Wilkins and a couple of Horse Artillery Gunners, Jingo turned one of the enemy's guns from the exterior entrenchment, and kicking into the ditch the dead body of a Sepahi that lay across the bridge, ran in the gun and opened fire on the gate. But the 6-pounder shot only made little holes which did not even let daylight through, thus proving that there was some further barrier behind. He then fired at and struck what appeared to be the lock, but still the gate remained solidly closed. A shot jamming in the bore, the gun business seemed to be hopeless and it was decided to try a powder bag. The sergeant carried the body of the gallant young officer, Lieutenant Percy Smith, to the rear.

Unfortunately the guns had been ordered away and there was nothing but the native powder in captured gun limbers. A bag had to be extemporised out of a "setringee" (carpet). While Jingo and McLeod Innes were engaged in this task the latter, who was stooping over the bag, fell, shot through the upper part of both thighs, (his wounds were salved by a

V.C.) and Jingo carried out the duty, at which Captain Middleton of the 29th offered to assist. Having arranged for a heavy fire to be kept up on the loop-holes by the infantry, who were sheltered by the exterior slope of the second entrenchment, the two officers made a rush. Jingo carrying the bag, fixed it to the gate of the keep, and when Middleton had lit the fuze with a port-fire tied to his hog spear, which he always carried,\* they both bolted and reached the exterior gate in safety.

The storming party was ready for a rush, but—the explosion only blew a few splinters from the gate, which still stood almost as before. The native powder had proved too weak. Now came an imperative order from the General to retire immediately. But there were the enemy's guns standing in the exterior entrenchment and one close to the obdurate gate. These guns would certainly be turned on the retiring force and there were no spikes to render them unserviceable—besides, to abandon captured guns was not to be thought of. The fire from the keep, now that the covering British Infantry were withdrawn, was redoubled. Jingo and the remaining officers dashed into the gate, flung round the gun trail, and ran it out. Directly they had passed the bridge they were sheltered, as were the remaining three guns which were also carried off, bullocks having been procured.

The derisive shouts and last shots of the plucky garrison who still held the keep, were not pleasant to the ears of the retiring men, whose consolation, however, was the capture of the guns.

The little episode of the repulse before the mud fort of Moonshee Gunj never appeared in the brilliant official literature of the day. There was no special correspondent, he was with the Headquarter Staff, and when the official accounts did appear Jingo failed to recognise the battles in which he had borne a humble part. It is ever thus, the individual sees only round himself.

Overtaking the column, Jingo had to push on to the Commander-in-Chief before Lucknow, to ascertain the camping ground for the various batteries of Artillery, which were here distributed to different brigades, the heavy batteries

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\* On one occasion Middleton rode at a native who sliced off the head of his spear with his sharp tulwar—the tough bamboo went through him, he had cut it to a point!

joining the siege train. On reaching the Headquarter Camp the Lieutenant noticed a large tent with a banner on it marked Q.M.G. Before it stood a figure verging on the portly Field Officer, with a Crimean beard, a brass cap, and a froggy frock-coat. He saluted, and it was returned.

"You have come——"

"From General Franks' Field Force," said the Lieutenant, smartly.

"Aw! You have with you——"

"Her Majesty's 10th, 20th, 97th, and Ghoorka Brigade, Royal, Bengal, and Madras Artillery. Where are the Artillery to camp, sir?"

"Aw! I'm not the Quarter Master General," said the imposing one, stroking his beard with one hand and tapping his boot with his riding whip. "There is the Quarter Master General," he said, pointing to a group of officers.

"Then may I ask *who* you are, sir?"

"Me? Oh, I'm the *Thunder* correspondent!"

Hot, tired, dusty, and irritated at having been delayed to be pumped, the Lieutenant turned sharply, put his spurs into the jaded Butcha, and had at least the satisfaction of dusting the astute interrogator.

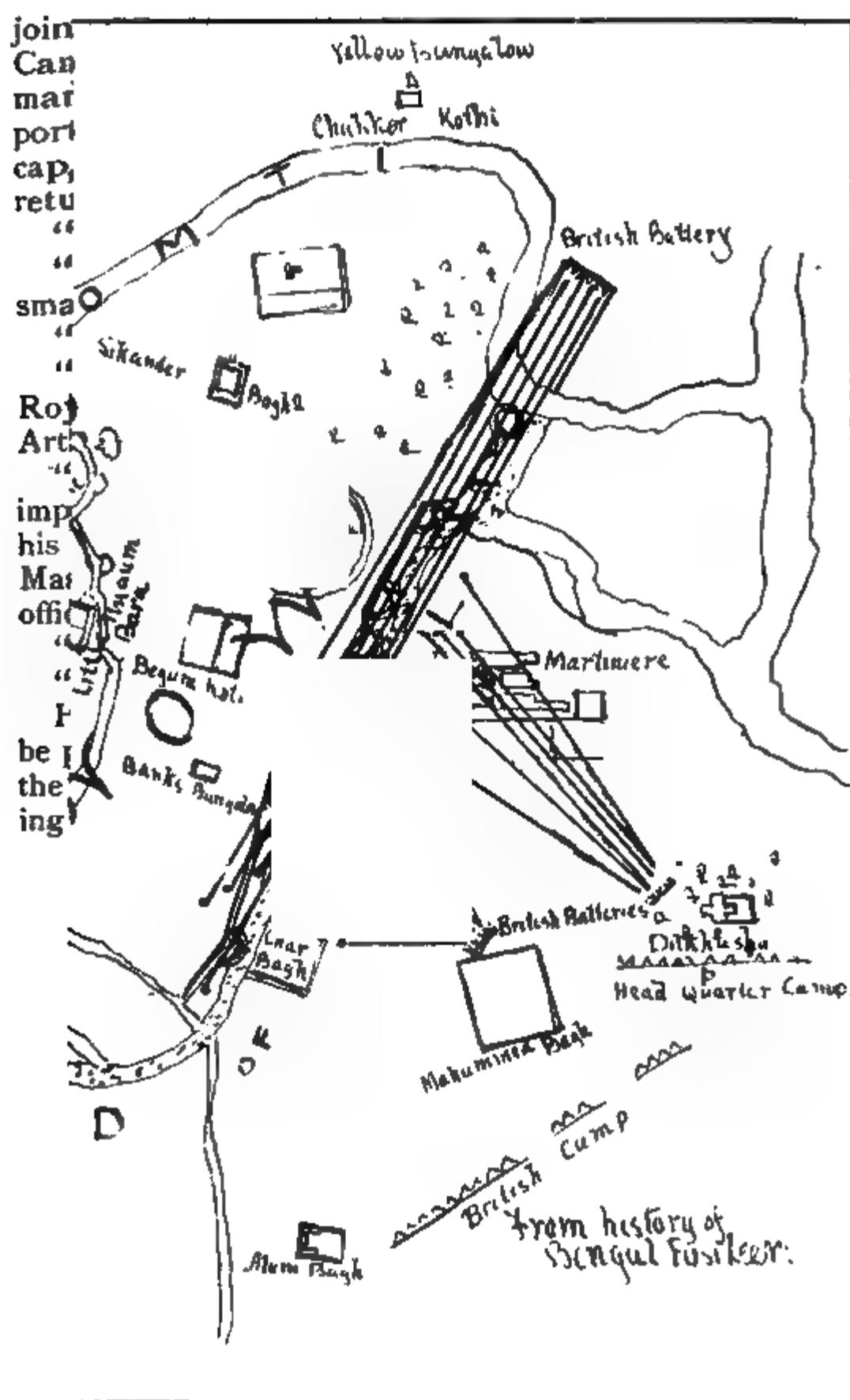


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To face page 169.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW—DEFENCES TAKEN IN REVERSE BY OUTRAM'S FORCE—NOT ALLOWED TO CROSS THE BRIDGES ON THE NORTH—ARMING A BATTERY BY NIGHT—TOMMY BUTLER'S V.C. - DEATH OF AN EMPRESS MAKER—CLEARING ENCLOSURES—A CARD PARTY—PYJAMAS—A SCARE—WE WERE NOT TO TAKE THE KAISER BAGH—A PRISONER—A BIG FISH—A KIOSK—A LOOTED HORSE—PRIZE MONEY.

" The walls grew weak ; and fast and hot  
 Against them poured the ceaseless shot,  
 With unabating fury sent  
 From battery to battlement ;  
 And thunder—like the pealing din  
 Rose from each heated culverin ;  
 And here and there some crackling dome  
 Was fired before the exploding bomb ;  
 And as the fabric sank beneath  
 The shattering shells' volcanic breath  
 In red and wreathing columns flash'd  
 The flame, as loud the ruin crash'd,  
 Or into countless meteors driven,  
 Its earth stars melted into Heaven ;  
 Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,  
 Impervious to the hidden sun,  
 With volumed smoke that slowly grew  
 In one wide sky of sulphurous hue."

*Siege of Corinth.*

On arrival before Lucknow the Artillery Division of General Franks' force was broken up. The heavy guns joined the siege train, and the horse batteries were made over to Colonel Wood, who commanded the Horse and Field Artillery of General Outram's force on the East bank of the river Goomti, whence the heavy guns, under Colonel Riddell, enfiladed and soon silenced the enemy's line of works along the canal. Because both Havelock's and Sir Colin Campbell's advance had been from the Alum Bagh (Garden of the World), the native commanders imagined the attack must come from the same quarter, and they therefore erected the formidable line of works, which, as before stated, were taken in reverse.

Colonels Carleton and Maberly conducted the siege operations from the south, and Lieutenant Jingo remained on the

personal Staff of the latter, but as they were short of officers, he volunteered for night duty in the batteries in addition to the daily Staff ones. He had but one solid sleep during the siege and his recollections became hazy and linger in his memory like the broken pieces of a fantastic dream, of white tents of the camp among the park-like gardens of the Dil Khushâ (the palace of the "Heart's Delight") a meretricious strawberry cream coloured building, in front of which and the Mahomed Bagh the inexorable British batteries were pounding away at the city of fair white palaces and mosques, golden domes, and needle-like minarets rising from the greenery of gardens to cleave the cloudless blue of an Indian sky. A desultory reply came from the long lines of the beleaguered city.

The Dil Khushâ Batteries played principally on the works in front of the handsome buildings of the Martinière which was not Oriental but French in design, a school for native or half-caste boys. The founder, General La Martine, served the Kings of Oudh before our Raj. There seems to have been a genial easy-going amiability about the French soldiers of that period who served in the armies and courts of Oriental Kings, with whom they were much more popular than their successors, the unbending Puritan Scotch or North of Ireland men who became residents at native Courts.

On the 6th of March at 4 a.m. a force under General Outram, was detached with Horse, Field, and Siege Artillery, to cross the river Goomti. The 9th Lancers, always in spotless white, though they had kept the field since Delhi, like their war-worn comrades, the Bengal European Fusiliers, who wore blue tunics (fortunately there was no glaring scarlet cloth available), the Queen's Bays, Punjaub Cavalry, 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, 79th Highlanders, and Rifle Brigade formed a splendid force. The crossing had commenced by the lower Pontoon Bridge. Sir Colin Campbell "appeared at 4.30 a.m. and ordered the Artillery to defile over the upper bridge and for some time this defiling went on, until the upper bridge was considered too weak for the Artillery and they were ordered to defile over the lower, this alteration rendered the crossing the line of Infantry by the Artillery necessary."\*

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\* Despatch of Colonel D. E. Wood, R. H. A.

With some fighting the force made good their ground on the opposite side of the river, the Horse and Field Artillery being actively engaged. On the 9th, the Bengal Fusiliers, and 79th Highlanders stormed the "Chukker Kothi." The colours of the old Fusiliers, on the top of that building was the signal to Sir Colin Campbell of success—he now decided to advance but would not allow Outram to cross the bridges and enter the city from the North, fearing unnecessarily to increase the loss of life. A fresh battery was ordered to be armed with 8 mortars in front of the Martinière. This work had to be done silently and at night, as the ground to be passed over was under fire. Lieutenant Jingo took his turn at this duty. There was no moon and no road, the country was intersected by dry nullahs, no gunner had been in the new earthwork thrown up by the Engineers and no one knew the way. So they made a night of it. When the bullocks blundered into holes, the cart followed with a run, and the mortar jerking to the rear would break the lashings, elevate the pole and hang up the animals by the yoke, (fortunately they were not vocal beasts), where they would patiently swing until a gunner swarmed up the pole, pulled out the yoke pins, and let them drop. The mortars were then remounted. And all had to be done in darkness without a word spoken. And so they blundered on until day-break to find themselves under the pattering fire of musketry from the Martinière and entrenchments. The party had gone beyond the battery made for them, but they managed to get back to it without casualties, and to open fire. The Martinière became untenable and was carried by the 42nd Highlanders with very little opposition.

It was comical to watch from the batteries below, the kilted warriors climb over the terrace and in at the windows, shewing no muslin and less grace than the ladies of the ballet.

The same night the enfilading batteries on the opposite side of the river had been armed, and the next day they silenced the works nearest to them, their fire sweeping down the whole line. The Chiefs did not know if the work were really abandoned, or if it were a feint on the part of the enemy.

Lieutenant Butler of the Bengal Fusiliers solved the doubt by throwing off his coat and swimming the river. Entering

the vacant bastion he signalled whilst under a heavy fire to the Sikhs and Highlanders, who swarmed in. Butler won a V.C. by this plucky performance.

On the 11th, when Jingo was relieved from duty in the batteries, he heard that the assault was shortly to be delivered. At this time he met Hodson. The whole army knew Hodson, "the Empress-maker,"\* who had a friendly nod or a word for everyone, and who began to chaff our sub about gunners being "Ubique." The retort courteous was made as to a leader of Irregular Horse on the "imminent and deadly breach." But the advance was sounded and they lost each other in the rush.

Then followed a typical scene of desultory slaughter, an enemy hemmed in and fighting from court to court of a Harem, where the marble channels literally ran with blood and rosewater, and the tawdry garments of native women were strewn among littered arms and dying men. Jingo had been in the batteries all night and only broken his fast with scraps from his haversack, and he felt faint with heat and hunger. Along one side of the court was an alcove, on the shelves of which were ranged big-bellied, pale green, transparent jars of rosewater, about eighteen inches diameter. An English sergeant clubbed his rifle and began to smash the jars in a sort of boyish mischief, bred of the excitement of slaughter. He was no wild Irishman or Highlander but a little Cockney.

"Hold on," said the Lieutenant, "give me a bath. The ladies don't want the rosewater," and taking off his helmet he stretched out his neck, and a delicious douche over his head was administered by the laughing sergeant.

His bath ran into the marble channel and was soon veined with the blood running from the piled corpses in the court.

Most of our losses, like poor Hodson who had lived through so many perils, were caused by the necessity of clearing the enemy out of numberless rooms leading from the various courts before a further advance could be made. These rooms were generally dark, and it was a service of deadly peril to enter the doorway, as had to be done, with

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\* The death by Hodson's own hand of the rebel Princes of the House of Timor, alone rendered possible the undisputed possession of the throne of the Moguls by the Empress of India. It took a dozen years for insular Englishmen to realise the situation, and it required a Statesman of Oriental blood to overcome the dull repugnance of Parliament to allow the Queen to assume the title of "Kaiser-i-Ind."

the light behind and invisible foes in the darkness. This the intrepid Hodson did, and he fell with a bullet through his chest. A party of Highlanders rushing into the darkened room, avenged his fall. A sorrowful murmur passed among the men that the gallant Hodson was no more.

Jingo, who had not seen him since the beginning of the advance, went to look for him, thinking no doctor might be at hand. He found him on the floor of Bank's bungalow, a doctor bending over him, while his orderlies stood mute with folded arms and bowed heads, tears running down their beards,

“Like faithful slaves, with folded arms, that wait  
The Koran chanters of the Hymn of Fate.”

With every laboured breath, air and blood gurgled in his breast and dyed his lips. The Lieutenant saw there was no hope and that he could do nothing for him. He felt he was a stranger with no right to intrude upon the last hours of the dying soldier. Older friends had gathered round him and Jingo turned away saddened.

In India Hodson's name will long remain a terror to our enemies and be treasured in the memory of those whom he so often led to victory against fearful odds. There was a brigade of three regiments of Irregular Cavalry, designated “Hodson's Horse.” Long since they have been improved off the list of the Indian Army by the high-stooled officialism which takes no stock in military traditions. But they were very much “Hodson's Horse” during his short but brilliant command, and on the morning after his burial their trumpets sounded boot and saddle to march to their distant home in the Punjaub, where they wished to be disbanded. The white-bearded old native commandant (a chief among his people), when informed that he could not leave the camp without permission of the Lord Sahib (Commander-in-Chief), replied :

“I knew but one Lord Sahib. We buried him yesterday. My heart is in his grave. I can serve no other.”

The old chieftain, his sons, and a few of his immediate retainers obtained permission to go to their homes. The rest of the three regiments remained in our army, and have done good service since—how named or numbered who can tell ?

Hodson met his fate calmly, sending his love to his wife, with the message that his last thoughts were with her. He said quietly :

"I have tried to do my duty to man. May God forgive my sins."

So died an Irregular Leader of Irregular Horse.

Fanatics in Parliament demanded his trial for the death of the Mogul Princes, but the bold spirit had already gone before a higher tribunal. As long as the traditions of our race last the dauntless Hodson will hold a place in the Valhalla of heroes of English blood.

When Jingo got back to camp his grimy aspect, exhaling a perfume of rosewater, was greeted with roars of laughter by his Staff mates.

When the city was entered the troops found themselves in a labyrinth of lanes, houses, palaces, and courtyards, which had to be carried in succession. This was effected by pushing forward batteries of small mortars from enclosure to enclosure and breeching the walls with a howitzer as soon as a further advance became necessary—a dynamite cartridge would do it now. The howitzer was loaded and run up by hand close to a wall. The discharge blew down about seven feet, opening out a garden of orange trees and shrubs from which the Sepahis brought a heavy musketry fire on the exposed gun—there was a momentary hesitation—the post of loader was vacant ! The Lieutenant stepped in and a couple of rounds of case shot were poured into the bushes. Before the third could be fired the gunner serving the vent threw up his arms and fell shot through the head, convulsively flinging the priming irons from him. They could not be found. Moments seem vastly prolonged when a man stands at attention watching the smoke wreaths slowly leaving the muzzle of an empty gun, while bullets whistle past in succession. The primitive method of firing was still in vogue in India. There were no friction tubes—the gun missed fire again and again. More casualties occurred, and Jingo felt immensely relieved when the detachment was ordered to take cover. Eventually the garden was forced and the mortars established there, shelled in advance, and so on *ad infinitum* it seemed.

Another night the monotony was relieved by an invitation to a card party. The Captain of the battery to which Jingo was attached for that night's duty, a brilliant but reckless

soldier who wore a V.C. which he had gained by desperate bravery, proposed cards, and suggested stopping the fire of a mortar to utilise the platform, at the same time bringing a lantern which attracted fire. Jingo refused to cease fire and was told he was a young fool. They had their game, but not on his mortar. Every one of that quartette, good soldiers as they were, had eventually to leave the service—not that this special game was ever heard of.

Next day the mortars were again pushed forward, and Jingo found himself in a walled enclosure commanded by musketry from a neighbouring minaret. To get a better view and to point with greater precision, he stood astride on the cap-squares of the mortar. A flick of dust on the top of the wall, a blow on the head, and he was knocked off the mortar. A bullet from the minaret had struck his conspicuous white turban, for after the chaff about his disreputable appearance he had folded over his dirty Kakee puggeree a white muslin garment, which he had picked up in the rosewater apartment.

He felt stunned and had a dim idea that it was no use for a head to trouble. So his men did. His helmet had fallen, he put up his hand to the hole. There was no blood nor wound, about the size of a walnut, and he felt rather ashamed of having done dead. The doctor seeing he need not look for the bullet in the patient's head, examined the turban—the helmet had rolled away, and the turban uncoiled itself like a soft white snake.

"Ahem! What have we here? Delicate muslin, exquisitely em-

broidered from the distant looms of Dacca ! A mem-sahib's scarf ! " (There was no white woman within 200 miles). "A native lady's pyjamas ! Well my young friend, you owe your life to the multiple folds of the diaphanous garment of a bright-eyed beguiler of darkness ! "

The doctor was waggishly addicted to Johnsonian prose and Oriental metaphor.

" I presume it is a gage d'amour you carry on your helmet, like a knight errant. But," he added critically, with his head on one side, regarding the garment as an old crow does an empty marrow-bone, " a woman's pyjamas doubtless contain charms—when she wears them—and even apparently when misplaced on the occiput of the other sex—nevertheless, I would suggest your dropping that unconventional head-gear or get it dyed Kakee rung, if that's not desecration of your Noor Mahal's\* pyjamas ! "

" Don't be absurd, doctor," said Jingo, getting savage instead of thankful for his escape, " I picked them up in the Begum Khoti, but you know the women had all left."

" Ah—dessay ! " said the doctor, dryly, and as the patient did not require his attention he turned it to the marksmen on the minaret and brought one down with a borrowed rifle. The victim hung with his head and arms over the balcony like one of the murdered puppets in a Punch and Judy show, and the doctor grimly rejoiced over the success of his irregular practice.

Feeling dizzy and tired, Jingo lay down and slept, in spite of the reverberating cannonade. He dreamt that the doctor was throwing pebbles at him to make believe they were bullets. He roused himself to try and catch the delinquent. It was dark now and a red eye watched him. It was the slow match held in a lintstock which a gunner had stuck into the ground in line with the lieutenant's head, and the gravel in his face was knocked up by the enemy's bullets directed at the light. Jingo got up, removed the lintstock with the glowing match, and finding a comrade was doing his duty he finished a dreamless sleep, from which he was awakened by—

" I say, old fellow, I am afraid I'm done for ! "

His brother sub, Harry Tracey, stood by him, his trousers

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\* Light of the Palace.

stained with blood, but an examination showed it was only a flesh wound, though the locality was alarming, like that of my Uncle Toby's which puzzled the widow. In a short time he was all right. He also had lain down for a sleep in his turn and at daylight the indefatigable marksmen on the minaret had awakened him with a leaden reveillé.

On the night of the 13th two heavy guns of the Naval Brigade kept up a continuous fire, making a breach in the little Imaum Bara, which was quite close. Our Lieutenant was placed in charge of a battery of small 5½-inch mortars on their right to throw shells into the neighbouring courts and buildings which were across the road, so as to render them untenable, and thus to protect the sailors while their guns carried out their work. The battery was in a yard which had a large open gateway leading from a road behind, on the right a postern door, and on the left an open shed, where doolies for the wounded were put.

The Naval Brigade blazed away furiously, as "Jack" loves to do ; their object being near, no very accurate aim was required. The Artillery Lieutenant carried on a steady fire, using small charges, the enemy being so close. Mortar charges have to be weighed with some nicety, the charge varying with the range, not fixed as with guns. This duty was entrusted to a stout, phlegmatic bombardier, who sat in a temporary powder magazine with weights and scales, and with something of the air of a Methodist grocer weighing out tea, only this one gave full measure. He sat on a full barrel of gunpowder, with the open and partially empty barrel from which he was weighing between his knees. The magazine was only a lean-to of timbers against the front wall of the court.

A bugle sounded the advance quite close—what did it mean ?

It was unlikely our own people would sound an advance at night, and certainly not from the direction of the enemy, whose bugle calls exactly resembled our own. The solution was not long in coming. Musketry fire poured in through the wide gateway in rear, and at the same moment the timber of the powder magazine was found to be on fire from some inflammable composition thrown over the wall.

Things looked ugly. The Naval guns ceased fire, and the sailors took cover behind the doolies. There were no Infantry and the gunners had no weapons. The Lieutenant ordered

the little Coehorn mortars to be carried off through the postern door in the direction of the Infantry supports, and he called to the Bombardier to come out of the burning magazine.

"I'm all right, sir," and as the Lieutenant looked in, the man grinned. He was sitting now on the open barrel, his ample proportions effectually plugging it.

The men were slow about moving the mortars, and the Sergeant said :

"If you please, sir, the men say they'll face the black B.'s with the handspikes."

Jingo felt a twinge of shame as he drew his sword and handed his revolver to the unarmed Sergeant. Then the Infantry supports came in through the postern. The "Jacks" came out of the shed, cutlass in hand, after the manner of Mr. T. P. Cooke's stage tar.

"Doolie curtains—not quite bullet proof," remarked Jingo.

"None of your business, soldier officer," growled the Naval officer in command.

"Thanks—quite content to be a soldier officer," said the Artillery Lieutenant.

Next morning the Naval guns had made a breach in the Imaum Bara. General Franks' Brigade was to take the advance. Colonel Maberly appeared with the reliefs, and Jingo asked and got permission to remain for the assault, and was told to report himself to the Engineer officer directing the attack, and to make himself generally useful. But he could not find that officer and the little Imaum Bara was carried before he knew it.

Jingo was now close to General Franks and his Staff, who were near the great archway at the entrance to the China Bazaar. Captain Wall, of the General's Staff, lay dead, shot through the spine, and a dark pool of blood welled out on the pavement. He had been a quiet man, much respected and liked, and Captain Havelock,\* his comrade on the Staff, seemed much touched at his death and very eager that it should be avenged.

Just at this juncture General Franks received an order that disturbed him—

"Sir Colin says we're not to take the Kaiser Bagh, do you

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\* General Sir Henry Havelock Allen, V.C.

hear me, gentlemen? Do you understand, we're not to take the Kaiser Bagh? He wants the honour for his bare-legged Brigade," he added, sotto voce.

Jingo thought he did understand, and went to an officer commanding a party of the 10th, who were firing up the road-way of the China Bazaar.

"The General wants you to get on," and he made the same remark to Colonel Brazier of the Sikhs.

"All right," said that grim old soldier, adjusting his spectacles and drawing his sword.

It was impossible to advance up the centre of that fire-swept bazaar with its colonnade on either side, from which opened little rooms once used as shops, now empty. In these the Sepahis had ensconced themselves, coming into the verandah to fire down the road from behind the pillars and then retire to load again.

The Grenadiers of the 10th were pushing along one side and Brazier's Sikhs the other. It became necessary to examine each room as it was passed, for Sepahis thus left behind caused casualties. Jingo commenced this job on the right hand side of the Bazaar. As he entered, stooping through a small door, he came in contact with a tall Sepahi who had come in through a similar door on the other side. His bayonet was not fixed (Sepahis seldom fix bayonets), and instinctively Jingo gripped him by the throat with one hand, while with his sword in the other he turned the muzzle of the musket away from himself, and then dragged him to the light. The two men were about the same height, the Englishman was evidently the stronger or had some mysterious will power over his assailant, who struggled feebly. His forage cap bore the number 16, a Grenadier regiment of historic fame that had mutinied. Jingo forced him against a pillar and held him at arm's length for a moment, waiting to hand him over to the men coming up.

Directly the Sikhs saw the situation they fired across the road at the prisoner, who dropped limp from the Lieutenant's hand. The men who had fired ran across and turned over the body with experienced fingers, feeling for rupees. Deftly they loosed his dhoti and produced about fifty. Apparently the Sepahis had been either lately paid or they had helped themselves from the Royal Treasury. Dividing the spoil into portions the naik, (corporal,) with a gleam of teeth and eyes lighting up his handsome face, saluted and handed his

share to the Lieutenant, who knew enough Oriental custom to touch the hand holding the nuzzer (present) in acceptance of the compliment, but not of the cash. But the Lieutenant intimated that he was fasting, and in a few moments a Sikh returned with sweetmeats from a yet-unlooted corner of the Bazaar, expressing a hope that the Sahib would join their regiment as he was the style of officer they appreciated.

The advance was pressed on in a wild rivalry between the Sikhs and the white soldiers. All were excited, the light of loot and battle glittered alike in the eyes of Sikhs and Englishmen. The Lieutenant noticed a man of the 10th firing at Sepahis within fifty yards, with the sight up for 500.

"Oh, I'm giving them the whole b——y ladder!" said the soldier, when remonstrated with.

As they reached the end of the Bazaar, where it opened into the gorge of a bastion of the line of works along the rear of the Kaiser Bagh (the King's Palace) which had been taken in reverse, the Sikhs and the 10th raced like school-boys for the honour of the first touch on the guns. A long-legged Sikh won and shouted, "Mera Pultan ka tope!" (the gun of my battalion). But it was "seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's breach." The Sepahis were scuttling through the embrasures and dropping into the ditch, along which also from the line of works which had been turned, came a mob of the enemy, who, not knowing the English had gained the bastion, were met by a murderous infantry fire from it. The guns could not be depressed sufficiently. Our sub also emptied his revolver into the brown at 20 paces; but few were able to escape round the ditch of the bastion where they were sheltered.

The Artillery Lieutenant \* got the men to turn the captured guns upon a mosque inside the Kaiser Bagh enclosure, from the top of which the bastion was commanded. But the guns were too close to be elevated sufficiently and were only injuring the beautiful building, so he ceased fire, and moved along with the mixed procession under the wall of the Kaiser Bagh, meeting no opposition. There they came upon Captain Havelock, who, with a few

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\* Another Artillery sub, Falkland Warren, did more execution. Entering the Kaiser Bagh with his party of gunners supported by a company of infantry he captured two guns which he turned upon a crowd of the enemy within 50 to 60 yards and left heaps of dead, to which the rifles of the company of the 10th also contributed.

Sappers, had made a hole in the palace enclosure wall, but only large enough to admit a file of men at a time. Through this, British and Sikh soldiery streamed into the great square of the palace, where finding themselves exposed to desultory fire from all sides, they burst open the doors of buildings, where, being under cover, they could loot at their leisure. Every remnant of discipline was lost. The men knew they were in the palace of the King with fabulous treasures somewhere—but where? It was curious how little of real value was realised, though costly clothing, embroidered with gold and barbaric gems, sewn on by a hole through the stone, lay about, gorgeous chariots, banners, the paraphernalia of Oriental pageantry—all looking more like stage property than regalia of value.\* There was little that was portable, and men began to destroy with reckless disappointment what they could not carry away. Mirrors, statues, furniture were smashed, silken hangings torn down, Cashmere shawls littered about, men seemed drunk with blood and plunder and thirst for vengeance.

Turning to his left after entering the hole in the wall, Jingo burst open a door with his shoulder and came head-long upon something out of the "Arabian Nights,"† a gigantic silver fish, the crest of the Kings of Oudh. It was a pleasure boat made of cedar, for the harem ladies, covered with scales of silver, each the size of a rupee though not so thick. The interior was more luxuriously fitted than we have any reason to suppose the quarters of Jonah, and there were jalousies through which the fair and dusky occupants, without being seen, could themselves look upon a city as naughty as Nineveh. Jingo would have felt like a silver Midas, but for the order to report himself to the Engineer directing the attack, who would be in the front somewhere, as Sappers always are. Jingo had seen his hand-writing on the palace wall, that little hole by which the troops had entered.

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\* Jingo came across gold-embroidered caps round which were sewn uncut flat oval emeralds; his lapidary education having been neglected he thought they were glass. A Sikh soldier put a cap over Jingo's helmet, with the exclamation, "Shabash Bahadur Sahib," (well done, warrior lord); this he indignantly flung off, to the surprise of Sikh, who stuffed it into his expansive dhoti with evident satisfaction.

† In the "debacle" that ensued in the capture of the Palace, Lieut. Warren who probably turned to his right, came upon a wild beast show, part of the fighting menagerie of the Kings of Oudh, which in its entirety consisted of leopards, lions, tigers, bears, elephants and a rhinoceros, for these Oriental Cæsars were wont to amuse themselves and their subjects with combats almost as barbarous as those of the arena of old Rome. Those animals kept in the Kaiser Bagh had to be shot.

Sure enough, he found Colonel Harness, R.E. and Lieut. Beaumont with a handful of men collected from the plunderers, forcing their way from room to room. But the Colonel, thinking more progress might be made along the flat roof of the palatial buildings which formed the great square, ordered the party up a stairway. From the roof they had a command, but were themselves exposed, for the light open balustrade afforded no protection and men began to drop. The small party could not afford many losses and the Colonel ordered a descent. All the wounded could walk except one poor lad of the 20th who was shot under the belt plate. Poor boy ! he had had his "compte," as the French soldiers say. Jingo helped to carry him down and he moaned piteously, but the Lieutenant had got hardened to that sort of thing and only wondered why he felt so little for the sufferer. It was the necessity of the moment.

The Sepahis held the lower rooms too strongly for the handful of men to attempt assault after assault. There was a detached ornamental kiosk standing in the great square. Incited by curiosity or the craze that seemed to possess everyone, Jingo joined a few Sikhs and soldiers of the 10th, to whom the miniature marble pleasure palace suggested loot. They made a dash across the square—a few wild shots, and they were in it. On the steps stood a native in a long yellow chupkun of Cashmere stuff embroidered in silver. He had a drawn tulwar in his hand but was evidently not a fighting man, for he dropped the weapon and bolted back into the kiosk, dodged round sofas and ottomans, and out the other side into an ornamental shrubbery where the few defenders of the kiosk had also escaped. Jingo was not particularly sorry. He picked up the sword—it was a Damascus blade. The kiosk was a mass of mirrors, marble pillars, silken hangings, divan sofas, statuettes of questionable French taste, and what Mrs. Malaprop would call articles of "bigotry if not virtue." There was the indescribable perfume of Nautch girls, attar of roses, and something else. The whole thing was a marvellous mixture of French demi-monde and degraded Oriental taste.

On a sofa in the centre of the room lay an ivory-handled dagger in its gold and velvet sheath and a pink Cashmere shawl. Jingo went towards it as spoil of war, but a soldier of the 10th was before him, who picked up the dagger and said :

"The shawl for your young lady, sir! How much for the dagger?"

Jingo wished it as a memento, and handed him a few rupees. The dagger was Damascus like the naked sword. He stuck both into the shawl twisted cummerbund fashion. The native gentleman had not been so considerate as to leave the scabbard. The men began to loot, pulling down the silk curtains and making up bundles of portable nick-nacks. Jingo contented himself with a paper-weight, a grotesque little bronze lion looking at his own tail, which he slipped into his haversack.

An Irish soldier stopped to admire himself before a mirror, which rose from floor to roof.

"Bedad, Terence, ye're not a bad-looking boy, as poor Norah used to tell yez!" As he curled his moustache in the mirror a musket ball passed over his shoulder and shivered the glass. "Bad cess to yez, ye black banchute, spiling me tylet!"

The shots came in quick succession now from the shrubbery, and there were glimpses of red-coated Sepahis among the green, and voices heard urging an advance.

"Chillao! Bahi Bahadur!" (Go on, brother! Go on, honourable warrior!) But there is all the difference in the world between "go on" and "come on."

The Sikhs had retired with their loot and there remained but half-a-dozen men of the 10th.

"Fix baynits, boys!" said an old soldier, "and don't waste good bullets on them bushes!"

Each man selected a pillar for cover, and put down his bundle of loot at his feet. Click—click! went the bayonets in their sockets, and the men waited quietly—no one came!

There was nothing more to loot and the men retired to the main building. On their way back, Jingo, like a tantalising "ginn," showed them the silver boat. The British soldiers stood aghast, leaning on their rifles, staring at the inexhaustible silver mine, but a bright intelligence glittered in the greedy eyes of the Sikhs. They whipped out their bayonets and rapidly tore off the silver scales in long strips which they rolled up, hammered tight with the butts of their rifles, and then stuck into their loin-cloths, the folds of their turbans, their haversacks, and all available places. The

British soldiers were apt pupils. The Lieutenant left them to their prize, taking only a small paddle as a souvenir of his fantastic find.

He was completely tired out ; the sweetmeat breakfast had not proved sustaining, and he wondered how he would ever get back to camp. Just outside the Palace he met one of the Sikhs who had shot his prisoner. The man was leading a looted horse, an ugly nutmeg-coloured pink-nosed brute, but compact, and more up to weight than poor Butcha, who was suffering from hard work and strangles.

The Sikh knew he could not keep his prize and offered to swap it for the Damascus sword. The Lieutenant did not like to part with his trophy, and so scribbled a "chit" (I.O.U.) on a leaf of his note-book for the amount the Sikh asked. The man could not read, but "Brittanica Fides" goes far in India. The Sahib would be found in the "Tope Khana," (Artillery Camp).

Jingo's new purchase was caparisoned with a native saddle, the sort of pad from which circus ladies go through paper hoops, very roomy and comfortable to a tired man. The incongruous get-up, an armament of two swords, a dagger and a revolver, and a silver paddle delighted the camp wits, who hailed him as Alp the Renegade, resuscitated from the "Siege of Corinth." The Colonel's comment, administered in private, was more severe :

"Setting a bad example to the men by plundering, etc."

The Lieutenant valued the good opinion of his conscientious chief, but was too proud to give the details of the last twenty-four hours. Moreover, the Commander-in-Chief had tacitly sanctioned, for three days, the looting of the palaces, as a lesson to the rebellious kings and nobles of a city whose streets had run with British blood in the siege and two successive reliefs of the Residency. During the final siege he had purposely left open two sides of the city for the escape of those inhabitants who chose to avail themselves of it. After those three days all loot was ordered to be given up to the prize agent.

About seven years later, Captain Jingo received £7, some odd shillings and pence as his share of prize money. His name did not appear among the list of those entitled to prize—and on application he was informed in a letter from a War Office clerk "that Captain Jingo was *not present* a

*the Siege of Lucknow.*" He had some difficulty in proving that Lieutenant Jingo had become Captain Jingo. As it was "the price of blood" the money was handed over to the Home for the orphan daughters of soldiers.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

BRONZE HEROES—THE BAYARD OF INDIA—BOLT HOLES—NATIONAL CONTRASTS—ALI BABA'S JARS—A BLOW UP—A LONG DRINK AND A LONG SLEEP—INCONGRUITIES—NOBODY'S CHILD—DEAD LIKE A SOLDIER—ANOTHER JOB FOR JINGO—THE RESIDENCY RUINS—TAKEN PRISONER.

General Franks' Brigade had only carried a corner of one the squares of the Kaiser Bagh, of which there were several, each one larger than Trafalgar Square and with the same idea of ornamental water and fountains, but with airy arabesque kiosks instead of bronze heroes—Nelson—hook-nosed old Napier of the dispatch shorter than Cæsar's, "Peccavi I have Scinde"—Havelock—Charlie Gordon, with his bible and his cane, and—a little distance from them once stood Outram, with sword drawn, looking backwards\*—he who never looked back, the "Bayard of India," *sans peur et sans reproche*, he who never drew sword throughout the Mutiny Campaign, but led Havelock's handful of Cavalry with a thick stick, deeming the mutinous soldiery unworthy of his steel.

But Jingo's thoughts were very far from Trafalgar Square and its bronze heroes, when he found himself ordered to leave his battery and take some gunners to carry 5½-inch shells, loaded and fuzed, to be thrown by hand through the windows of the lower story of the Kaiser Bagh, which was still obstinately occupied by the enemy. On reaching the spot he found it was the same building along the roof of which the attempt had been made to advance. It was as useless to try throwing shells through those iron-barred windows as to force the outside doors with men exposed to fire from across the square.

He went into the upper story and was met by some of the soldiers of the 97th.

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\* General Outram's equestrian statue, a very artistic production, once stood in Waterloo place, on show, before it was sent out to Calcutta, the most appropriate spot for its final erection.

"This way, sir! We have made a hole in the floor to fire down, but the beggars fire up, and they have shot the Sergeant-Major and a lot of our chaps."

And no wonder! The room below was dark, and every head standing out against the light got a bullet through it.

"No thank you, I am not going there," and Jingo ordered the lads to pound with the butts of their rifles in different parts of the room to mislead the occupants below as to where a fresh hole would be made.

The floor was tiled. Taking a "mugdah," a large club used by Pulwans (native athletes), he dashed it through the floor and held it in its place, plugging the hole. The fuze was lighted, the mugdah was withdrawn an instant to let the shell drop, and the hole was replugged by the Lieutenant. An explosion followed and a burst of half a dozen Sepahis out of the doorway into the square, who were shot like bolting rabbits as they ran by the Infantry below. And so on for a few more rooms until the occupants took the hint and cleared out of their own accord, leaving as legacy a huge dépôt of gunpowder, of which more anon. There were no more men shot through the head, though a gunner got his hand blown off by the premature explosion of a shell.

The other squares of the Palace had also been entered and the same wild scenes prevailed everywhere—an orgie of blood and plunder, varied by grotesque comedy.

The national characteristics of the three warlike races of our islands were curiously contrasted—the Englishman, stolidly smashing inoffensive jars of rosewater while he left untouched jewel-spangled garments, because the stones were unpolished and uncut—the Irish soldier admiring himself in a mirror until it was smashed by a bullet—and the Scot, with the front of his kilt held in his teeth regardless of appearances, was with both hands pulling high up on to his thighs, pair after pair of harem ladies' pyjamas of satin, silk, or embroidered muslin, securing all with a Cashmere scarf. Dropping the garb of old Gaul over the garments of the harem, he gave himself a shake, and arranging his sporran, remarked:

"Now, sir, mebbe I'll pass muster, they'll jest think I'm as a gude wife aften finds hersell," and he swaggered off past the long pictured walls where the loves of the gods

and heroes with the daughters of men were depicted, the women of which, mostly drawn in profile, Egyptian fashion, seemed to look at him from the corner of one of their eyes, but they did not disturb his equanimity as the painted presentment of beautiful women on the tombs of Thebes did the poor young monk, Philammon of Alexandria.

But what is this the practical Scot has spurned? A little white satin slipper, torn music leaves—"The heart bowed down," a guitar with broken strings, little odds and ends of a European lady's dress! They may have belonged to some poor captive or some willing slave! Tales are told of such inmates of the Oudh harems.

But there was little time to mark the coloured kaleidoscope of events for one who had to turn in it. There was another job for Jingo. The shells thrown into the building had set fire to the Kaiser Bagh. Colonel Napier\* directing the attack, ordered him to empty into a well a quantity of powder stored in a corner of the burning building. On reaching the spot he found to his consternation a large room, round whose walls were ranged Ali Baba's jars containing, not forty thieves, but gunpowder! He could have wished for the girl with the boiling oil, or better still with water! But the well was deep and there was nothing to draw with. It was also in the square and therefore exposed to the enemy's fire. Colonel Napier was not far off; Jingo went to him and pointed out the impossibility of emptying the store of powder before it must be reached by the flames. He suggested further "that the troops should be withdrawn from the neighbourhood and the magazine allowed to blow up, if the enemy should be so unwise as to attempt recovery of the lost ground before that event, so much the better."

But Napier looked at him, coldly, and said:

"When I want your advice I shall ask for it."

"Then give me a strong working party, sir. I have not enough men."

"Go to the officer commanding the 97th, and get what men you want."

Jingo asked for help from his half-dozen gunners, who all volunteered. He took the first who had stepped out, a smart, young, intelligent Bombardier—Shoeing-Smith Lever.

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\* The late Lord Napier of Magdala.

What need of more victims from among those he knew, those who had stood by him through so much? It was wrong, but he preferred to take strangers to die with him and went to the Infantry officer to ask for a sergeant and twenty of his men.

Poor fellows! They tackled the job bravely. Two men could barely lift and carry between them a jar of powder and drop it down the well, and not half the heavy task was done, when the Sergeant reported that there was another room nearer the fire containing more powder than the one they were emptying. The Lieutenant called to his Bombardier and went in the direction indicated. They had gone through two or three rooms and Jingo was in the act of passing an open doorway leading into the square, perhaps halfway between the two magazines, when he was blown out through it. As he lay on the ground, a vast column of yellow dust, beams and stones, followed by a dense cloud of black smoke, rose in the darkened air, then a rain of *debris* of which nothing touched him. He was unhurt, but dazed. He thought of the Bombardier who had been following him and he went to the open doorway, for that part of the wall was still standing. He could see nothing for the volumes of smoke, but shouted the Bombardier's name, to which came a faint answer from within. The poor fellow appeared at a window clutching the iron bars, his clothing in flames. The Lieutenant went close up and told him to turn to his left and make for the open doorway. But he must have been bewildered and so took the wrong direction, for he never came out until he was brought forth in a doolie. Jingo entered the ruins but could not find him. The doolie-bearers were on the spot immediately, and Jingo had a horrid vision of poor, charred, wounded men, groaning as they were put into the doolies.

How he got or was taken to the doctor's tent he never knew. His first recollection was of a long drink of delicious, foaming beer, such as he never tasted before or since. It was a draught of Lethe and he dropped on to the tent floor. When he opened his eyes the sun was shining through the tent door chick, making thin strips of light and shade upon the blue and white striped setringee. He shouted—

“Qui hi!” the equivalent for “Qui vive.”

A strange bearer came.

"What's the matter, Ram Sammy?"

"The sahib was drunk in the doctor's tent, and I put him to bed."

There was no missile near, for his boots had been removed.

"What time is it?"

The man went to the tent door and looked up at the sun.

"Mid-day, sahib."

"Where are the Colonel and the Adjutant?"

"Gone across the river—Burra fugger, sahib!" (very early).

Their common canvas dwelling was gone.

"Folded their tents like Arabs, and silently stole away," thought Jingo. So he rose and found himself none the worse, except that eyelashes, eyebrows, moustache, and beard were singed. After a mussock bath and breakfast, he mounted his new purchase and rode over the pontoon bridge. In reporting himself to Colonel Riddell, commanding the siege train on that side of the river, his explanation was cut short by the bouleversement of his auditor. The Colonel's horse suddenly veered round and fell dead with a bullet through its head. They were at the time in a low mortar battery with a parapet only about two feet high, for the sappers had not finished it. It was commanded by musketry from under the golden domes of the Chuttermunzil Palace, just across the river. In the stream had been moored a miniature pleasure frigate, representing a British man-of-war of the old type. She had been sunk by the batteries, but her bulwarks, poop, and masts appeared above water, and by the bank lay another huge fish boat, like that found in the Kaiser Bagh, only *its* scales were not of solid silver or it would not have remained to add its mournful testimony to the bizarre spectacle everywhere presented by the devastated relics of this incongruous Court, ruled by women and eunuchs, making futile war while their king was a prisoner in Calcutta. The bodies of slain soldiery tenanted the rooms and corridors of his pillaged palaces—they were everywhere in the streets and narrow lanes of the city, festering in the sun, distended corpses floating down the poisoned river; slaughter was avenged by pestilence on the army of occupation long after the rage of battle had past. But the end was not yet.





The Commander-in-Chief would not permit the Force on the north side to enter the city by the bridges which were held by the Bengal European Fusiliers and Captain Gibbons' Horse Battery. The latter had had many casualties during this sort of perpetual picket duty. There was not much to be done, therefore, on that side and the Lieutenant was told to return to his duties on the other. Indeed, there seemed to be no use for Jingo except to be blown up, metaphorically and literally. Some comment was made upon his prolonged sleep. To be everybody's servant and nobody's child was too much, so he wrote out a resignation of his Staff appointment and asked to join a service battery.

On his way back, he bethought him of his poor Bombardier and rode to the Dilkusha Palace, then turned into a hospital. Round the lofty rooms were ranged the wounded. No neat skillful sisters glided round the charpoys of the suffering soldiers, but here and there crouched a half naked native, fanning away the flies in such a perfunctory fashion that they crawled undisturbed over many a poor fellow's face and eyes, whose hands were too feeble to brush them away. Among these was the Bombardier, an unrecognisable mass of cotton wool and crawling flies. He knew the voice of the Lieutenant, who bent over him to catch the weak muffled response, and he put his arms about his officer. Ranks are not in the army of martyrs.

"Tell my mother I died like a soldier."

"No, not yet, you must live to see her."

Tears were not in Jingo's line, but he turned away his face from the hospital orderly as he walked out and went off to write the following letter :—

"Camp Badshabagh,

"18th March, 1858.

"To Lieut.-Colonel Maberly,  
Late Commanding Royal Artillery of Siege Train, Lucknow

"Sir,—I have the honour to bring to your notice the steadiness displayed by Shoeing-Smith Lever, of Captain Le Mesurier's Company, 3rd Company, 14th Battalion, Royal Artillery.

"On the 16th of March, 1858, he was mainly instrumental in emptying into a well a quantity of captured powder in a room of the Kaiser Bagh while the building was on fire at no great distance from him.

"A second room was then reported to contain a large quantity of ammunition. To this he was proceeding when an explosion took place, which has, I believe, rendered him helpless for life, if he recover at all.

"I beg to request that the circumstance be reported to the Brigadier Commanding, in the hope that some consideration of his conduct may affect the amount of pension awarded, or that a situation, if he is ever fit to fill one, may be requested for him, or at least a record of his service kept.

(Signed) "T. J——,  
Lieut. Royal Artillery, and  
Quartermaster Artillery Division."

"Forwarded to the Adjutant-General of Royal Artillery, for record in the office of the battalion to which Shoeing-Smith Lever belonged.

"I regret to say that the man has since died of the injuries received.

(Signed) "J. E. DUPUIS.  
Major-General Commanding."

The day following, Jingo was again sent to the advance in command of a detachment, and then on *special* duty by the Engineer Officer directing operations. Colonel Napier, who had selected him for the previous job, now ordered him to take his men and empty—another powder magazine into a tank along the front of the building! The powder this time was in the vaults under one of the kiosk buildings in the great square before described.

Descending some steps he stood at the entrance of a vault. The massive door opened easily. There was blank darkness inside, except for a gleam of light from a window at the end of a long passage, apparently composed of huge sacks of gunpowder, standing about six feet high and two feet in diameter, resembling Kentish hop-pockets in size and shape.

The whole vault, about fifty feet square, was probably filled with sacks sufficient to shake half the city to its foundations, but that it was isolated in the centre of the great square.

"This time," thought Jingo, "my hour has come. I shall not survive this job. The enemy mean to blow it up as soon as it is full of men. I don't want company."

Ordering his men to remain outside, he took off his trailing steel scabbard, and holding one of the gunner's sword bayonets between his teeth so as to leave his hands free to grope, he entered with extended arms, feeling the huge sacks on each side. He found one open near the door and he brought out a handful of its contents to examine. It was coarse grain cannon powder of native manufacture!

Expecting every moment to encounter some desperate fanatic willing to destroy himself so long as he sent to perdition a goodly number of the hated infidel, he reached at last the little window, on the sill of which was a tinder box such as natives use. Was the owner near? Looking out of the window, he noted a long line of newly disturbed earth leading to the buildings on the opposite side of the vacant square, where an enemy might well lurk, ready to set a match to what was evidently a powder hose.

Jingo made his way quickly back, with an eager desire just to get that Sapper Colonel into the vault too. He would make no suggestion, remembering the reception of his last in that line. Putting a sentry on the door he went for the Colonel. Saluting, he said:

"Sir, I have a little difficulty as to the best way of carrying out your instructions, would you mind giving me the benefit of your advice?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel, entering boldly. But he drew back.

"Will you kindly follow me to the little window, there is something I think you ought to see."

He looked at the tinder box and the disturbed line of earth and said:

"This job is impossible for you. You can take your men away. I will have a trench dug and flood the vault from the tank."

"Just so!" thought Jingo. "Make a suggestion to a sapper!" And he went off with a light heart and a festive step.

A trench was dug and the magazine flooded. Major Barry, R. A., and a number of others were severely injured by an explosion in another part of the Kaiser Bagh.

The Residency had been carried by the Infantry with but

little opposition on the previous day, March 16th, after bombardment. So destructive had been the continuous artillery fire that it seemed to have paralysed resistance everywhere. The sight of the battered gate of the Residency, riddled with round-shot and barely hanging on its hinges, the shallow ditch and crumbling parapet, over which in many places an English boy could have ridden his pony, the building inside, so pitted with bullet marks that you could scarcely put your hand upon the wall without covering one, and which was held for half a year in the heart of an insurgent city by a handful of Englishmen against an army of 30,000 men, is a page of history without parallel, an unlettered monument to the dogged tenacity of our race. The crumbling ruins are tidied over. No boastful column rears a record, but the graveyard speaks—the gray slab, “Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.”\* The little mounds over the nameless dead that we call “common soldiers,” or “rank and file” in official phraseology, are mutely eloquent, and they seem to say, like the Spartan monument at Thermopylæ:

“Go, stranger, tell it in Lacedemon that we lie here, obedient to her sacred laws.”

Meanwhile, the mortars and howitzers had been advanced to the front of the great Imaum Bara. Not far from the post was a handsome private house with a mirador tower. Jingo noted that all the jalousies on the side towards the battery were closed, those on the mirador side, looking over the quarter of the city still occupied by the enemy under the Moulvie, were open, though the afternoon sun blazed upon them. It struck him that the house was used as a signal station.

There came a lull in the firing during the noontide heat. The stillness which reigned after the incessant turmoil of the last few days was a relief to the tired gunners, and they lay down to rest in any available nook of shadow from the glare. Leaving a junior sub in command, the Lieutenant started to explore and walked quietly round the house. His suspicions were not allayed. Without announcing his presence by trying the door, he rushed at it with his shoulder forward, some fastening gave way, and he was launched, an uninvited guest, into a bevy of terrified

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\* The inscription was dictated by himself.





women, who were occupying a large lofty room almost devoid of furniture. There were no decorations or signs of that sort of pretty litter which indicates the abode of a woman, from the squaw to the Parisian Cocotte. These things the soldier took in at a glance—also that the women were old and ugly except one. The old ladies fled. He made no effort to intercept and watched them scuttling away, their thin bandy legs encased in trousers, tight below the knees and wrinkled at the ankles, giving the appearance of a horsey man's nethers. They had pulled up their chuddahs to run the faster and he saw with indifference the last pair of brown heels vanish, as a heavy cotton quilted striped purdah fell and closed the horseshoe arch through which they had shuffled with that peculiar noise and gait necessitated by the heel-less Oriental slipper dragged along on the toe.

But—in the centre of the room stood—She!

A dusky beauty, whose brown tints contrasted with the white of her gauzy garments, whose little hands were together in the native attitude of submission, and whose head was bent.

“Ap ka golam hi!” she murmured.

“More like to be the other way,” thought the surprised soldier. “Is she also an Arabian Nights’ Entertainment—this statuette in bronze and marble, that would be the despair of a sculptor?”

He approached. She started at the clank of his steel scabbard on the marble floor. There was a quick glance from her dark eyes, like that of a frightened wild thing caught in a trap. She half turned to fly, then faced him, and stretched out her arms. The movement made a tinkle of silver bangles on her wrists and ankles.

“Take them,” she said, making a motion to draw off her bracelets; “but do not harm me, sahib!” and she looked at him imploringly with her brown velvety eyes.

Jingo was being mesmerised; he hardly knew what he was doing. With a vague idea of staying this dainty vision, he lifted her gently in his arms, where she unresistingly lay, her head drooping on his shoulder, as he whispered in her ear:

“Oh, foolish one! The sahib logue do not make war upon women,” and her arms folded softly and confidingly round his neck. He carried her across the room to a

charpoy where she seated herself cross-legged, her shapely brown limbs shining through her divided skirt of gauzy muslin and her eyes downcast like a contemplative she Buddha—if there be such a being! She, however, was a Musselmani.

"Glad there are no Sikhs to loot this little captive as they did the Sepahi," thought Jingo. "Wonder if she is doing Delilah while her women go for help, and the Philistines be upon thee, Jingo?" He assumed an air that tried to be judicial but was not judicious, for the judge sat beside the prisoner and took her hand. "Where are your women gone?" He had learnt Hindostani colloquially in a fashion by study and practice, and passed as an interpreter when the fighting was over. "I must search this house." He rose slowly as if to execute his threat.

She sprang up and put herself between him and the purdah doorway.

"Don't follow my women," she said, "it will surely cost you your life and perhaps mine. I may persuade my women not to tell if you will only go away at once. Oh, go away!" she implored, with despairing gestures, "my man may come back at any moment and they will kill you and me too."

"Lie words!" said Jingo, slowly, "your man won't come back, he is a cowardly hound to have left you here to watch us and give information, or to hide some valuable treasure they had not time to take away," and he watched her face to see the effect of his random shot.

In spite of her evident consternation, a quietly comic smile lit up her thoroughbred Caucasian face. "Yes," she answered, "he is a coward, and you are big and brave as Roostum! He will not come back so near the Ghora logue, you have advanced quickly, but there is no treasure here but me, and you see how he values me!" showing her white teeth in a silent little laugh, for natives seldom laugh outright, at least the men do not and the women only occasionally. "But your Ghora logue will come to look for you and I shall be undone! If you will only go away, I can get off at dusk and I will tell no one, and I can bribe my women."

"No Ghora logue shall harm you while I am here, but I will go back now lest they should come to look for me."

“Oh, don't leave me !” with a sudden change to softness in her tone, “I am afraid now to be left alone ! See you are a sahib,” she added, taking his hand and turning his signet ring, “you can protect me, don't leave me, take me with you !” throwing her arms round him. “I will follow you everywhere”—she almost used the words of Ruth—“I will be the sahib's servant ! Mera dhil tera samni pawnee hoga !” (my heart has become water before thee). She murmured a distich from a Hindustani love song, looking up in his face and clinging to him.

“If thy bright eyes the Brigand should see,  
The conqueror, thou, the captive is he !”

repeated Jingo. “My pretty captive has turned the tables,” and a foolish thought ran through his brain. He had sent in his resignation, he might remain—be left in garrison—in Lucknow ! But the Colonel ! Fancy his face if this pretty piece of loot were brought to camp ! How take her to the picket ? Impossible ! Besides—his duty ! Her women could not have left the building in daylight, they would come back to her, and she could get away. It would soon be dark.

He tried to explain the impossibility, but she would not let him go until he had promised to come back and look for her—some day. She could not remain where she was, she would go, but not far—the fighting would be over in a few days, she would look out for him always and make a signal. Her husband would be afraid to return to the city and she hoped never to see him again. She had money for present needs, and poor Jingo felt bewildered over the fatal facility of female resource and the weakness of man's rash promise.

How to account for his long absence ? For a woman he could lie like a man of honour.

But the story of another woman was the subject of sympathetic interest in camp. A Bengal Artillery officer attached to the Ghorka Brigade, got information that Miss ———, the sister of a civil officer who had been cruelly murdered during the first outbreak in Lucknow, was still a prisoner in the city. The rebels had separated her from her brother and had shot him under the walls of her prison where she had heard the death shots. But a native, an

old man of rank and influence, though he could not save her brother, rescued her from death or worse. Disguised as a native woman, she was handed over to the care of his mother until opportunity could be found of returning her to her friends, for the old Talookdar was wise enough to foresee that the British Raj would reassert itself. He had been forced to join the rebels, to flee the city with them, but he sent intimation of the whereabouts of his prisoner. Captain N—— took a party of Ghoorkas to rescue her from the house, which had been set fire to in the assault. Forcing his way in, a native lady rushed to meet him, but the gallant Scot had no use for such an article. Explanations were short. He took her in his arms and carried her off in safety. He had never seen her before, but the lady found lover and husband in the brave gunner who had been her preserver and she was able to save the life and estates of her native protector, whose rebellion was condoned.

Yet a third woman appeared upon the scene. Three limp officers rode out of the city in the still sultry evening of a baking day "to eat the air" as the natives say, or what there was of it. Returning they met a radiant vision, a golden-haired girl on a golden chestnut filly. The rose bloom of England had not yet left her cheek. Hat, habit, and mount, she might have dropped out of the Row, but for the handsome white clothed syce who strode beside her flourishing a white yak's-tail chowrie with something of the air of guarding a princess.

The three officers reined up and made room for her to pass. Three helmets were doffed—a surprised smile played about the eyes and lips of the lady as she bowed slightly; she was not yet accustomed to the woman worship of Anglo-Indian chivalry as it then was. She was the young wife of a wounded officer just come out to nurse him.

"Who's your friend?" said No. 1."

"Don't know," said No. 2; "Nor I either," said No. 3. "Wonder who she belongs to, wish it was me."

## CHAPTER XIX.

**GUNNERS AND HIGHLANDERS ROUTED—A SKIED GUN—"X AND Y"—A GIFT HORSE—FROM TENT TO PALACE—UNWELCOME NEIGHBOURS—POOR APPETITE—"SAW AWAY, DOCTOR!"—HOT WEATHER CAMPAIGN—VARIOLA—"LIGHTLY WON AND LIGHTLY LOST!"—SURPRISES OF SORTS.**

The day following the capture of the "Muchee Bawn," two heavy guns under Lieutenant Warren were pushed forward to occupy the high terrace forming the basement of the "Jumma Musjid." Warren was supported by a company of Highlanders. The enemy advanced through the narrow lanes and opened fire upon the party. The guns responded by sending a shell occasionally into those houses where the enemy shewed themselves in any numbers. But the gunners and the gallant Highlanders were routed by an unforeseen and irresistible enemy. The reverberation of firing brought down a swarm of hornets from their nest in an archway under which the gun was firing. The maddened gunners rammed in a shell without a cartridge. There was a miss fire, of course, and powder was hastily poured into the vent from a powder horn and the gun fired with just enough powder to light the fuze and drop the shell in front of the muzzle where it fizzed and everyone threw themselves flat. Fortunately, it burst upwards without hurting anybody, but it brought down a fresh contingent of hornets. The tortured Highlanders crouched on the ground striving to cover their bare knees with their kilts to prevent attacks higher, but at last they broke and fled, followed by the gunners.

By this time the Sepahis had been driven from post to post and the Oudh levies of the Moulvie from the city, whose inhabitants had also fled by the roads left open for them by the Commander-in-Chief. The place was tenanted only by the dogs, the dead, and the marauding camp-followers. Jingo longed for one thing only—sleep! A square sleep

between cool white sheets ! He began to take the first instalment in a siesta after returning from the front, but he was disturbed by a conversation in the tent he shared with his chum, the Adjutant. He heard a chuckle and the words—

“Hi, Jingo ! You're the man ! A stupid old sub of the old sort, none of your cursed competition wallahs ! That is what the Brigadier writes in his chit. So look alive, old man, he wants you at once at the great Imaum Bara. He has got a gold medallist University B.A. man up there, trying to mount a gun on the top of the highest building in Lucknow, and he wants him relieved before he kills himself and the whole gun detachment.”

The selection might be considered complimentary or otherwise, but there was the order, so Jingo shouted, “Qui hi !” ordered the nutmeg roan, and, followed by his syce, was soon on his way through the deserted streets of the city.

“What in the name of Allah, do they want a gun for on the top of the great Imaum Bara ! It could not be depressed sufficiently to hit anybody !” reasoned Jingo.

It afterwards transpired that the Commander-in-Chief desired a gun so skied, to overawe the enemy still in the suburbs.

“You might as well spit at them, sir !” the blunt Brigadier Barker Commanding the Artillery had said.

“Always making objections, those dom gunners from Woolwich !” retorted the obstinate old Highlander.

“Not at all, Sir Colin, the gun shall go up !”

And it did, and the officer selected for the duty was an eminent scientist. But when the Brigadier saw his arrangement, he was struck with consternation and dispatched the order above quoted.

When Jingo by many flights of steps, reached the flat roof that was to form the platform for the gun, he found his scientific little friend just beginning to take the weight of it by means of an extemporised derrick, blocks, and tackle. The whole detachment was below steadying the gun which had to be raised about 150 feet, and—horror of horrors !

“Hold on, old fellow ! Just let us have a look round together,” Jingo said, wishing to break gently to him that he had come to supersede him.

"Oh, it's all right!" pulling out his note book. "Let  $X$  = the lever,  $Y$  = the counter lever,  $W$  = the weight,  $w$  = the counter weight——"

"And how much the unknown quantity—the rottenness of the bags in which you have put the shot for counter-weight?"

The shot, piled in gunny bags to counterbalance the gun, etc., were already forcing themselves through the straining sacking. The senior Lieutenant was compelled to give the order to stop.

It was a vast flat-roofed building. There must be a drain for the heavy tropical rains to run off. In a corner of the roof, close to the position selected for the gun was an iron grating about two feet square. Jingo had it removed and a drain was disclosed from top to bottom of the building, just sufficient to admit the gun perpendicularly. The gunners below were ordered to break a hole in the base of the wall into the drain, the gun was dismounted on its muzzle, slung perpendicularly by its trunnions, and hauled up by tackle through the drain to the roof. And the "stupid old sub" sent in his report to the Brigadier that the order had been carried out.

Active operations were over. The siege train was broken up and our Lieutenant was transferred to a service battery of elephant guns, commanded by Captain Goodenough, an old cadet comrade. Jingo parted with regret from his old chief, Colonel Maberly, for whom he had a sincere regard, as well as for his tent chum, the Adjutant, Lieutenant Smart. The health of the former had suffered from the fatigues of a campaign in which he had never spared himself and he returned shortly after to England. A kind farewell letter came to Jingo to thank him for his services and a P.S. told him that £—— had been put to his credit in a Calcutta bank to buy himself a horse, "for," said the Colonel, "you wore one out in my service." The money was not drawn by the Lieutenant, but the thoughtful kindness was never forgotten.

Jingo's new battery (the Pompadours, from the colour of their turbans), commanded by Captain Goodenough, who shortly afterwards lost the fingers of his right hand in a skirmish \* was quartered in the Kaiser Bagh. From tent

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\* Major-General Goodenough, C.B.

to palace might have been considered an acceptable change, but for the other occupants, who made their unwelcome presence known, not by sight nor sound, but by odours which tainted the perfume of the devastated gardens, for the orange blossoms had begun to open in spite of war and destruction. Where were the dainty ladies who so lately filled the courts, wandered in the gardens, and enjoyed the luxurious marble huminaums ? The bodies of some of their defenders lay in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners, some under piles of torn curtains, under which they had crept to die or been secreted by the comrades who had not had time to carry them off, others filled shallow graves among the half-ruined gardens, and one had found an airy resting place, whence his body, festering in the sun, poisoned every passing air.

To dream that she "dwelt in marble halls," may have been agreeable to the Bohemian girl of the poet Bunn's creation, but the reality Jingo found most unpleasant. There were marble pillars and pavements, and walls inlaid in flowery mosaics of cornelian, jasper, and onyx, like bits of the beautiful Taj, but the pestilential odour was everywhere, and worst of all about the apartments he had selected to live in. Night or day there was no respite. A Peri who lives only on perfume would have had a bad time, and he, poor mortal, felt himself sickening. He was uncomfortable, moreover, about the fate of the little lady he had left in the deserted house and his promise haunted him. He had not been able to get away to search for her. Many officers and men were down with fever, daily there was some duty. The hot weather had set in. Jingo thought he would sleep on the roof, perhaps there he would escape the vengeful odour of death that was so unendurable. So he got a ladder and mounted, but he nearly fell off backwards, for there, prone, lay the sun-bloated body of a huge fat Ethiopian eunuch, who had been shot through the head, and had dropped close to the balustrade which overlooked the street, probably while firing from the roof during the fighting. Jingo fled from him more quickly than he might have done when living, and sent the sweepers to remove him.

The pestilential odour abated, but he still felt constant nausea, especially after eating, and his food had a hateful flavour. Was he being slowly poisoned by some vengeful native ? He would eat nothing but eggs. Great Jove ! the same odious taste. The salt ! Ah ! He sent for his kitmugar.

"Where did you get the salt?"

"I found it here in the palace, sahib." And he produced a ghurra.

It was powdered alum!

An officer's mess had been established in one of the kiosks in the square of the Kaiser Bagh. One sultry evening, when the air did not circulate even through the open archways as did the innumerable winged insects fluttering round the lamps, an orderly from the hospital came to say, with the doctor's compliments, that Lieutenant Jingo was wanted. Gunner McCausland, the soldier servant who had replaced Montgomerie, had been wounded some time previously—the bullet had shattered the elbow, necessitating amputation, which the doctor had delayed, hoping to save the arm. But why *he* "was wanted" puzzled our sub, who rose to go in no good humour. He was waiting for dinner—always a bad quarter of an hour with an Englishman—and his appetite had returned with the disuse of alum for salt.

Making a short cut through the few shrubs that remained of a garden, he fell over something and embraced Mother Earth. A swarm of flies buzzed about him, and a terrible smell assailed his nostrils. He had stumbled over the foot of a Sepahi, which stuck out from a shallow grave. He felt inclined to damn everything above an inch high, which would have included the Sepahi's toe.

"I knew you would humour the poor fellow," said the doctor. "He wants you to see him grin and bear it, I suspect. He refused to have it off until you came."

"Thank you for comin' sur. Just let me hould yer hand wid the only wan they'll be afther lavin' me. Now docthur, ye may saw away." And he grinned and bore it.

This sort of feeling was not unnatural nor uncommon between the old long-service soldier and his officers. His Captain (Goodenough) got him a situation as time-keeper in Woolwich Arsenal, and he had a small pension.

The elephant battery was now under orders to take the field. The escaped Sepahis of the Lucknow garrison had overrun Oudh and swelled the forces of the discontented Talookdars, who, with their warlike retainers, still held their village forts, and plundered the wretched ryots to provide supplies.

A hot weather campaign had commenced. The garrison

of the captured and now pestiferous city rejoiced, for they were already tired of inactivity from which they suffered, it being too violent a reaction after the exertions of the siege, and they preferred the greater fatigues and the intense heat of marching and fighting to the dull monotony which had begun to fill the hospitals.

Jingo bethought him of his promise to the dusky beauty, and he made his way through the thinly-peopled streets, for the citizens were slow in coming back to their houses and trusting the amnesty proclaimed.

The house with the mirador tower was unoccupied, and its empty halls gave back a melancholy echo to his footfall. Jingo began to reproach himself for having left his promise so long unfulfilled, and he lingered, wandering from room to room, thinking he might find some trace of the missing "She."

His footstep had a double echo surely! He turned and confronted an old woman whom he thought he recognised as one of her attendants. The crone looked back and made a sign to follow. Through narrow lanes and crooked passages between high walls he was led to a little room in a corner of a large empty court, with rooms looking into it, and unlighted by windows on the street.

And here he found his charmer. She had not been molested in her new and unpretentious dwelling, but she reproached him with long tarrying.

"My women are tired of watching for you, but I told them the sahib logue do not lie," she said, with a smile.

He must tell her that soon—on the morrow—he might march. Meanwhile her magnetism asserted itself, and he found it hard to tell her. But she only said when the news was broken, putting her arms about him:

"You will take me, I still have money and a palkee. I will only take my ayah."

It was difficult to make her understand the impossibility. His absence might not be for long, but who and what might not come between!

At last he tore himself away and was a little surprised and perhaps piqued at the Oriental calmness with which she accepted "Kismet."

When he got back to quarters he found the battery was to march the following day. He felt dull and heavy, and his head ached; he had been walking in the sun, but he would be

all right next day, he thought. He passed a feverish night, and at daybreak when they paraded, he felt no better, but would not report sick as it was pretty certain there would be fighting.

But the doctor stared hard. "Hullo! What's the matter with you? All over rash?"

"Prickly heat," said Jingo, sententiously, doing his own diagnosis. "Unpleasant, but not dangerous."

"Dessay!" said the doctor.

And the Lieutenant who loved, rode away. It has been so before and since—and will be so again.

It was a fearful day. The hot wind, like the breath of a furnace, blew the clouds of dust raised by the marching column into swirls, which whisked away across the baked plain. The patient elephants plodded along with noiseless footstep, their mahouts' heads swathed in huge turban folds.

The very gun wheels seemed muffled on the sandy track. The Infantry were in advance raising clouds which hid the sun, though his angry red rays penetrated the dun obscurity. How did the foot-soldiers breathe, let alone march, in that perambulatory hell?

There came a short halt, but to Jingo everything seemed to swim round instead of stopping. In the effort to dismount he fell from his horse.

"Variola maligna!" was the doctor's verdict.

"Malignant small-pox," was the Captain's translation.

"Poor fellow! We must send him back to hospital at once."

They thought he was unconscious, but he heard and asked for a drink.

A little cold tea moistened his parched lips. Fortunately the column was not far from the city, so he was packed in a doolie, his sword laid beside him and his charger led behind by his syce. The motion of the doolie, and the measured guttural rhythm "hung! hung!" of the bearers as they shuffled along at their peculiar run, not keeping step, yet which makes the motion easier than would be supposed, sent him to sleep.

There was a hiatus of a day in his recollections, but the illness was not severe, for he had an iron constitution, and in a short time he was convalescent and able to write to his mother asking her to tell the girl cousins that his beauty was not spoilt.

Captain Peel of the Naval Brigade at this time closed a

brilliant career, a victim to the fell disease, and many another followed.

As soon as Jingo was able to get about he went to look for "She," as he had a second time rashly promised to do. But they never met, and he heard afterwards that the lady, who evidently preferred the Sahib logue to her own people, had been consoled and found a protector in an officer with less arduous duties. "Lightly won, lightly lost." The Lieutenant recovered quickly. He had taken both complaints lightly and his cure was aided by hearing, to his satisfaction, that his resignation had not been approved of at headquarters.

He now found himself appointed Staff Officer to an Artillery Division in the field, which necessitated buying another horse. General Sir Hope Grant commanded the Oudh Field Force, a flying column in perpetual pursuit of various insurgent chiefs still in command of considerable contingents of Sepahis and Oudh fighting men.

The arch miscreant, Nana Sahib, had not been captured yet; according to common rumour, a common liar, he was here, there, and everywhere. But the Sepahis had no heart to fight and as they carried no commissariat, but lived on the country, they were hard to overtake and our poor fellows suffered mainly from sunstroke, not from the enemy's fire.

On one occasion camp had been pitched at noon to deceive the enemy, and almost within touch of their outposts. After the men's dinner of tough bull beef washed down with a tot of ration rum, the order was given to strike tents and march. A peremptory order had come from Sir Colin for the force to return forthwith to Lucknow, as an emeute of Mahommetans was expected at the festival of the "Buckra ka eed." The garrison of Lucknow considered themselves capable of eating the Mahommetans, as well as their sacrificial goat, but the field force was ordered to return for the ceremony. A blow must be struck before returning. It would be impossible to leave an enemy to fall upon the helpless train that follows in the rear even of a *flying* column in India.

The attack was delivered as usual and it was pursuit from start to finish. It was startling to see men dropping, though the force was under scarcely appreciable fire. It was sunstroke on bull beef and ration rum! The graves were filled

in that fight without sword or bullet. Before night the force changed front, so as to start at dawn on the return march.

The camp-followers were between the troops and the position lately occupied by the enemy. Whether some of the latter returned or not under cover of the darkness, was never found out, but shots were heard, panic seized the poor camp-followers, and helter-skelter they charged into the lines, squadrons of grass-cutters, tattoos, doolie-bearers, camels, and their drivers, tumbling over tent-ropes in the dire confusion. Officers and men rushed from their tents only to be knocked down and perhaps trodden upon by the spongy foot of a camel. In despair, after being so treated two or three times, an officer, short in temper and stature, drew his revolver and shot the next charging maniac that appeared. None knew friend from foe and firing became promiscuous. The wise ones lay flat on the ground and wished for day, which when it came disclosed many strange and some sad sights. The short-tempered officer had shot his camel-driver. An officer who, suffering from the sun, had lain down with a damp towel wound round his head turban fashion which, with a black beard and flowing pyjamas, gave him an Oriental aspect, was promptly felled by the clubbed rifle of an infantry soldier, while a stout Colonel and his equally stout Sergeant-Major discovered that they had passed a considerable time in a panting skirmish round a tree, which they nearly cut down in their vicious swipes at each other.

Another alternative for effecting a surprise was to march all night so as to reach the enemy's posts before day, when a short but refreshing snooze could be indulged in before attacking. But it had the drawback that they occasionally found themselves by daylight in about the same place as they had started from, the march having by an intelligent guide been conducted in a circle. As might be concluded, it was bad for that guide unless he had made his escape before the dénouement.

Years after, looking into that blazing scroll of fame—the "Army List"—record of officers' services—Jingo, trying to remind himself of the incidents of his services, would find after his name the record of an engagement in Oriental orthographics, the how and when of which he had not the faintest recollection. Pompey and Cæsar were so very much alike, especially Pompey.

## CHAPTER XX.

AMALGAMATED ARTILLERIES—NIGHTMARE—NAWABGUNGE—SWORDS—THE  
FEEDERS OF RAVENS—TRUCULENT FAKIRS—A SURPRISE PARTY—  
AQUATIC EQUITATION.

“ He saw the lean dogs beneath the wall,  
Hold o'er the dead their Carnival,  
Gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb;  
They were too busy to bark at him.  
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,  
As ye peel a fig when its fruit is fresh,  
And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull,  
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,  
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,  
Till they scarcely could rise from the spot where they fed;  
So well had they broken a lingering fast  
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.  
And Alp knew by the turbans that rolled on the sand,  
The foremost of these were the best of the band:  
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,  
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,  
And all the rest was shaven and bare.  
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,  
The hair was tangled round his jaw.”

The troops and batteries of the Artillery division changed from sometimes Royal to sometimes Bengal or Madras, and the Commanding Officer was also a variable co-efficient,\* but the Staff Officer seemed a fixture.

“ Men might come and men might go,  
But he went on for ever.”

No matter how composed or commanded the division might be, Jingo, though a Royal, met with kindness from all.

It speaks well for the gunners of that time that when

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\* Colonel Carlton, of the Bengal Artillery, commanded at this time.

eventually amalgamated, the esprit and the glories of all mingled harmoniously, as to-day, in "Ubique!" With such a man as Lord Roberts to lead, it is not, perhaps, surprising.

It was now the merry month of June, and after one of those scampering little skirmishes and long pursuits fourteen sunstruck Hussars lay dead under one tree.

On the sultry night of that 12th the column was not far from the town of Nawabgunge, which the enemy held in force. A halt had been called to wait for daylight. Jingo had a happy knack of snatching a sleep anyhow; perhaps the arrears of waking during the siege of Lucknow had to be made up. The gnarled root of a mango tree, softened by his turban, afforded a pillow. But that night fate and the Butcha were against a comfortable snooze. His syce had not come up and he had twisted the reins round his wrist. Butcha woke him with a premonitory jerk. There was no sound, yet a ghostly cavalcade in grey swept past between the advanced unlimbered guns, with no clank of steel or accoutrements. The very horses' feet seemed muffled by the loose sand and the gunners sleeping by the guns were not disturbed.

Jingo forgot which was front or rear. The spectral horsemen were natives—could the enemy be so bold? They turned out to be a squadron of our own Irregulars going out to reconnoitre, and who had been scarcely noticed by the sentries, so different was their silent advance from the clatter of European cavalry.

There was no grass upon the baked earth for the hungry Butcha to crop, and he slept as he stood. But his rider had a fearfully mixed nightmare. He was Hector being dragged by the chariot of Achilles. He was Mazeppa torn to pieces by wild horses. He was to be flattened by the foot of an elephant carrying the skeleton ribs of a Megatherion, and it towered above him with its load from the Paleolithic age. The dreams of centuries are but seconds. It was, after all, only a commissariat elephant coming up with its noiseless tread that always seems so stealthy for so huge a beast, and carrying the iron framework (like some unfleshed pre-historic monster) of camp ovens belonging to the wonderful never-failing Indian Commissariat. The Butcha, as startled as his master, nearly pulled Jingo's arm out of the socket. Ever after Jingo had a horror of sleeping

where an elephant might tread on him, and if he could, he would choose the root of a tree with low projecting branches, which precaution was, however, unnecessary, as elephants, as well as their mahouts, are careful.

Day was breaking and the dropping fire of outposts had commenced. The order for the Artillery might have been freely rendered as "Devil take the hindmost!" and yet it was the old story—an Infantry escort for Field Artillery that could gallop and was expected to do so. One battery was ordered to the right, another to the left, to sweep the enemy's line obliquely from both flanks. As they could not be in both places at once, the Staff went to the left with Captain Alured Johnson's "Q" Field Battery. Its commander, Major Gibbon, had been wounded in a previous affair and was left in hospital.

"Q" pushed through the enemy's irregular skirmish line and opened upon their main position. The battery was surrounded by low brush, but from a bush about one hundred and fifty yards in rear bullets whizzed at regular intervals in unpleasant proximity to Jingo and Jack Hallows, of the 87th Royal Irish, the latter being attached to the Artillery as interpreter. They were two extensive targets with nothing to do but look pleased. The Infantry escort had been left far behind.

"Better flush that fellow," said Jack.

Waiting until the next puff of smoke told that the man was unloaded, they both rode at the bush where the smoke still lingered, Jack firing his revolver as he advanced. The Oudh man rose from his lair, threw down his gun, and drew his tulwar. Jingo in passing delivered a regulation sword-exercise cut with his ponderous blade. Young Jingo was proud of his swordsmanship; he could cut through the thick part of a hanging leg of mutton, bone and all, and now he expected to see that unbeliever's head fly from his shoulders. Instead, the tulwar deftly turned the sword, while a round white spot of bare skull, the size of a rupee, showed that the poor fellow had lost his Houris handle.\* His turban, wound round his head, had left the top unprotected. Circling his horse, Jingo passed his sword through the poor devil's brown body just above the cummerbund. One of Jack Hallows' small

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\* The long tuft of hair left on the shaven scalp for Houris to lift their lovers into Paradise.

revolver bullets had struck the breastbone and another had penetrated the turban, without reaching the skull. It was hardly a fair scrimmage and could not well have been avoided, yet the pair felt disgusted. "Mais, a la guerre. comme a la guerre." That was a cruel war. There were atrocities to be avenged, English hearts were hardened, and Oudh men, who had a perfect right to defend their country, and were not responsible for the cruelties of a mutinous soldiery whose cause they had espoused, suffered with them.

The battery escort of the Rifle Brigade, *Celer et Audax*, now came up at the double and cleared the scrub. A tall Sepahi was retiring sullenly, reloading as he went. One of the foremost files of riflemen called out in Cockney vernacular :

"'Ere, you black b——, 'old on a bit !"

But the invitation met with no response from the Sepahi who did not even look over his shoulder at his diminutive assailant, who, making a supreme effort, overtook him and plunged his bayonet through the back of the retiring Sepahi with such force that both men fell together.

The Sepahi did not rise.

Coming back to the battery, the two officers noticed that Lieutenant Neil, (son of the gallant General who was killed at the relief of Lucknow), was leaning over his horse's neck.

"What's the matter ?" was the instant query.

"Don't know, feel very sick, suppose it is the sun."

He was put into a doolie, and his sword hung from the pole. There was no wound, nor any appearance of sunstroke, but on the belt-plate was a splash of lead.

On the right flank, the advance had to be made across an open glacis slope. The enemy's guns were posted on the crest, behind the mud wall of a mango tope. Embrasures had been pierced, and their horses and limbers were on a reverse slope and sheltered among the trees. Our guns in the open began to suffer and one was disabled by a round-shot.

Jingo had followed his Artillery Chief, and to him General Sir Hope Grant, seeing no one else available, gave the order :

"Go and tell Daly of 'Hodson's Horse' to charge those guns."

The messenger lost no time, and none was lost by Daly, who put himself at the head of his men, shouted, "Charge!" and dashed forward. He was followed—by his orderly. The native troopers were slowly making a jostling, jogging, right incline. Jingo called out to the gallant leader who, turning in his saddle, shouted reproaches, then curses in Hindustani and English. They would have followed Hodson anywhere, but the new sahib they did not know, though later they learned to trust him as confidently as their lost Hodson. There was no bolder leader among Anglo-Indian chivalry than Daly.

The General saw his messenger returning.

"What's up?"

"Don't know, sir, but Hodson's horse are not charging."

"Tell Sir William Russell to charge with the 7th, and Hodson's Horse to follow in support."

Again the Butcha flew. Leaving the order with Daly, Jingo passed on to the Hussars and gave his message.

"Who are you, sir?"

Perhaps he was taken for a second Nolan, ordering another Balaclava on a small scale, for it was not usual for a gunner to carry orders to Cavalry, nor was he on the General's personal staff.

Jingo explained. The Adjutant was called.

"Repeat that order, sir!"

He did.

"All right. Queen's Own Hussars, by your centre, draw swords!"

But the "Queen's Own"—the old "Queen's Own!"—their bones lie bleaching in the valley of Balaclava. These were raw boys on bucking, unbroken whalers. The clatter of scabbards started—plunging, rearing, bucking!

"Steady, men! God bless my soul, you're like a lot of Yeomanry Cavalry! Walk! March! Trot! Canter! Charge!" And away they dashed after their brave Colonel and the squadron leaders, straight for the guns! No flinching among the English lads, and the horses seemed to know the boys meant business, for they settled down into a steady stride.

The Lieutenant, his message delivered, thought he might legitimately enjoy the novel luxury of a Cavalry charge now, for he had missed that at Chanda. So he put himself on the right of the line, and once more drew his sword, sur-

prised to find how clean it was, considering. That evening the Hindoo bearer spat as he took his master's sword, and handed it to the low caste Mather to clean.

The enemy had now seen what was up, and a clump of Ghazee Infantry threw themselves in front of the wall while the guns were being withdrawn. A few wild, scattering shots and shouts, and the tulwars flashed round the fluttering green flag of the Ghazees. Through this gesticulating mob the Englishmen silently rode, like a hot knife through a pat of butter, riding over them or knocking them down with slogging blows from the flat, the back, anything but the edge of the sword. If by accident the edge did lead, it would neither cut through the folds of the turban nor the quilted cotton coats they wore. The regulation Cavalry sword cannot keep its edge through being perpetually drawn from, and returned with a *smart flourish* to the steel scabbard, and the handle, too large and round, generally turns in the hand. The squadron leaders alone killed their men. They knew enough to deliver point—that is, hold out the iron as Falstaff did. One understands “men who smote with the edge of the sword” did not mean recruits.

The galloping gunner had leisure to note these things, for the flank on which he rode overlapped the mob of Ghazees, and he found no opponent for his steel. Fearful of a wiggling for amateur dragooning, he reined round and saw the unharmed Ghazees picking themselves up. But not for escape. Hodson's Horse were coming up in support. With wild shouts, in rather open order, on swept the Irregulars, mostly Sikhs, without sympathy for Oudh Poorbeah, or Moslem. Their keen tulwars making drawing swoops, always in a direction supplemented by the speed of the horse, did work the clumsy British blades could not do.

A Ghazee, rising from the ground, turned to fly, his tulwar raised to protect his head. A passing Sowar severed from the wrist the hand holding the sword. The hand, still clutching the weapon, flew off some feet, and a jet of blood spurted from the artery. Another man, just staggering to his feet, had his back laid open diagonally from shoulder to waist, and the spine severed. Nothing escaped the torrent of horsemen, whose front rank used with deadly dexterity that queen of *armes blanches*, the lance. It was held tent-pegging fashion, except that here the weapon was

deftly extracted by the rider bending forward and letting his right arm go with the butt over his back and the point to the rear, when the weight of the stabbed body and the speed of the horse extracted the lance.

The native tulwar, made of charcoal steel by a caste of smiths, \* whose secrets are transmitted from countless ancestors, takes a keen edge, unblunted in its leather sheath. The handle, flattened and widened at the centre, with a disc end, exactly fits the small sinewy native hand, and cannot turn in the grip. When the line of the knuckles corresponds with the edge the latter always leads, as you can tell by the clean whistle of a true sword-cut compared to the fluff of a duffer. As the curved tulwar is manifestly unsuited for thrust the native substitute is to bring the edge of the curve to the throat or body of an opponent, when the shape of the blade and the speed of the horse will give a nasty gash. As a rule, a native never expects point. It is said, Hodson always killed his man by meeting his assailant's first cut with the *forte* of his sword and then delivering point.

Few things are more remarkable than the stolid conservatism of military practice. The great development of firearms is one reason for the sword being remembered only as an inconvenient adjunct for parade purposes. Jingo retains little of the possessions of his ancestors but their swords. One, belonging to the old Light Dragoon grandfather of Waterloo, is a curved blade, about as useless as they make them to-day. The old man used to say the English Dragoons rarely did more than cut a Frenchman's coat, but a man wounded by a French swordsman generally died. It was a thrust delivered at speed.

A better weapon was given to Jingo by his friend Zubber Khan, a native officer of Irregular Horse.

"Take it, sahib," he said; "it has been in my father's family for many generations; it has been red with the blood of the 'nimuk harami,' (faithless ones) of my countrymen, shed for the Sircar. But I can wear it no more. Our regiment is supplied with Europe swords. Mine weighs many maund. I could almost put my head through the hilt.

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\* The swords supplied to the British army are made by the thousand and mostly by foreign contractors. A hot blast furnace and coal containing sulphur are used, with results any chemist could foretell, and our recent battles have amply illustrated in the matter of swords and bayonets

But what does it matter ? They have also given us Europe bits, and a sowar can no longer chucker (circle) round a rupee."

The moon rose early on the night after the action. Jingo was riding slowly back to his tent, over the ground where the dead were lying thickest. He noticed the body of a very handsome man whom he had seen killed the day before. Stripped to his loin cloth, he lay on his back, with his arms outstretched and his broad breast bare, his face upturned to the moonlight, with glazed eyes unclosed, and upper lip still curled with the death grin of rage and pain. His white teeth gleamed under his black moustache, his head was towards Jingo, pillowed on a little hillock, and Jingo sat regarding him rather sorrowfully, as having passed in the prime of life from all the pleasant things of a not unpleasant world for those who are wise enough to enjoy. Now, Jingo knows that "whom the gods love die young."

Could it be a trick of the moonlight. The man moved ! Slowly contracting his arms, he then shot them out with a jerk like a satisfied stretch. Great heavens ! Jingo had seen the man killed the day before, he could not possibly be alive. An eerie feeling crept over him, the oft-told tales of Indian "zadoo" (magic) flashed through his mind. He would see this out. The Butcha snorted, and trembled, and broke into sweat under the caressing hand of his master. The spur was equally ineffectual, the animal was rooted to the spot. His rider dismounted and walked up towards the corpse, which lay on the further slope of the little hillock. As he approached he could see the whole athletic form of the dead man, his shield and sword lying beside him. The corpse stretched its hands towards its weapons, the head was slightly lifted, as if in an effort to rise, and then sank back as if exhausted.

Jingo's brow was damp and his heart throbbed. Another stride or two, and a vulture flapped out from the dead man and hopped a short distance, too gorged to fly, its bald head and neck besmeared with blood. It had eaten its way into the carcase, and tearing at the tendons had caused the hideous contractions. Jingo drew his revolver and shot the vulture, which, after all, was only partaking of the feast prepared for him by man. But it was useless. Long lines of flapping wings were sailing towards the spot, the prowling hyena laughed, and pariah dogs and jackals raised a yowl of discontent

at being disturbed by one of the illogical givers of that repast.

The column, marching in pursuit to Fyzabad, pressed on through the ancient Hindoo city of Adjudeah, with its many sacred temples and ghâts, on the bank of the Gogra. The rear guard of the enemy was in the act of crossing; when a few shots from the Artillery sank the last boats. But there were no means of following in pursuit. Many stalwart Fakirs, armed with heavy iron-bound latties of stout bamboo, scowled from the steps of the sacred precincts with no salaam (peace be with you!) until certain impulsive subs demanded the usual salutation from the men, who were evidently Sepahis tired of running away. The subs were only two, out for an evening ride "howah khana kiwasti" (to eat the air). The salute of amity and submission was refused and the Fakirs retreated to the temples, whereupon the unarmed youngsters rode their ponies up the sacred steps into the very presence of the gods, whose stony eyes saw not the submission of their armed votaries before the whips of a pair of unbelieving British boys. But then that awful army was encamped only a few miles distant.

In a short time it was broken up, for Cis Gogra Oudh was declared pacified, and our Lieutenant was thankful to find himself appointed to "Q" Field Battery.

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weary of the

An imaginative

soldier drew the

dawning future

as shown in our -

illustration. Re-

bellious Talook- 1859.

dars were restored to rank and

lands, but small bands of desperate

Sepahis still held together and

forced subsistence where it was

not freely given.

"Dours" (raids) still had to be under-taken by the troops, but always under the guidance of an omniscient Political. Our most august one was sometimes at fault, for once, sending one of his chuprassees to reconnoitre, the man mounted a tree, and the commissioner mistaking him for an enemy brought him down, shot like a garden thrush by a bad boy of sporting proclivities.

A few squadrons of Hussars and two guns of "Q" were sent on a "dour." A good gunner always reconnoitres his way out of camp and as far beyond as he can, for though he is chained up at Autumn manœuvres, he is very much let loose in war. In one case it is, "get those d— guns out of the way!" in the other, "where are those blessed guns?"

Towards evening, Jingo had ridden some miles from camp, and there, in the wide plain, now bursting into brilliant blue-green from the magic influence of the rains, he saw a feather clump of bamboos, with blue smoke curling above the centre, which he knew to be one of the fortified villages of some turbulent native Talookdar. It was the hour of the evening meal, when the high-caste Hindoo, stripped to his waistcloth, makes the sacred circle round his cooking place, and the more savoury supper of the Moslem is prepared with less of ceremony but equal impatience. The approach of Jingo was unobserved. He tied his horse among the bamboos and crept noiselessly through. Sure enough, he came upon the sun-dried escarp of a mud-fort surrounding trees, temples, and the roofs of houses. At his feet was a ditch, not difficult to cross, and he climbed to the level berm at the foot of the exterior parapet slope, and cautiously raised his head. There were the piled arms and the groups of Sepahis cooking their "roti khana" (supper). The society was not good enough, and Jingo hoped to leave unobserved as he had come, but a piece of the escarp crumbled under his feet and rattled into the ditch. "Qui hi!" and the click of unpiling arms told him he was discovered. There was nothing for it but what the Americans call bluff. Raising himself to his full height, he asked, sternly—

"Pig people! Why do you not salute an officer?" And the salutes were rigidly given. "Shew me the way into this abode of Budmarshes!" (truculent robbers). "Stay where you are, sahib, and we will come round and show you."

There is no word in Hindostani for "thank you," or Jingo might have used it. As it was, he jumped into the ditch,

scrambled across, mounted his horse, and rode away. A number of Sepahis ran out of the gate, crying—

“This way, sahib !”

“Never mind now. I am in a hurry,” said Jingo, turning in his saddle, “I’ll come to-morrow.”

The Sepahis had come out unarmed to allay suspicion, or they might have sent a leaden messenger to stop him. On arriving at camp, he went straight to the tent of the C.O. The Political sat at meat with him, and muttered: “Mare’s nest ! I know the Rhanee of that fort is well disposed to the Government, and would not harbour Sepahis.”

“Never mind,” said the Major, “we will look them up at daylight.”

But with daylight the Sepahi logue had departed. The Rhanee admitted they had been there, had demanded provisions, she had no force to refuse them, and was afraid to report for fear of reprisals. A sahib had come and looked over the wall, and the Sepahis had marched away. So the guns and cavalry returned from a bootless errand to Fyzabad.

Dispatches had to be carried to Lucknow, and as Jingo’s wardrobe was now dilapidated and he had heard some of his baggage had reached that city from Calcutta, he volunteered. His three horses were sent ahead—Dâk—as far as was safe, for the country was still disturbed, with the last horse, the nutmeg, he would have to push on to Lucknow. The first stage he rode a battery nag. The whole distance was about 100 miles.

The rains had turned dry nullahs into rivers, the hot winds into sultry vapour, and the baked earth into slime. He met no enemy more formidable than the incorrigible pariah dogs. Awakened from their siesta by the sound of his horse’s hoofs, as he rode through the villages, they persistently followed him with yapping din and rushes at his horse’s nose. Jingo loved dogs, but those ! the eaters of the slain ! The manners of dogs are a measure of the civilisation of a people all the world over. He was loth to do it, but had to rid himself of the pest, and drew his revolver from time to time and shot the most pertinacious, when the rest would stop to worry the wounded one and eventually eat him. Jingo became an adept at this galloping pistol practice.

His last horse was getting tired out when he reached the banks of a deep swollen stream, a tributary of the Goomti. Like young Lochinvar who "came out of the west," except that Jingo rode for some clean linen instead of a lady, "he swam the wide river where ford there was none." Horse swimming, unfortunately, forms no part of a military education, mostly devoted to differential calculus and kindred subjects of practical utility. In the picture story-books, warriors plunge into rivers, sitting upright, often represented as armed cap-à-pie, their chargers bearing them bravely.

Jingo found there was no getting in gradually, the river swept past, almost level with the steep bank. He spurred the nutmeg to a plunge, horse and man went under. Jingo was in heavy marching order, and rode thirteen stone without accoutrements. When the horse's hind feet touched the bottom, the animal plunged and another dive followed. His rider knew enough to hang on to the mane and not the bridle, then quitting the stirrups, he slipped off on the upstream side. So relieved, the nutmeg swam across, but to get up the steep bank was the problem for man and horse. Jingo was encumbered with sword, sabretache, pistol, and long water-filled boots. He caught hold of the undocked tail of the nutmeg, and the animal, encouraged by his master's voice, after one or two unsuccessful efforts, scrambled up and pulled Jingo after him. The latter, propping his legs against a mud wall, stood on his head, like a street Arab, to let the water run out of his boots. His cartouche box and its contents were wet—cartridges were not brass in those days—would his six-shooter go off?

Bang ! All right ! Well done, Sam Colt ! The bullets of the old pattern were rammed down water-tight with a lever, the caps also proved the same, and the remaining five barrels would see him through to Lucknow.

Horse and man were refreshed by the bath, but there were two more unfordable streams to cross. These were passed swimmingly ! Jingo had learnt a lesson in horse-swimming which served for the rest of his life. Later, in the icy waters of the Canadian Saskatchewan and the treacherous rivers of New Zealand, it stood him in good stead.

The blazing sun came out from the rain clouds and dried him and his dispatches long before he reached the city of

shattered palaces, in one of which he found his old comrades of the card party (the "Primis in Indis")\*

Great goodness, had they been playing ever since ! It looked like it. It was evening, but they sat in pyjamas, and the relics of a meal were on the floor, the table being otherwise occupied. Before one of them lay a pile of paper I.O.U.'s for fabulous sums he had won.

"Good heavens !" exclaimed Jingo, looking over his shoulder, "you don't mean to make those poor beggars pay you ?"

The winner's face flushed. "Mind your own business !" But he was generous as he was brave. Suddenly he flung down the cards, rose, and tore up the I.O.U.'s. "Have a drink, Jingo, you must be dry after your ride, and the sage remark you made ?"

The rest in Lucknow was brief. Jingo was recalled, and the old game went on again.

March ! March ! March !

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\* This battery had done heroic service under Havelock. Out of the original 100 men but 12 remained. The battery had been recruited up, and given a well-earned rest while fresher troops were sent on the hot weather campaign.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE JHUNGY GUNS—MERRY SUNSHINE—NOAH'S ARK CAMP.

" March, march, march in good order,  
 All the blue bonnets are over the border—  
 March ! "

" Ho ! hi'me mounted hon my sheepskin throne,  
 And all I 'ave I calls my hown,  
 Tho' this ere 'orse don't belong to hi,  
 But to 'er gracious Majest—y.  
 I 'ave no care, hi'me never sad,  
 But always 'appy, 'arty, and glad,  
 And if to-day I spends all my pay,  
 To-morrow, boys, will bring us more.  
 For hi'me mounted hon my sheepskin throne.  
 One more river, one more river to cross."  
*Bombardier Ballad.*

"Eyes fr-r-r-ont ! Eyes r-r-r-ight !" rolled out, with a rattle of somewhat superfluous r's, from the deep chest and brown throat of the gaunt gunner sub, who, riding tired and slouchy in front of his two guns, now sat up in his saddle, and pulled together the compact black tetze-flecked Cape 'un he rode.

He was not the type of tailor-made sub, who drawls his commands with w's in place of r's, he was not even a competition wallah, as we have seen.

On the present occasion his "eyes fr-r-r-ont" had abruptly put a stop to the ballad of the bombardier, who had been enlivening the march of the tired column.

Day was just breaking after a long weary night in the saddle. The kind old Chief met the column, riding his bright little bay Arab, and attired as usual in the spotless white of his old Lancer regiment. The long-legged Lieutenant, recognising the dear old face, ordered the usual

Artillery salute with the whips, while a kindly eye greeting passed between the old soldier and the young one.

It was still the rainy season in Oudh, which had temporarily closed the hot weather campaign of 1858. The column was nearing the banks of the now swollen Goomti, which had stopped pursuit by Sir Hope Grant's force.

"John Pandy" was taking his "Arâm" on the opposite bank. As the light 6-pounders of the Royal Horse, which had previously arrived, could not molest him, guns of heavier calibre had been sent up from Fyzabad by forced marches, hence the appearance of our Lieutenant with his division of "Q" Field Battery, called in the bazaars the "Jhungy," or fighting division.

His two 9-pounders were horsed by plucky little Persian Arab stallions, eight to a team, dragging the guns in some places axle-deep through mud. They leaned to their collars, every trace taut, under the skilful guidance of the old Crimean drivers, never a whip-crack, or an oath, except *sotto voce*, for Sergeant-Major Douglas was a Puritan soldier, who allowed no oaths except his own, and they were restricted to necessary occasions—such as when he would blandly enquire of a young driver: "Why the sanguinary Hades he was so dom polite the morn? Ye're no in the Temple of Reemon, young mon; and ye need na fash yerself wi' bowin' yer heed," etc. This scriptural reproof was addressed to a recruit, who, sitting inactive in his saddle, had been surprised into relieving his strained nerves by ducking his head at the swish of the first shell that had ever passed over it. Though "Q" had marched many hundred miles, they had scarcely a horse out of place. On one occasion an old well-bred 'un, a wheeler, dropped in his tracks during a rapid pursuit of the enemy. The Lieutenant, with a heavy heart, gave orders to put in a spare horse and leave the old warrior to his fate. His little driver drew his cuff sniffily across his face, and the battery went on into action. By evening they had covered about twenty miles across country, yet before daybreak next morning the old horse was whinnying in his place for his feed, and ready to be harnessed up when "boot and saddle" sounded.

It was otherwise with the men, for many a saddle had been emptied, and the jackals had rooted many a rider out of the shallow grave upon the dusty plain where his comrades had left him after the abridged burial service read by an officer.

Most soldiers are fatalists, Calvinist or Moslem, Gordon or Mahdi; the result is much the same.

Casualties in action had not been many during the desultory pursuits of the scattered Sepoy columns, making their way to the jungles of the Terai, after crossing the golden bridge left at Lucknow by Sir "Crawling Camel" ("Old Kubberdar"), as grumbling lads disrespectfully called the brave but cautious Commander-in-Chief. Perhaps a bigger butcher's bill at Lucknow might have been less than the death-toll taken by sunstroke, fever, and dysentery, which made havoc even in the seasoned ranks of "Q," an old Crimean battery, and inflicted far heavier losses in the long columns of the younger Infantry, marching in choking heat and dust over the same country where they had marched and fought six months ago. The Sepoys had doubled back after Lucknow.

"Ho! I loves the merry merry sunshine,  
It makes the 'art so gay,"

was trolled out from the ranks of the Rifle Brigade by a little Cockney, after a short drink at the tiny dribble of an all but empty "mussuch," on a blazing day when the mercury might have burst the bulb of a thermometer, had they possessed such an instrument wherewith to measure their misery. His comrades' eyes brightened, and they broke into their jaunty regimental step for a short spell, though their lips were too cracked to laugh, and their throats too parched to join in the chorus. The officers strode alongside their men, never mounting the luxurious "tat" as was the habit in some red regiments with less lofty marching traditions.

"What a fool you are not to ride!" said an officer of a red regiment with a splendid fighting reputation, to an exhausted boy officer of the Rifle Brigade.

"When an officer of *the* Brigade has to be carried, it must be in that," the boy replied, pointing to a doolie.

At last the tired escort of the guns struggled up to the camping ground, piled arms, and dropped on the baked earth under the merciful shade of a mango tope. The grateful gleam of a sheet of water shone through the trees in the near distance. Here the General had insisted on the camp being pitched, though it broke up the geometric plan of the Q.M.G. The red turbans and gleaming lance points

of the flanking parties of Hodson's Horse appeared above the low jungle, as they closed in.

Soon the lumbering elephants came swinging noiselessly along and knelt down to the "arrah! bheit! bheit!" of the mahouts, accompanied by the none too gentle pressure of the iron goad on their placid bald foreheads. Very like a gouty old butler in grey trousers and list slippers, kneeling down to family prayers, are the hind-quarters of a tired elephant trying to kneel with his load.

Then the grumbling camels! How those querulous ships of the desert ever got up a reputation for patience is "what no fellow can understand." Their long, aggravatingly reversible necks enable them to turn their ugly heads with a grin that, disclosing all their snaggle teeth, sends a puff of poisonously bad breath into the face of the perspiring rider, who vainly endeavours to pull him down with the single cord held in the nostril by a wooden button. The more he pulls, in closer proximity comes the abominable head. The Oont-wallah comes at last to the rescue, the long fore legs and then the hind ones collapse with a series of jerks that seem to send the diaphragm of a white rider into his brain pan. Mahomet was an Oont-wallah; one begins to understand the fatalistic patience that made the success of his religion!

If the querulous camel be a teacher of patience, much more so are the bullocks which slowly drag the primitive carts of the country. The excruciating creak of their unoiled wooden-axled wheels might be moans from the tortured spirit of some long deceased "garrewân" (driver of bullock carts).

But the Lieutenant has no time to look out for the special animal in the Noah's Ark procession that carries his house and household gods—the battery horses are his first care. Long after his fellow subs of the Infantry have washed off the dust, with the delicious jet so skilfully applied by the Bhisti, got outside their breakfasts and inside their pyjamas, the Artillery sub still paces the horse lines.

Meanwhile the tough ration of beef is sending forth a fragrant fizzle from the camp fires, started by the marvellously adept native cooks, not without sundry objurgations of an unclassic character, in the newly-acquired vernacular of the Quarter-Master Sergeant.

The streets of the Canvas City have spread as by Oriental





magic, the horses groomed with more prosaic pains, the trumpet sounds feed! with a joyful accompaniment of snickering neighs, and seems to say :

“ All you that are able,  
Now go to your stable,  
And give to your horses  
Both fodder and co—o—orn !  
And if you don't do it,  
The Colonel shall know it,  
And ye shall be punished  
According to la—a—aw ! ”

“ To your tents, O Israel ! ” one expected the scriptural Sergeant to say.

Like others, in those days, our sub was dependent on his rations. Because the mild Hindoo pays for it, the Indian Commissariat, in peace and war, supplies a far superior ration, free of cost, to Mr. Thomas Atkins, than that for which two-thirds of his miserable shilling is mulcted from the soldier in Merrie England by Right Honourable Secretaries of State, who return thanks for the Army at Guildhall banquets.

Yet folks wonder why men won't enlist.

There was a Royal Commission that looked dangerously like doing something. So the War Office old women called in a clerk (a son of Sam Slick), who, with hereditary lightness of heart upset the apple-cart, and sent resolutions rolling in the gutter, and the greatest Empire of the world remains contentedly without an army—numerically worth mentioning, compared with even second-rate powers, and with a money expenditure equal to the greatest.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A BULLET WITHOUT A BILLET—CONTRADICTORY ORDERS—PAPER COLLARS—UNLEARNED LESSONS—A METHODICAL MAJOR—IRON CUFFS—A COMMON SOLDIER'S COMMON HONOUR.

During a smoke of ship's tobacco, that would have upset ordinary nerves, Jingo glanced over the marching-in "state." The Scotch carefulness of the Sergeant-Major, hardly excused the carelessness of the sub as to the columns of figures he should have verified before signing, and yet one would have expected him to be more careful, for, as we have said, he came of Lowland Scotch stock, upon which, however, had been grafted three centuries of Norman Irish. *Hibernicis ipse Hiberniores*. Of course, an Irish pedigree is nothing if not royal, and as we have each sixteen million ancestors, if we go back to the Norman Conquest, it is more than probable some life germs of Charles the Hammerer had come down through the centuries to our long-legged subaltern—had not the Ulster King-at-Arms signed, sealed, and declared it proven?

According to the creed of that dirty old Fakir yonder, a creed which was old before Moses, there is a re-incarnation of souls. Is not the vital spark transmitted with the microbe in direct descent, instead of hap-hazard? Be that as it may, here is the descendant of Charles Martel, after twelve centuries, still hammering Saracens. Apparently, the family occupation has not been lucrative, though varied by the hammering of other races, principally Gallic, from Agincourt to Waterloo. As the fighting families paid for the privilege by the purchase of commissions from the House of Hanover, and lost their money when they died in their service, their latest descendants found themselves impecunious, and had to enter non-purchase corps. With the righteous abolition of purchase, the claims of officers' sons to enter the army through military colleges, with a fixed standard of examination, were also

abolished. Open competition necessitated expensive cramming. This, with the ever increasingly extravagant habits of the modern officer, excludes from our army the professional military caste, of which officers of serious armies are mainly composed.

After our next war with people who wear trousers, and use smokeless powder, it will be time enough to congratulate ourselves on the adoption of the Chinese pedagogic system for selecting military mandarins.

But we must follow our degenerate product of non-competitive barbarism through the blazing sunshine to report himself to the Commanding Officer. He found him rousing himself from an afternoon siesta for an evening ride. A strikingly handsome man was the Colonel of the Royal Horse. The breast of his Khakee uniform was chequered with ribbons from her Majesty and allies of the Crimea. French, Turkish, Sardinian, besides British decorations had fallen in profusion upon the fortunate participator in a single campaign. It is to be feared envious feelings rose in the undecorated breast of Jingo.

"The very man I wanted," said the Colonel. "I can shew you where your work will be to-morrow. We force the river. I shall post you to cover our crossing."

Jingo felt disgusted at the prospect of only covering someone else's advance, and this after all the awful marching. He had hoped, indeed he had been confidentially told, that the General had specially sent for him and his guns, because the 6-pounders could hardly range across the river.

They rode down to the bank to reconnoitre. An earth-work was pointed out to him, in which the 6-pounders had been posted. It was 600 yards from the river, thereby still further reducing the effect of the tiny armament. Evidently there was some confusion in the mind of the military architect, as to the protection necessary from Russian attack and the comparatively feeble efforts of the demoralized Sepahis.

The thought of being ordered to occupy that earth-work, while his comrades galloped free across the plain beyond the river, irritated our sub. While the Colonel dismounted and brought his field glass to bear from behind a wall, the Lieutenant rode on, followed by his sergeant, to the bank of the river. The pointed dome of a small Hindoo temple rose against the sunset sky. The river flowed majestically past. Athwart

its broken reflections the evening breeze came, laden with an indescribable mixture of odours of native cooking and bazaar perfume. The Sepoy picket established there were preparing their evening meal, and the prayers of the gaunt old Fakir were shared by certain devout damsels who sacrificed alternately to Venus, Mars, Brahma & Co.

The Sepahi sentry, in his old-fashioned red coatee, but relieved of his uncomfortable Europe trousers, dropped on his knee and took deliberate aim.

"Too far for Brown Bess! Lucky the beggars refused Enfields with their cow and pork-fat cartridges!" thought the Lieutenant, as he saw the puff of smoke.

Before he heard the report he felt a sharp rap on the knuckles of his ungloved bridle hand. The bullet had grazed it, and struck the wall behind.

"That Pandy deserves to be pet intil the first-class," remarked the Sergeant, picking out the bullet with his sword point and giving it to the officer. It was a belted rifle ball of the old pattern. "Ye maun keep it for the ledy at hame, sir. But, mebbe, we'd best retire with deegnity."

The advice was followed, the Lieutenant wrapping his handkerchief round his bleeding hand, and slipping the bullet into his pocket.

When he rejoined the Colonel a snub was administered for causing unnecessary alarm, drawing fire, etc. The Lieutenant's excuse was, he had not his field glasses and he was short-sighted. The uniform of the Artillery officer provides for the carrying of nothing bigger than a cigar-case.

Neither officer was inclined for further talk. They had made their mental notes.

On reaching camp, Jingo went to the tent of his friend, Paddy Warren, of the heavy battery. He also had been reconnoitring on his own hook, and had reported to the General a favourable position from which the heavy guns could rake the enemy's camp. Paddy Warren was a cheery pocket Hercules, who had seen some hard fighting at the Relief, yet did not seem to have had enough.

A strong friendship existed between the physically contrasted pair. As they sat together on the only available bit of furniture in the tent—"the charpoy"—the General's order book was brought to them.

"At daybreak to-morrow Lieutenant Jingo's 2-horsed

guns will cross the river on rafts prepared by the Engineer Department, etc., etc. Captain Talbot's heavy guns will cover the operations." In those days a man's guns were called by his name instead of by a letter of the alphabet. A Battery Commander did not envy a Brigadier-General.

"Hooroo! We'll woipe the oye of the Golden Gunner this time!" shouted Pat.

Emulation was keen between the different branches of the Artillery, and the heavier guns seldom got a chance in the swift pursuits of late. But their joy was short-lived. The Regimental Orders by the Colonel came to hand. The positions were reversed. "Two guns R.H.A., Lieutenant Black, will cross on rafts, etc., etc., supported by the guns "Q" Field Battery, which will take up a position in the earthwork to cover the operation."

"D ——n that mud bank!" growled the irate sub of "Q" heedless of the presence of the Colonel's orderly.\*

He strode off to the mess tent, where the Colonel was at dinner, faring sumptuously.

Saluting, formally, he said:

"I think, Colonel, there is a mistake in your orders. The General mentioned my name and my guns."

"Ya-as! There was an error, which I have rectified. The General meant R.H.A., by horsed guns."

"Will you permit me, sir, to ask the General his wishes?" demanded the unconvinced sub.

"I should strongly advise you to do nothing of the kind," the Colonel replied, looking severe, and pulling his moustache.

"You will excuse me neglecting your advice," was Jingo's retort, from the tent door.

He was out and across to the General's tent before he could be stopped.

The chief was evidently put out.

"I mentioned you, Jingo, and I meant you. Go back to your tent and have no further communication with the Colonel."

With a light heart, he went back to his lines, summoned his Sergeant and gave the necessary instructions.

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\* The faulty organisation which treated an arm of the service as a single regiment made possible such friction as here described. After a century of deliberation, an effort has been made to separate arms so widely different as Fortress and Field Artillery. It seems to have culminated in adding half-a-dozen buttons to the skirt tails of the Royal Artillery.

"Gunner Doyle to remain with the baggage, sir?" said the Sergeant.

"But," remarked the sub, "this is a sort of fox and goose and sack of corn story; the camel with the rum cask can't cross the river. Surely, Gunner Doyle would be an unsafe guardian for rum rations!"

"Ye ken, sir, the old man has had the shakes lately, and the watter might just be waur than the speerits for him."

Jingo grinned, and the Sergeant left to give orders. Shortly after, the tent fly was lifted, and the broad Doric of the Sergeant was again heard:

"Gunner Doyle wad spake till ye, sir!"

"Af ye plaze, sorr, I'm tould aff for baggage guard, and ye're goin' into action. D'ye moind, sorr, I'm the ouldest soulger in the bathery, I was bald-headed in the sarvice whin ye joined us in Jamaica, I seen ye grow up wid proide to be the foine officer ye are, and——"

"That'll do, Doyle; sorry for you, but orders are orders——"

"Reet aboot fass—quick mar-rch!" put an end to the colloquy.

After a hasty meal, the Lieutenant went to the point of embarkation. He knew from experience that the Royal Engineer occasionally undertakes for the sister service, with a light heart, more than he can possibly perform. On the present occasion there was more work and less materials than usual; the principal ingredients being, two dug-out canoes and some planking. These offered but slight prospect for the conveyance of two guns, carriages, ammunition waggons, fifty horses, and about the same number of men. The Engineer officer in charge was, however, only too ready to let the gunner take the job off his hands, full as they were with preparations for the Infantry crossing.

It was a moonlight night, and leaving their camp standing, the gunners were marched to the river bank. By pulling down some native houses, enough material was found to construct a tolerably solid raft, with the help of the battery artificers. The two canoes were used as pontoons. All hands worked through the night, and matters were completed, the raft moored to the bank, and guns, men, and horses ready for embarkation before the sun drew the grey mist from the river.

In spite of the Lieutenant's orders for an extra tot of rum, served out with alacrity by the now cheerful Paddy Doyle, the heavy night's work was beginning to tell, especially on the officer, who had but lately recovered from a touch of the prevalent camp complaint.

In the meantime appeared that vision, ever aggravating to the tired soldier—the spick and span Staff Officer, just out of bed, clean shaven, waxed moustache, and paper collar. He had an inspiration. Like the man in Dickens, who, walking with his girl, came to a church, and said: “Hullo! here's a church, let's get married!”—the Staff Officer thought: “Hillo! here's a raft, and a gun. Let's put the gun on the raft!”

“Why this delay, Sergeant? Why are not the guns embarked?” he demanded.

“The Lieutenant, sir, will be back directly.”

“This delay is unwarrantable. Run on the guns, Sergeant.”

“Weel, ye ken, sir—the officer——”

“Do you know who I am? Obey orders!” was the next authoritative remark.

“The craychur! A bantam cock on a better bird's dung-hill,” came from the bushes.

The Staff Officer looked round, wrathfully. *Vox pretera nihil.*

“Fall in No. 1 detachment.”

A couple of stout planks were laid for the wheels, another for the trail, and the gunners ran the gun on to the raft, which swayed and slowly sank with its burden of gun and men. The men scrambled out, assisted by their comrades from the bank, and the bubbles rose and floated away down the stream from the submerged raft.

At this juncture appeared Jingo, white with rage. He said that which brought a flush into the face of the usually self-satisfied Staff Officer.

“How dare you use such expressions to me, sir? If it were not for the urgency of the case, I should place you under arrest, and have you relieved from your command.”

“Thank you,” said the Lieutenant, looking the Staff-Officer full in the face. “Doubtless you will kindly continue the embarkation you have so successfully begun?”

“No!”

“Then, perhaps, as you don't intend to relieve me from

my work you will be good enough to relieve me of your presence, and report the situation to the General?"

The sub turned on his heel, and the Staff Officer rode away.

"No. I, walk! Mar-r-ch! Left incline! R-right R-r-reverse! Rein back!" And the gun-limber was backed to the water's edge.

A plunge into the river, a bald head rising to the surface, and struggling with the stream, and a rope from the limber-hook was hitched to the submerged gun-trail, and drag ropes to the wheels by old Doyle. Planks were then re-adjusted under the wheels, and the drag-ropes manned.

"Reddy, sor-r-r," shouted the old gunner, who looked rather like a representative "Father Thames," with a tangle of weeds hanging from his beard.

"Walk! Ma-r-ch!"

The magnetic pressure of the drivers' legs closed on the riding horses, without a spur touching, each whip was laid gently over the off-horse, and the sturdy chestnuts simultaneously leant to their collars, like one thirty-two-legged animal. They dug their hoofs into the soil, the lusty gunners heaved, and the gun surged slowly up from the river, followed by Doyle with a handspike to prevent a back slip, an eventuality which would probably have closed the career of that eccentric veteran.

Their beloved gun once again on terra firma, officer and men breathed freely.

"Mr. Jingo says ye maun tak anither tot o' grog, Doyle, to dilute the watter ye've swallowed the noo. Gang awa' back till camp, change ye'r claws, and remain wi' the baggage as ye're ordered."

Meanwhile, a couple of companies of Sikhs (5th Punjabi) had marched down, and a tall, handsome native officer, a Sikh, \* with all the physical beauty of his race, a gentleman from his turban tip to the turned-up toes of his native shoes, salaamed to the white sub, and said:

"Sahib, don't let your Ghorah Logue (white soldiers) go

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\* It is curious how the Sikhs, with a national and religious life but little over three centuries, and originally composed of different races and religions, should have developed a national type perhaps more marked than that of any people, not excepting the Beni-Israel, whom they slightly resemble in feature, but far surpass in refined physical beauty, courage, and morality. Of course, exception must be made to the irresistible tendency to loot, common to all Orientals and some Westerns. Had Darwin been familiar with the East, the Sikh would have been an interesting problem to him. Grant Allen would not be interested in so "bloody" a people; he prefers to dilate upon an impossibly artistic Kelt of his own creation.

into the river. They will get fever. It won't hurt my men. They will strip, and they can swim fish-like." The native officer called for volunteers.

In less time than it takes to tell, a score of tall, sinewy Sikhs (stripped to their waist-cloths) were in the river lifting the raft to the surface. The canoes were rapidly bailed out and the raft floated.

Meanwhile, the gunners had dismounted gun and carriage. It was placed piecemeal on the raft and ferried across. The horses, relieved of their harness, swam after their drivers, who sat on the raft, holding the picketing cords. So soon as a few sensible old stallions had set the example there was little difficulty with the rest, for horses, like soldiers, will always follow a confident leader. The recalcitrant ones, who would not swim alone, were taken over by the Sikhs, stripped to their "dhoties." It was looked upon as good fun by these men, accustomed as they were to swimming horses in the cold swift waters of the five rivers which give the name to their country.

The white officer was only too thankful for this assistance. He knew from personal experience the difficulty of swimming a horse, and had learnt how some things that are useful are not taught in our army, which occasionally pays dearly for experience, as was unfortunately proved shortly after by the 7th Hussars, whose gallant Major and many a bold trooper and horse were swept away by the rapid waters of the Raptée. The same unlearnt lesson had to be repeated a quarter of a century later by another Hussar regiment in the Cabul River. On this occasion a pair of horses, but no men, were drowned. The Lieutenant had given orders that nothing was to be left on the horses but watering bridles with the reins unbuckled. Because there happened to be an old pattern pair of bridles without buckles these were not cut, consequently they looped over the forelegs of the unlucky brutes as they swam, and caused them to roll helplessly down the river. So much for the literal obedience to orders.

There were no losses from the enemy's fire in crossing. The heavy battery had opened as soon as it was light enough, and had swept the enemy from the opposite bank, so the landing was unopposed. With but a single raft many journeys had to be made before the second gun, ammunition, waggons, etc., were crossed. The Madras European

Fusiliers and the Punjaub Battalion having gone over in large flat boats, formed rapidly in column of companies for the advance, and were not kept long waiting by the gunners. Twenty minutes after the last horse had scrambled up the bank with his Sikh rider hanging on to his tail, the teams were harnessed and the guns advanced into action at the steady trot peculiar to Field Batteries.

Our sub, on his powerful black charger, cantered to the front to detect any obstacle to the advance of his guns. His heart was full of pride in his "Jhungy Division." He heard the cheers of the old "Dirty Shirts"\* and the shouts of the warrior Sikhs. The morning sunlight bathed the undulating plain, dotted with clumps of trees, and villages occupied by the enemy, over whose outlying camp the white puffs from the bursting shells of the heavy battery told they had turned their attention to a more distant object, rather than risk a close fire over the heads of the now advancing troops.

Jingo's guns, after rattling across a nullah with the reckless dash common to Indian Artillery, met a cloud of dust suddenly unrolling itself across the plain. Lance points glint like dancing stars, and now the Lieutenant can see the white clothing of the enemy's Cavalry, and hear the shouts of command above the muffled thud of their horse hoofs. With no feeling but that of grim satisfaction, he sees them sweep along to charge the guns he knows they will never reach. Without turning in his saddle, his eyes fixed on the advancing horsemen, calculating the range, his sword raised in signals well understood, he awaited his guns.

The boy trumpeter has not been allowed to follow him to the front, for he is "the only son of his mother and she is a widow;" and yet that boy has registered a vow to "git himself foughten some day."

The guns are up with him now.

"Halt! Action fr-r-ront! Shrapnel shell! 800 yards! 700! 600! 500! 400! Case-shot!"

They never came for the case-shot.

The custom inculcated by the methodical Major Gibbon, of "Q," was to carry shrapnel, filled, fused, and labelled in

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\*The Madras European Fusiliers were one of the oldest regiments of the Hon. East India Company. They had been sent direct from the Campaign in Persia, under General Neil. He died at their head at Lucknow. They had landed in their sea kit, canvas smocks and trousers, without waiting for uniform, and had marched up country to join Havelock. No regiment bore a more distinguished part in the Mutiny Campaign than the gallant old "Dirty Shirts."

ranges, set in order in the limbers. He was lying wounded, many hundred miles to the rear, but his orders were obeyed. The sub got the credit, and the Sepoy sowars a very bad five minutes. There were confused shouts. The gunners could see but little, for their own smoke hung, but they caught a gleam of tulwars, they heard a patter of retreating hoofs, and when the smoke and dust-cloud had cleared there remained a few dots upon the plain—the prostrate men and horses. And the dust-cloud trailed away in the distance.

But there was more to follow. Hardly had the sub taken in the ranges he had made use of, when he heard the familiar rumble of guns, advancing through the dust left by the retreating Cavalry.

There they came! The celebrated Black Horse Battery of a mutineer Brigade. Soon they spoke; shell after shell burst, all too high, showering bullets that rattled on the limbers, denting without penetrating, contusing men and horses, but causing no serious casualties. It was soon over. The accurate range and superior ammunition of "Q" speedily led to their withdrawal. The Infantry carried the villages previously shelled by the heavy guns.

Darkness falls swiftly after short twilight in India. The Force retired, their orders being not to pursue, but form a living *tête du pont* for the bridge about to be constructed. Accordingly they took up a position along the line of a dry "nullah," forming the base of a salient angle of the river.

The guns, forming the salient of the living *tête du pont* were posted on the edge of the nullah, down which they could not be depressed. But our sub knew better (as one of his men remarked) than "for to hargue with a hinfantry hadjutant" on the choice of an Artillery position. When the latter had gone, he quietly withdrew his guns about 300 yards from the ravine along which an enemy could have crept unseen. There were no Infantry outposts between the guns and the enemy. From the edge of the ravine the ground sloped gently back to the new position, so that only the muzzles, but nothing of the men as they lay between their guns, could be seen over it. Dinnerless and supperless, save for what they had in their haversacks, so were they to spend the night. The horses, after being watered, were picketed in a second nullah, parallel to that in front. A single small tent was pitched to serve as hospital and guard

tent, but as all hands were practically on guard it was unoccupied. The Infantry were at some distance.

It was pitch dark. After ordering the guns to be double-loaded with case-shot, Jingo lay down with his men. But not to sleep. He gave orders to prevent the guns being fired prematurely (in which case they could be rushed before reloading) and decided to wait till the enemy topped the bank of the ravine and shewed against the sky line, clustering together in the way men do instinctively, but unwisely, preparatory to a dangerous rush.

The officer was calculating on the repressive tendencies of his silent guns.

Contrary to the story books, the expected did happen. The Sepahis gathered in the nullah, and lining its edge, opened a desultory fire on the guns, hoping to draw their fire and then rush them. Their bullets rang on the bronze gun metal and struck the wood-work of the carriages with a dull thud, but there was no response. Not a stir came from the recumbent gunners, who were completely sheltered by the slope of the terrain.

The firing had almost died away. Jingo lying with his ear close to the ground, heard, telephonically, the Sepahi officers urging their men in persuasive but ineffectual Orientalisms—"Chullaw mera bahi! Chullaw bahadur!" (go on, my brother! go on, noble warrior!).

Suddenly in the opposite direction, there was a bewildering row, like Donnybrook broke loose. The accents of a well-known Western tongue jarred the hot stillness of the night.

"Faugh a ballagh! your sowl to blazes! Lemme go till I welt the black beggars out o' that."

The shout was followed by the rush of the Munster man, who had broken away from his comrades. His long cavalry sword, sweeping and flashing round his head, was a most effectual "Faugh a ballagh."

A rattle of musketry from the Sepoys did not stop Paddy Doyle. He dashed between the guns at the astonished enemy, shouting his battle cry and his blasphemies.

And the Sepahis actually bolted, imagining they were attacked by a battalion of "Dirty Shirts!" (mostly Irishmen). No regiment inspired a greater terror among them than the Madras European Fusiliers.

But Paddy's career for death or glory was ignominiously cut short. He tripped over his scabbard and fell on his face. A couple of his comrades ran to the front and dragged him to the rear by his heels. His face scraping through the mud, smothered his swears. When propped on his feet he presented a most ludicrous spectacle, as he tried to steady himself by the sword he still held gripped in his hand.

But Jingo was too angry to laugh, for the position was critical. The Sepahis might recover from their panic at any moment.

"Take away that man's sword, and bring a pair of handcuffs!" was his quick command.

These were speedily produced by the never-failing Douglas—who, it always seemed, could have produced anything, even the "Holy Grail" itself, from his haversack had the officer demanded it—and clapped upon the soldier's wrists.

Partially sobered by the indignity, he raised his manacled hands in pathetic entreaty.

"Don't disgrace me for ever afore the inemy, sorr! Take thim ugly ruffles aff me wrists, and I promise on the honour of a sojor to obey orthers!"

Jingo knew his man, and told the Sergeant to remove the handcuffs.

"May the Lord of Glory reward ye wid that same an' plinty of it, sorr!" was his thankful ejaculation. "Hoorroo! An' now boys, gimme me gun rammer!" For Paddy was a smart soldier when sober, and held a post of honour as No. 2 of No. 1 gun. But, "Off to the guard tent and remain until relieved!" was the order of the officer.

"Reet about faass! Queek marrech!" the executive command of the Sergeant.

The gunner brought his hand to his bald head (for he had left his helmet in the Sepahi position) faced about in three motions, and so far trifled with orders as to make the quick into a slow march—a sort of drunken balance step, without gaining ground, thereby having the satisfaction of remaining under fire as long as possible. At last he disappeared into the nullah.

Having got rid of the drunken Irishman, who, it seemed had, in his turn, disposed of the Sepahis, there was a lull. The Lieutenant lay down on the sodden ground to rest. But not for long. The restless Adjutant of the Fusiliers

attracted by the firing, returned, trailing his steel scabbard in a way that again drew fire, for the Sepahis had recovered from the scare administered by Paddy.

Night fire is seldom effective, but intensely demoralising, especially when the men have been under it for hours, wet, tired, hungry, and sleepless. It is too dark to see shirkers, and one never knows when a startled sleeper will open fire on his comrades, eventually to be taken up all round.

The best man feels helpless. So the Artillery sub-inwardly d—d with "a big big D" the Infantry Adjutant, as he raised his long length to answer his interlocutor, who remained standing, with singular indifference to fire. He was one of those wrongly-constituted men who have no proper sense of danger for himself or others. He had a lately-healed scar on both cheeks, through which a bullet had passed without cutting out his tongue. Jingo, it is shameful to relate, momentarily regretted that fact. He could not, however, help admiring Seton, that heir to one of the oldest Scotch baronetcies, famous in history, whose subsequent life was not pleasant enough to keep him from shouldering a musket in the ranks of a Prussian Fusilier Regiment, during the war of 1870. But his admiration did not prevent him hearing with delight the "fire-eater's" good night, as he departed, trailing his clattering weapon, and drawing a pattering fire after him.

That proverbially dark hour before the dawn seemed endless.

The firing ceased in front, but in a lull of the tropical downpour of rain, it broke out towards the right. This puzzled, but did not trouble the Lieutenant. He knew his horses were defiladed from fire, by a bend in the nullah. The air grew chill, his teeth chattered, visions of an ague fit impending for himself and his men, disturbed his attempt at rest.

Then the day burst.

A biscuit and a cup of coffee from the indefatigable native cooks, who had managed to cross with the rations, made matters look brighter. Nevertheless, it was with a feeling of irritation that he heard the dry voice of his Sergeant, which seemed to be about the only dry thing in camp.

"Gunner Doyle wad spake till ye, sir!"

He walked towards the guard tent on the right flank. It had been riddled with bullets. Inside it was the now sobered

Irishman, sitting on nothing, with his arms clasped round his knees, blowing a morning cloud from his dudheen. Removing it from his mouth to the hollow of his horny hand, he stood to attention.

"Aff ye plaze, sorr, I'm sorry to be afther forgettin myself. It was the wather." He omitted all mention of the rum. "Might I return to jooty, sorr?"

"Did you stay here all night under that fire?"

"Yis, sorr. On the honour of a sojer, I could not lave the tint, but wid the help of God, an' lyin' on me belly, the blackguards missed me entoirely, so they did."

The enemy, stealing round the flank, had noted the gleam of the solitary white tent, and had fired on it for lack of any other visible object.

"Well, Doyle," said the officer, regretfully, "I cannot overlook a drunk and disorderly under arms. Twenty-one days C.B."

The old scamp did not mind restriction to camp, there being no bazaar and no scarlet ladies. As for the loss of his daily tot, his comrades would share theirs with him, to say nothing of the Lieutenant's ration, which was never inquired about.

The Sergeant jotted down the punishment in his note book, "Regimental Entry to be transferred to defaulter sheet and sent to headquarters first opportunity."

The seasoned old soldier—"Ould Tough" as his comrades called him—seemed none the worse for his escapade. After a breakfast, seasoned by the chaff of his comrades, he assisted the non-com. to replenish the ammunition limbers, and things being quiet in front, he brought out his cleaning traps and set to work to polish his beloved gun to its very linch-pins. And as he removed the lead splash of a Sepoy bullet here and there on the metal, mourning over a dent or two in the wood-work, he sang his favourite refrain, irresistibly reminding one of a Royal Warrant for the encouragement of recruiting:

"Your sowl to blazes,  
Sure I'll raise your wages,  
From fifty shillins  
To two pounds tin."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

**THE BIVOUCAC—RIDING TO COVER—THE THROW OFF—A RASPER—  
THE FINISH—KISMET—THE LAST OF THE BLACK HORSE BATTERY—A  
SCARE.**

For three days and nights "Q" stood to their guns, or, rather, lay down beside them on the sodden earth, with no covering but their greatcoats, to be alternately drenched by tropical downpours or scorched by the fierce rays of the sun, whenever that luminary pierced the dark pall of overhanging clouds. The panting Europeans, stifled by the moist heat, were tempted to replace their heavy sun-helmets by the festive forage-cap, which, as it rested on one ear, courted sunstroke. It does not require direct sun-rays to produce heat-apoplexy. Had decorum and mosquitoes permitted the removal of all clothing save a turban, "Q" might have enjoyed some of the luxury of a Turkish bath, including a frequent warm douche. As it was, their situation more nearly resembled a wet pack in an extra-heated hydro-pathic establishment, without the salutary results. Here were sown the seeds of jungle fever, the effects of which mostly follow a man to his grave, if they do not take him to it by a short cut. Not a man of the detachment escaped. There was no doctor with them, and it was bad form to report sick just then—there would be leisure to die "in the sweet by-and-bye."

Each day the Black Battery sent a few ineffectual missiles from long range, but the excellent position of "Q," protected as they were by the folds of the terrain, made them difficult to hit. Yet their opponents daily selected the same position, the range of which had been so exactly obtained. They consequently had to withdraw, with probable loss, after a short interchange of incivilities.

The night attacks were discontinued, as the Infantry were

drawn closer to the guns, and their outposts were pushed farther forward since the night of the successful sortie by the drunken Irishman.

Relief came at last, the bridge was built. The raft had hitherto sufficed to bring the daily rations for men and horses, but now the whole force streamed across, followed by the inevitable army of camp followers. Conspicuous among them were the elephants, who, dissenting from the opinion of the Engineer officer, declined to make use of his handiwork, and walked through the river, with only their trunks visible for breathing purposes.

Paddy Warren soon made his way to his friend, greeting him with :

"Well, old fellow, what did you say to 'Collars' the morning you crossed? He wanted you court martialled."

"I don't remember. Perhaps the expressions I made use of were not Parliamentary; but when he told the General what I *said* did he tell what he *did*?"

"Yes, yes, and the old chief laughed, and said, 'I hope this will be a lesson to you not to interfere with Irish subalterns of Artillery.' You are well out of it, Jingo, old man."

"And so is my gun," interpolated Jingo.

"'Collars' is not a fellow to bear a grudge," continued his friend. "He joined in the laugh against himself, and he will like you all the better. Your rebuke suggests a title for a pious leaflet, 'Plain Words for a Staff Sinner.'"

Sergeant Douglas thought "Q" came under the category of the wicked. There was no peace for them; the Black Battery commenced to drop shells into the new camp.

The White Hussars, some squadrons of Irregular Cavalry, two guns of Royal Horse under Lieutenant Black, and two guns "Q," with a detachment of the Rifle Brigade, the whole under that smart soldier, Brigadier Horsford, were to try and effect a capture of the aggravating guns, apparently the last and best equipped among the mutineers. The camp was left standing. After dark, without sound of bugle, the Force stole silently forth, the Irregular Cavalry leading. The sounds of horse-hoofs were muffled by the soft earth, only the jingle and clatter of the White Hussars aggravated feelings longing for a stealthy advance. In comparison, the dull rumble of the gun-wheels seemed to be one of nature's noises—a continuance of the thunder-growling overhead

among the black clouds that hung low in the starless sky. The horses walked out, and the Rifle Brigade swung along with more than their usual "elan." Not a word was spoken, not a pipe lighted.

The Horse Artillery followed close on the Hussars. At starting Lieutenant Jingo, by right of seniority, was preparing to lead the Artillery Column with his own guns, when the Horse Artillery sub rode up, and said in his quiet way, pointing to his own detachment:

"The right of the line and the pride of the army"—the common toast of the Royal Horse Artillery when drinking to their corps. He used it on this occasion to assert as inoffensively as possible his claim to the post of honour on behalf of his corps.

It might have been disputed by the Field Battery officer considering his seniority, but from a feeling of comradeship he forbore. He liked the quiet Etonian officer; they had been cadets together, and their difference in manner, character, and physique, perhaps made them more friendly. Lieutenant Black was pale and thin, with delicate features; and a keen and excellent soldier.

"Mind you keep the post of honour," his comrade said to him that night as he rode to the front with his guns, for Jingo felt just a little sore. He knew his compact gulf Arabs, eight to a gun, were more than a match in speed and endurance for the six awkward, long-legged, half-broken geldings in the Horse Artillery teams. Years after, a bursting shell found his friend at the post of duty. To-night neither knew the destiny in store for each.

Morning broke slow and grey, disclosing a flat country sparsely covered with low jungle of large-leaved bush. The Rifle Brigade were rapidly extended on each side of the rough track along which the guns and Cavalry moved. Scarcely had the deployment been effected when a pattering fire opened down the whole front, followed by a rapid advance to drive in the enemy's outposts. The Irregular Cavalry were let loose for a turning movement. The Brigadier became impatient at the necessarily slow advance of the skirmishing Infantry, though the Rifle Brigade now, as ever, worked up to their motto, "Celer et audax." The ground becoming more open in front, he ordered the advance of Cavalry and guns. The track here descended, furrowed into deep gullies by the late rains,

Moving at a trot, the horses of Lieutenant Black's leading gun fell. In an instant men, horses, and gun were in a tangle at the bottom of the descent; the remaining guns pulled up with difficulty, throwing off right and left to avoid riding over their comrades. Lieutenant Black, to cover the confusion, and give time to right it, brought his second gun into action at a distant line of skirmishers, thereby preventing the other guns or the Cavalry passing to the front.

Jingo sat impatiently chafing, not liking to stop the futile fire of his comrade, by ordering an advance and so leaving him in the lurch—besides, as the Cavalry officer was senior, and took no initiative, Jingo could hardly do so in the absence of the Brigadier. He, however, soon came up, fuming at the delay.

"Is it any use firing at those distant skirmishers?" he asked Jingo.

"Might as well spit at them, sir," was the reply of the impatient sub. "Will you let me go ahead with the Cavalry?"

"Yes, go, and Lieutenant Black can pick up the pieces and follow. The Infantry will be up directly."

The White Hussars dashed past, followed by Jingo at a steadier pace.

"Now, my friend," he thought, "I gave you the lead—you lost it. When a fellow bungles over the first fence, he has to pick himself up. You can't do it for him with the pack in full cry. Black, my boy! if I see the ragged rumps of your long-legged garrons again this day in front of 'Q,' may I be—'rammed, crammed, and double damned down the great gun of Athlone!' as the Orange oath says."

R-r-r-r'-at-tat-tat! A rattle of musketry in front—the Hussars incline to the right to unmask the advancing guns—an empty saddle or two and the riderless horses following in their section!

A line of newly-turned earth was visible across the road; turbans showed above it, and long bundooks gave forth a dropping fire. On the left a ragged-looking mob, with shields, tulwars, and long guns, led by a wild fellow with a flag. Probably the crowd had taken a dose of "bhang" to prepare for the paradise of bright-eyed girls awaiting the

Mahometan beyond the gates of death. And Jingo sends them there with a whiff of grape-shot. The Hussars trotted along the road to the now abandoned earthwork, for the thickening jungle made progress too slow otherwise, and the guns followed. The Lieutenant, who was too soft-hearted to drown a kitten, glanced carelessly now at what had once been brave men. With sword and brass-bossed buckler still grasped in their hands, they lay, as they had fallen, on their faces, for they had been running forward, and it stretches them out very limp, does the grape-shot. Here and there a turban, rolled off or carelessly twisted round the temples, showed the bare brown head with its long tuft of hair. The Lieutenant noted these things with artistic perception, even while his thoughts were occupied with weightier issues. It is often thus that an effective picture reaches the mental vision and remains stamped on the memory. It was an instantaneous photograph on the outward eye. While taking all this in, Jingo was really watching the Hussars in his front; a single sword was raised and gleamed an instant through the dust, for the morning sun had dried the road.

Threes right and left! (they did not go all fours those days). Evidently there was an obstacle in front for the Cavalry. If so, how could his guns get over? They could not turn and file through the jungle as the Cavalry did. The Royal Horse were thundering close behind, so he pressed forward, set his teeth, hardened his heart, steadied his horse, and whoop la! the powerful black had cleared the ditch, seeming to alight like a goat, all four feet together, on the berm, about a foot space between ditch and parapet, and then scrambled up the soft parapet, where he stood panting. The drop on the other side was a trifle.

He turned and looked at his advancing teams. The sunlight glorified them, their coats shone with sweat, and here and there a fleck of foam; the trace-links glittered and danced. The men's faces, under their grey helmets, were grave and quiet. He loved them all, men and horses—should he save them and call a halt? The prudent Douglas had halted and dismounted limber gunners—this looked like business. Yet it seemed impossible that harnessed teams with a gun behind them could surmount what Cavalry had drawn rein at. The officer's prophetic vision saw a tangled heap of men and horses in the ditch, and the cruel Jugg-





naut gun slowly crushing out their lives. His actual vision, for they were coming close now, saw the grim hard face of his leading driver, Alec Galbraith, whose grizzled moustache made a straight line across his set mouth. His left hand was down, his right, with the whip lash gathered in it, was extended with a sort of mesmeric effect over his off horse.

There was no need to give any word of command, it had to be tried and here was the man to try it. The officer reined back and watched the coming sacrifice to the god of war. The chariot seemed thundering to its doom. The brave little leaders would have cleared the ditch, for their fore feet pawed the parapet, but the second pair stopped dead on the brink, and back into the ditch fell the leaders, Galbraith under them. The impetus of the third pair pushed the second with their driver on to the top of the leaders, but the powerful wheelers, firmly held by the driver, stopped the gun in time to prevent the crushing death for man and beast that seemed impending. In a twinkling the gunners had the team unhitched, the little Arabs scrambled up like cats, unhurt, and shook themselves, even Galbraith crawled stiffly out. The bottom of the ditch was V shaped, and he had lain under his riding horse unharmed, and the wise little beasts had not trampled upon him in getting out. His long sword \* in its steel scabbard was bent ; falling across the ditch above him, it had in great measure kept the weight of his horse off him and thus had helped to save him.

"Are you hurt, Galbraith?" was the officer's anxious query.

"Naw, sir!" And walking up to his horses, he patted and made much of them, and prepared to mount. Then, turning to his second driver, he said, slowly—"Yoong mon ! I'll just trouble ye to follow yer leading dhriver anither time, and not to get the funks."

The word was now given to reverse, and the gun was brought up at a gallop. The horses in successive pairs cleared the ditch, and scrambled over the parapet † and the gun leapt like a live thing over ditch and bank into the road on the opposite side. The second gun followed easily in the

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\* Artillery drivers in India wore long cavalry swords then, not the useless cheese knives now carried.

† The Indian Artillery used longer traces than is permitted in England.

track of the first, for the crumbling earth filling the ditch made the task lighter.

The Lieutenant saw the fresh wheel tracks of the Black Horse Battery, they having evidently been just withdrawn from the work they had been intended to defend, probably on account of the turning movement of the Irregular Cavalry. Over the top of the parapet he could see the heads of the Brigadier and his Staff approaching. Delays are dangerous ! Off he trotted with his guns before he could be stopped. A Staff Officer cleared the ditch and rode after him, shouting "Halt !" The headstrong Jingo heard perfectly, and increased the pace. His guns broke into a gallop, rendering further commands inaudible, for his pursuer could not pass them to reach him, as the road was narrowed by the dense jungle through which the Cavalry had not been able to advance. He knew he was unsupported—behind him, disobedience of orders, court martial, etc.,—before him, a moving cloud of dust—under his horses' feet a trail of gram (horse feed) dropped from leaky nose bags, then a bag itself, artillery pattern, emphasizing the gun wheel tracks of the Black Battery.

Jingo was now far in front of his guns, intent upon the trail. The road took a sudden turn, and, there, a short hundred yards before him, was the last division of the Black Horse Battery in action, two guns at close intervals, and only a corporal's guard of Sepahis as escort.

To halt, in order to open fire, would be destruction ; he saw the gun sponges turn in the air, heard the case-shot rammed home with a thud, the native gunners blowing the slow match to light the port-fires. With a sudden impulse he gave a stentorian shout, and a fox-hunter's "tally-ho !" that seemed to paralyze the native artillerymen, rang out above the rattle of the gun wheels. A trumpet sounded the charge—the guns were not fired—the native Commandant sitting stolidly on his horse now turned to ride slowly away. The English officer noted that he wore the gold belts and appointments of a brother officer, murdered by the mutineers, and Jingo's blood boiled to close with him, but the Sepahi corporal stepped forward with his musket at the ready. His bayonet was not fixed (the Sepahi seldom fixed his bayonet) and there was no excitement in his handsome face, only a look of quiet "Kismet !" "Whose ?" thought the Lieutenant, "his or mine ? or both ?" He bent

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his head and body behind the horse's neck to escape the bullet, and dropped the point of his sword. The man's shoulder struck his right knee, and he fell without firing.

Had sword and musket both failed then ? There was no time to think, for he was among the native gunners, smiting and prodding, somewhat ineffectually. They had drawn their tulwars, but escaped between the gun wheels and under the horses' bellies, into the jungle. The drivers tried to unhook and ride off their horses, but they were cut down in the attempt by "the sword of the Lord in the hand of his servant" Douglas, who had ridden up with other mounted non-commissioned officers. Among them was the Quarter-master - Sergeant of the Horse Artillery, an excellent swordsman, who went for that native officer and returned with his sword and belts, saying, with a grim smile :

"The native gentleman had no further use for them, sir."

He offered them to the now radiant Jingo, who declined them with thanks and suitable encomiums. Lieutenant Black, who was now upon the scene with his mounted detachments, secured the abandoned gun teams and ammunition waggons.

The Brigadier also rode up, his horse in a lather and himself in a blazing rage, his brown eyes flashing, and his black moustache, always waxed *a l'Empereur*, now extra stiff with anger.

He made as if he would ride over the Lieutenant, but the big black horse and rider had a *vis inertiae* which brought up the Brigadier with an undignified jolt.

"Damn you, sir !" he said, between his clenched white teeth, "how dare you disobey orders ? Where are your Cavalry escort ?"

"I don't know !" and the Lieutenant very nearly added, "I am d——d if I care !"

"Where are the enemy ?" the Brigadier added, looking round, bewildered, and not realising the situation in the cloud of dust and confused mass of guns, men, and horses.

"I don't know," replied the Lieutenant again, with aggravating deliberation, "but there are his guns," pointing, sullenly, with his sword.

"God bless my soul ! You don't say so !" and several expressions passed over his face, in which lingered a trace of

anxiety at a situation not provided for in any tactical books.

"We must get out of this jungle as quickly as possible. The enemy must be in force and not far, and they may yet be down on us before we can get clear. The Infantry are miles in rear, and the Cavalry tangled up in this infernal jungle somewhere behind—nothing but you d——d hot-headed gunners!"

"With somebody else's guns!" the Lieutenant added.

The Brigadier, recovered now, laughed kindly, and said:

"Well, well, Jingo. We will say no more about disobedience of orders. You have done a good morning's work, going out with two guns and coming back with four. Devilish dashing thing! Never heard of anything like it, by gad! I'll have a good mark put against your name at the Horse Guards."

If a mark was made, it must have been in pencil, and was rubbed out one day by a War Office clerk, who had a new piece of indiarubber to try.

Limber gunners were mounted on the captured gun teams, and they rode off, with pardonable swagger, to rejoin the rest of the force, the Staff and the triumphant Lieutenant at their head. Jingo was about to sheath his sword, when the same Staff Officer, who had shouted himself hoarse trying to stop him, remarked, with a very broad grin on a very broad mouth:

"We must change your nom de guerre from 'Gunner Jingo' to 'Beau Sabreur.'"

"No," was the reply, "I missed my chance and he missed me."

"He had reason," said the wide-mouthed one, showing more teeth; "look at your sword."

It was greasy to within six inches of the hilt, just to where the sword-maker (for it was not tailor-made any more than its owner) had engraved the family crest of the Jingos, which was smeared with blood.

Just then they came upon the body of the Sepahi corporal, the quiet look of "Kismet" still upon his handsome face. He lay in a pool of blood darker than his scarlet uniform (the old-fashioned coatee). His bare, brown limbs would have served as model for a bronze Apollo. The Lieutenant's sword had entered downwards above the collar-bone, and

out below the shoulder-blade. The speed of the horse and the shock of impact had prevented the swordsman knowing how deftly the blade had done its work. The Sepahi's musket lay beside him, loaded, capped, and cocked; his finger had been on the trigger—why had he not fired? Kismet! Did the mutineer's heart fail before the white face of the avenging sahib, because the memories of another, a murdered sahib, a sweet mem-sahib, of baba logue he had played with when the Captain's orderly—rose before him? Did he feel the hour of Kismet had come?

The Lieutenant called one of the men to draw the charge and put the musket on the gun-limber.

"It might have held my life," he thought; "but my Kismet was not rammed down with that bullet. I may as well keep the weapon, it may serve as a duck gun till I get my own shooting-iron left at Calcutta"—for marching order was mighty light in those days.

The Hussars, having got clear of the jungle, formed the rear guard. More Cavalry appeared in the distance, and the usual demand was made upon Jingo to open fire. There were two things—yea, three things—he always tried to be deliberate about—to open fire—to retire—to back a bill for a friend.

As they drew nearer, the Khakee, instead of white, showed they were our own sowars, who had been sent forward early in the morning to make a turning movement. They had succeeded admirably.

Their sweep had been so far-reaching as to threaten the enemy's line of retreat, which accounted for the abandonment of their prepared position. The Irregulars had suffered. Captain Palliser, who commanded, had a severe sabre wound. The Brigadier was in high good humour.

Guns captured by gunners was unique, even in the startling annals of the Mutiny.

The little Trumpeter, who had sounded the charge without orders and then dashed into the *melée* with a sword as long as himself, was had up for a make-believe wiggling as his share of the glory. Thus:

"You were ordered to stay in rear. What brought you to the front?"

"My 'orse, sir—couldn't 'old 'im."

The little brat, whose feet barely reached the end of his

saddle-flaps, sat in a statuesque attitude, with his trumpet resting on his short thigh.

"Why did you sound the charge without orders?"

"'Eard you 'oller 'tally ho!' and thort yer made a mistake, sir!"

"My boy, 'Tally ho!' was shouted at Waterloo by the Staff-Officer who ordered an advance of the Horse Artillery in pursuit of the French."

"Like to read that story, sir," said the boy.

"Well. when we get into cantonments we will try and get some books," said the good-natured officer.\*

There was a little comfort in camp now. The Brigadier gave a dinner in commemoration of the breaking up of the Black Horse Battery, for the remaining guns had made good their retreat, but they were never heard of more. The Brigadier's little London Arabs of the Chota Ruffles, his own regiment, stole his dinner, waylaying the native kitmugars on their way to the mess-tent. However, as there was enough left, the Brigadier could afford to laugh, as he said:

"Poor little beggars! They have not had a blow-out of anything but fighting and marching for many a long day, and they have marched and fought well."

"Brigadier, vous avez raison," a chanson of the Empire, learnt in the Crimea from our allies, was sung with gusto.

As there was a short, quiet time, the indefatigable sportsman, Warren, started early morning shootings with Jingo, who used as his shooting-iron the Brown Bess no longer wanted by the Sepahi corporal.

The gheels were full of full-grown flappers, for men had been too busy of late shooting each other to molest them, so the sportsmen made excellent bags of ducks. To be sure they had to go considerably beyond the outposts, and wandering parties of the enemy's sowars still infested the country. But immunity had brought recklessness. It had been suggested to the Chief to put a stop to these excursions, but Sir Hope Grant only chuckled, and said:

"Let the boys alone! My sporting subs are my best

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\* Rudyard Kipling has been criticised for making his Tommies talk travestied "Lays of Ancient Rome" or "Ossian." Many a long-service soldier in India was better read than a modern officer would imagine, who had himself been crammed with selected sentences of English literature till he hates the sight of any book but a shilling shocker.

scouts, they beat the Politicals hollow, and they learn the country for me."

One early morning Jingo and his friend were having splendid sport in a long winding gheel, having penetrated much beyond their usual limits. Suddenly arose a cloud of dust, through which nothing was visible, though out of it could be heard the trample of many hoofs.

Surely, nothing less than a large party of the enemy's sowars advancing between them and the direction of camp, where the syces with the shooting ponies had been left! Poor beggars! They would have a short shrift if they were captured. But the odds were they had escaped into the jungle.

"—— Warren was brave, but to his heart,  
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start."

The gallant Jingo was in an equally abject funk. Their case seemed desperate—the anticipated ending too horrible for contemplation. And nothing larger than duck-shot! They were already knee-deep in the gheel. Shouts mingled now with the clatter of hoofs, sounding close to the edge of the gheel. They were coming at a sharp trot. There was nothing for it but concealment, and that but a poor chance.

The gheel was not deep—they must have been seen.

Nevertheless, in they rushed, crouching among the rushes to their very chins, with difficulty keeping their guns dry for a last, if futile, effort to account for the first who ventured to come close.

But the probability was they would be potted from the bank without any chance of reply.

The end was not yet. There came a bellow—and the enemy took shape as a herd of water-buffaloes being driven down by villagers to drink at the gheel.

In spite of the reprieve from the sudden death they had expected, our friends felt almost mortified at the relief. They looked foolishly at each other, burst into a laugh, crawled out, and found their syces, of whom they made no inquiries, trusting these had not taken in the ignominious situation. If they had done so they were much too polite to notice it to the sahib, whose eccentricities they never seemed to remark. The blazing sun almost dried them before they reached camp.

The mess had an appetising supply of snipe and duck, and the sportsmen a go of ague, to which, with the help of quinine, they were getting accustomed, though it made them rather buzzy about the head at times. But they kept their counsel and the story did not leak out.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNPOSTED SENTRY—THE LONGEST MARCH MUST HAVE AN END—  
A DANCE OF DEATH AND RESURRECTION—THE LOST PENSION—  
VACCINATION MARKS—SIC. TRANSIT GLORIA.

“ For they say the war is over,  
And again each war-worn rover,  
Doth his little girl discover.”

*Ballad of the Bould Sojer Boy.*

At last the order came for “ Q ” to rejoin headquarters; they were to march across country with an escort of Irregular Cavalry, leaving the best roads for the Infantry. “ Across country ” meant a series of “ Sloughs of Despond,” into which guns and Cavalry often sank girth-deep. Once they stuck. Night overtook them in the rice khates, baggage and tents not forthcoming. The latter could not have been pitched had they been there, for there was nothing approaching solid ground except the narrow raised paths between the inundated rice fields. There was nothing for it but to leave the horses, as they stood, in the guns, letting them eat off the green rice within their reach. The Cavalry were able to get on drier ground and place outposts.

The Lieutenant, after posting sentries, lay down with his men on the driest path he could find, between two khates, close to the guns, and “ wished for the day.” Wrapped in his wet cloak, his teeth chattered with ague. He felt no hunger. Most of the men were in the same case. Everything was wet—no wood for fires—nothing but haversack rations. The situation made him remember how much of his time had been taken up repeating the formula of the orderly officer—“ Any complaints ? ” to men who have nothing to complain about. Now he never asked for complaints, and the men never made any. It is puzzling to know what part of our peace training has any relation to war.

The fever-stricken officer did not know he had slept, but

he certainly awoke towards morning with a sense of warmth, comfort and refreshment, and the remembrance of a dream of delicious heavy bed-clothes. It had not been a dream! Very extraordinary—but he felt too “comfy” to rouse himself. Close to him was a sentry he had not posted. The gaunt figure strode up and down, breaking the grey sky line of coming day.

“Hullo!” he called out, “what are you doing without a great-coat?” And the figure slunk off without reply.

The officer rose and unwrapped himself. There were one! two! three great-coats over him! No. 24710 was in white letters on the first coat.

“Whose number?” he asked.

“Gunner Doyle,” said a non-com, for the men were beginning to stir about.

“Send him here and the other men the coats belong to,” was the officer’s order.

They were marched up in file along the narrow path.

“Look here, men! You should not do this, you know!” Here the officer-manner broke down. “Please don’t ever do it again—it is not right.”

The men took up their coats without reply and waded into the mud to look after their horses.

The longest march must have an end, no matter how many drop by the way.

“Ha-a-a-It!” The command long drawn out to prevent a sudden pull or strain on the tired gun-horses, differing from the short, sharp word which arrests the biped soldier.

“Prepare to dismount!”

“Dismount! Down props! Look to your horses.”

The tired drivers obeyed somewhat stiffly and languidly, for the long fight against the fever was beginning to tell, and it was the fourth, or periodic, ague day with many.

The reports from N.C.O. of sub-divisions had come in as O.K.—all correct—no galled shoulders, etc., for the rainy season, during which the horses’ skins are as liable to tear as wet brown paper, was over.

The morning was bright and crisp, but the sun was getting hot.

"Now, men!" said the Lieutenant, assuming a cheerful air, "the last halt before we get into cantonments! Polish up everything, trace-links, every strap and buckle, boys! We have had a tough time, but the 'Jhungy Division' is going to swagger in as if they had come off an Aldershot picnic and their best girls, that they left behind them, were all in the top windows! Heads up, heels down, Tommy!"

But the memory of many a Mary Jane, with her pink fresh face, perky little lace cap, and trim figure, saddened the heart of "Tommy." He knew not that she had consoled herself with another Tommy, the "bobby," or even the baker's boy, else he would have felt more philosophic. As it was, the absence of the bright eyes, that would have looked appreciation, made the swagger somewhat of a make-believe. There would be black orbs peeping from heavily veiled faces; graceful, undulating, bronze ladies with posed water jars, or babies straddled on the swelling hip, but what were these to Tommy? His heart was heavy for the "girl he left behind him"—the girl who had long since forgotten him. And why not? Merciful Providence gives us each a forget book in which to write the names of those we love.

The Lieutenant sat by the roadside watching, with a pleased and kindly eye, the efforts of his men, while his syce polished the irons and bosses of his horse appointments. He tried to smoke a mild cigar, for strong tobacco was too much for him now, but it had no taste and he flung it away.

The march has been a silent one. There have been no songs, for that minstrel boy, the ballad-making Bombardier, sleeps far from the sound of the Bells of Bow that chimed over his cradle—the coster-cart his mother watched while his father alternately boozed and beat her. Is she still patiently enduring, or has her rest come too—perhaps by the hand of the brute she once loved? Her boy fills a nameless grave on the banks of an ancient sacred river. The little cross with his name and number, cut by a comrade, was kicked down by a passing Mahomedan fanatic after "Q" had marched. But they remained long enough there to protect it from the four-footed wild beasts, so the material part of him was left to fertilise the wide-spreading mango, which, with its luscious fruit, shaded his grave from the merciless

sun that killed him. And so he passed into the laboratory of the untired chemist "who doeth all things well." The neighbouring Fakir says, "Ram ! Ram ! The vital spark of this white man's soul will be used for the Bidgely-ka-tar—the lightning wire which passes above his head—for the obtuse worshipper of a carpenter was not fit to supply a soul for a pig."

The furbishing up was completed. Men and horses had enjoyed the short rest. Trumpet sounded. The Lieutenant's foot was in the stirrup. The hot quivering haze that makes the horizon dance began to move slowly round—quicker—quicker—the landscape waltzed, the ground rose and bent the leg he stood on, the dusty road upheaved slowly and struck him on the back of the head. Was it an earthquake ? No ! He had had that experience elsewhere. A doolie was fetched—ah ! that is comfortable, out of the blinding glare, and that cursed mad waltz of the hot horizon.

"Hung ! hung ! hung !" The bearers began their monotonous chant.

Blank—blank—blank ! "Had a good sleep ? Head nice and cool ?"—a voice was asking.

He put up his hand. Where are the brown curls that frizzed in spite of military shears ? Head shaved ! "Don't put a fellow in the cells ! Qui hi !"

No answer.

"Confound that bearer !"

Up jumped Jingo from his bed—and flopped on the earth floor of his tent.

"Shure, I knew he'd chate the divil ! Glory be to God !" And old Doyle lifted the helpless Lieutenant on to his bed and then appeared with a basin of broth. He ate it hungrily.

"He'll do," said the doctor, who came in shortly after, summoned to what was considered a resurrection. "Well, my friend, the last time you were under my hands you owed your life to a native lady's pyjamas ; this time you owe it to that old scamp Doyle, who gave up his big drink on coming into cantonment to look after you. No hospital nurse could have done it better."

Convalescence was slow, and the Lieutenant grew impatient to be about among his men, from whom he knew he was soon to part, for he had been for some time senior sub on the long list which reaches from Pall Mall to the uttermost

parts of the earth.\* The weather was now cool and bracing. The men having been served out with new bedding had put their old setringies on the horses still picketed in the open. He noticed through the tent chinks that some clothing had fallen off the horses, and was being trampled. He got up to draw attention to it. Seeing his old Sergeant he tried to call him by name. He could not remember it—could not recall a single name of those he so intimately knew. He walked out, touched a man, and pointed to the fallen clothing.

“Glad to see you out, sir,” said the man.

The officer nodded his thanks, walked back to his tent, sat down, put his head in his hands, and sobbed like a child. He was ordered to the hills on sick leave.

Doyle packed everything, for his native bearer had left him during his illness.

Native servants vary. Some are very faithful, mostly Mahomedans. His bhisti had followed Jingo throughout the campaign. He had found Mokhum sitting by the body of a former master, an Irregular Cavalry officer killed in action. At first he would serve no second master—would go back to his own people—but he turned at last to the Lieutenant and never left him either in sickness or danger, on one occasion bringing up a fresh horse for his master in action when the fire was so hot that the syce could not be got to face it.

Everything was ready, and the Lieutenant partook of his last “chota hazrie” in the lines of “Q” with a full heart. The men crowded round. Sergeant Douglas brought out a sheet of foolscap, which he handed to the Lieutenant. His eyes glanced over the kindly words, and he felt very proud—more so than if he had sent in his own name for a V.C. and got it.

“Thank you, Sergeant,” he said, “I understand. But it is not usual in the service for soldiers to give expression to any opinion or feeling regarding their officers. Officers, however, may tell their men, as I tell you, I never want to lead better soldiers.”

The Lieutenant carefully concealed that document, till he lost it.

There was a pause, and then the Sergeant said :

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\* He was relieved by a much decorated young sub from the Crimea (now General Geary, C.B.).

"About that punishment of Gunner Doyle, sir—couldn't he be recommended for restoration of pension?"

The old man here stepped forward and saluted.

"You see, sorr, there's a sintince agin me av deprivashun av pinshun, which might be restored for good sarvice afore the inemy, if you'd mention it to the Major. You see, sorr, I've two campaigns, thrutty odd engagemints, includin' Sevastopol and Lucknow, and a wownd to the good. And it was all along of a little girl, sorr, that I desarted, the cray-chur! I couldn't lave her, sorr, the way she was, and I had married without lave. I was a recruit and knew no better, sorr, and I had to choose 'tween my counthry and my little girl—well, anyways, sorr, I couldn't lave her thin, and we was ordered off, so I desarted, and the Coort Martial sintinced me to be deprived of pinshun or any binifit that might accrue from future sarvice. Av coorse, I know, sorr, they couldn't help it, it's the regulashun—but sorr——"

"Why didn't you tell me this before? You have to be clear of regimental entry before being recommended. Your crime for drunkenness under arms has gone in. It is too late, my poor fellow! But I'll do my best, and I know the Major will also."

And the Lieutenant was rattled away in a "dâk gharry," with "Good-bye and God bless you, sir!" accompanied by a sickly sort of cheer, that had a ring of despondency and make-believe about it. English soldiers cheer when their hearts are heaviest, as the shouts that come from the parting troopship testify.

Years afterwards, in the routine of relief, fourteen non-commissioned officers and men, out of the original two hundred of "Q" that had embarked for India, landed at Woolwich. Among them was the "Ould Tough" Doyle. The Lieutenant had been promoted to another battery, and "Q" re-organised into something that did not know itself, nor that anyone else knew.

A dirty strip of paper was handed one day to Captain Jingo. It was a request to go and see Gunner Doyle in hospital.

He went, expecting to see the last of the "Ould Tough," but he looked hale and hearty, though somewhat crestfallen.

"Aff ye plaze, sorr, I'm sorry to thrubble yez, but there's a young docthur here has marked me for discharge and I not

complated me twinty-wan years by eighteen months. 'Twas boy sarvice some av it—mebbe afther all they might be givin' ine pinshun, aff I put in me twinty-wan compleate, and it's all along o' that wovnd, sorr. Mebbe ye disremembers. 'Twas that same blackguard, up in the shtaple of the mosque, that knocked ye aff the morthur, whin the lady's petticoat came in handy—glory be to God," the old scamp remarked, with a perfectly sober face, appropriate to the piety of his exclamation, and concealing his internal enjoyment at chaffing his officer. "I took yer place, sorr, wid the plum-line, and the nixt bullet sthruck me on the shoulder and kim out at me elbow without braking a bone av me. We was being examined for vaccinashun marks, and the docthor, wid a pane av glas in his oye, was mistakin' the bullet mark for a vaccinashun, an' sez to me—'Where was you vaccinated and who did it?' 'A sapoy, sorr,' sez Oi, 'at Lucknow.' 'Serjeant, take that man's name down for impertinance,' sez the docthor, wan of thim new wans he was, that owns no rigimint and no rigimint would own. Ye know the sort, sorr, they're Majors and Ginirals now. 'No offince, sorr,' sez Oi, 'but it's thrue for me, a bullet-mark it is.' 'Yes,' sez he, examin'in' the place, 'that must interfere with your carryin' a knapsack. I must mark you for discharge.' 'But, sorr,' sez Oi, 'Oi've carried me knapsack many a day since—worse luck.' And he walks aff to the nixt man."

The previous Commanding Officer, who was with the battery in the Crimea, and was left wounded at Lucknow,\* a man who would worry the War Office for a year, and write a ream of foolscap to get compensation for a soldier's trousers, was not the sort of man to let Doyle's case slide. But he was impotent to save the pension.

"Uncle Toby" was not arraigned before the War Office when "the accusing spirit that flew to Heaven's chancel with an old soldier's oath, blushed as she gave it in, and the recording angel dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever."

There are, of necessity, in the army many accusing spirits, but no lachrymose recording angels at the War Office to drop a tear and blot out a soldier's crime! It is easier to reach the ear of an Oriental despot than to influence the machine called a Constitutional Sovereign. What shall be

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\* The late General Gibbon, C.B.

said of a service that necessitates the forfeiture of a pension which *may accrue* from *future service* for a military offence at the commencement of a soldier's career? "Leave Hope behind who enter here" was written over the gates of Hell. It might be so for some who enter barrack gates.

The Colonel could not save Doyle's pension, but he got him a position as timekeeper in Woolwich Arsenal, which he held till reductions by a Liberal Minister, necessitated his discharge, with that of a crowd of efficient artisans. They emigrated to the United States. When our next small war demanded an increase of war material they were wanted, but were not forthcoming. In our next great war their children will be found to have helped to build up the United States. Doyle swept a crossing, wearing his medals, till a passing War Office clerk, a C.B., in shiny boots, said that to him which made the old soldier go to his garret and put his three medals and five clasps into the fire. The bellows helped to convert them into undistinguishable silver to the value of something under ten shillings. This proved more serviceable to him in his need than the decorations of his Sovereign, whose image and superscription he would not sell. He had before now endured taunts and brickbats in her defence from Fenian fellow-countrymen. Want, and drink when procurable, brought him at last to the workhouse hospital. There he "slipped away" unobtrusively. The medical students joked over his emaciated carcase in the dissecting room. Where the pieces went, it is hard to trace. They got probably mixed up with the remains of an old pauper Orange-woman from the "black North." In life they wrangled over their differing creeds and politics—their remains mingle peacefully. The disposal of his remnants would not have troubled the "Ould Tough," but he was a good Catholic, and had the prejudices of his creed and country as regards "dacent Christian burial."

*Sic transit Gloria !—we cannot say Hic jacet !*

## CHAPTER XXV.

DÂK-BUNGALOW BREAKFAST—THE WELL OF CAWNPORE—THE QUALITY OF MERCY STRAINED—THE TAJ—DELHI—NEW DRILLS AND OLD GUN CARRIAGES—A CROPPER—HOT WEATHER SHIKAR—ZUBBER KHAN—SOLDIERS' GRIEVANCES—SOLDIERS' COLONIES,

Dâk-bungalows had been re-established along the Grand Trunk Road, and the traveller, who felt a return of appetite after a comparatively cool night in his palkee gharri, asked what he could have for breakfast.

"Sub cheese hi! Kadawan!" (There is everything for your highness) said the complaisant kitmugar.

"Then bring me some curried crocodile."

"Gareeb purwah! Croc-croc-crocodile. Nahi, sahib—Sepahi logue, sub loot leah. Sub khata hi!" (Protector of the poor! There are no crocodiles. The Sepahi people have looted all—have eaten all) was answered, with folded hands and true Oriental composure.

"Bif tick?" "Nai, sahib." "Mutton ghosht?" "Nai, sahib." "Unda?" (eggs) "Nai, sahib." And so on; the inevitable answer being, "Lieken, moorghi hi, sahib" (there are fowls). And forthwith, while he had his bath, Jingo heard the fluttering chase and death of his breakfast, which was cooked before it had time to get tough.

On reaching Cawnpore, there were the ruined entrenchments, surrendered to the perfidy of Nana Sahib, and the well of ghastly memory, once choked with slaughtered women and children. It has since been surrounded by a beautiful Gothic screen, which softens but cannot obliterate the odious memory.

As Jingo stood beside it, he called to mind a certain morning when a small force had been drawn up preparatory to attack. On the left of his guns had stood the remains of the old 32nd, who had formed part of the glorious garrison of Lucknow Residency. The principal element in the re-conquest of India had been the destruction of the telegraph. Orders could not be sent, and in default Englishmen

always did the right thing. As soon as the telegraph had been righted, one of the first messages which had been sent by it was to the army of Oudh from that amiable gentleman and scholar, the Governor-General of India, "Clemency Canning," as his detractors called him. It was characteristic—inculcating mercy to the conquered, and finishing with a quotation from Shakespeare—"The quality of mercy, etc."

The Brigade-Major had read it to the force, in a flat, monotonous tone, and seemed to bite off the ends of the words. Brown and gaunt, the veteran soldiers of the 32nd had stood with ordered arms. At the conclusion of the dispatch no word had been spoken, but a low growl had rolled down the ranks, and the butts of the rifles were struck with a spasmodic thud upon the ground. The bugle had sounded the advance. That day, the 32nd took no prisoners. Their wives and children helped to fill the well of Cawnpore. To these men was first addressed the message of mercy. People called it the "irony of fate"—a better name might have been invented.

The first distant glimpse of the Taj at Agra is just a little disappointing, when seen from over the tree tops, the gleaming white dome with its tall candle-like minarets against the clear blue sky. It looks—well, like something good to eat!—the sugared top of Noormahal's bride-cake. It is her grave—the favourite wife of Shah Jehan, the Conqueror.

" . . . . the magnificent son of Akbar,  
As he fled from the triumphs and trophies of war,  
Preferred, in his heart, the least ringlet that curl'd  
Down her exquisite neck, to the throne of the world."

And yet it was the old story, Othello's—only it ended with a scimitar instead of a bolster. And the Taj is the stony tear of ineffectual remorse he idly shed over his withered "rose of Kashmir." He sleeps beside her in this, the most exquisite mausoleum of the world, that glistens, white and pure, as it did two hundred years ago.

Some one had put fresh flowers on the tomb of Noormahal. There were none on the grave of Shah Jehan. Jingo took a white rose from the lady's garland (she won't miss it!) instead of picking out a little stone from the flowery mosaic of her marble tomb, as some barbarians have

done. He whistled a few bars of "The Last Rose of Summer," and startled echoes floated in a melodious chorus round the lofty dome. Then the strains of a well-known waltz were taken up by the invisible choir with still more fantastic effects. It was the echo of a military band from a merry pic-nic party dancing in the large mosque on the left-hand side of the Taj. Jingo strolled over. The ladies, so fair and pink (for it was Indian winter), look, to the fever-stricken traveller, like Peris let loose from Paradise. Since the solitary lady at Lucknow, he had not seen white woman-kind—or unkind—for more than a year. He felt tempted to introduce himself and ask for a dance, nor would he have been snubbed, for Anglo-Indians are always genial and hospitable, and just then they were more so, after the past miseries of the Mutiny. In a country where all are pretty much the same *jhât*, freedom of intercourse is possible.

But our Jingo was dusty and travel-stained, his head was shaved from recent fever, he knew he was an unpicturesque person, so he slunk back to his gharrie and rattled along the dusty road another hundred miles to Delhi. In an early morning walk along the Chandi Chowk, under the shade of its trees, he passed the bloody Chabutra, before the Kutwali, where the murdered bodies of outraged Englishwomen had been exposed, and where, in bloody revenge, lay the last princes of the house of Timour, slain by Hodson in fulfilment of his oath of vengeance.

A little further on was an English officer buying bulbuls (nightingales), of whom Jingo inquired where the regimental doctor was to be found, for he felt ill.

"Come and breakfast with me and I'll write him a chit to come over," was the characteristic Anglo-Indian answer. As a natural sequence to a man buying bulbuls, his home was a bower of roses, presided over by a pretty wife. She had been lately married. Her first husband was shot by one of his men at the commencement of the Mutiny, and when it was over, her present husband had been sent to the hills wounded. The widow had dried her tears, nursed, and married him. They were poor, but, to make a proper story-book ending, a native appeared one day and produced the will of her uncle, the Principal of Delhi College, who had been murdered at the outbreak. On the back of the will was written in Dr. Taylor's handwriting—

"The bearer of this, — by name, whom I have for

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years befriended, will be my murderer. He has forced me to give him all my papers and bills to a large amount, and I know he intends my destruction."

The native was arrested, and the notes found concealed in his house. He had come to demand compensation from the Government for injuries inflicted by the rebels, and he had produced the will as a proof of his faithfulness to his master, not understanding the purport of the addenda. He was convicted of complicity in the murder, and paid the penalty, while the will, being in favour of the newly-married niece, put a golden sequel to the love among the roses and bulbuls. They were a very charming pair, and if they were not happy ever afterwards, in true fairy-tale style, they should have been.

Latter-day historians often try to overturn contemporary beliefs. It would be pleasant to think that the naturally gentle people of India had not been guilty of the atrocities laid to their charge during the military revolt. No doubt, some of the horrors were exaggerated, but, while the mass of the population was guiltless, or, at the worst, apathetic, unfortunately the bazaar ruffians and some of the mutinous soldiery committed acts that are unwritable.

Jingo became acquainted with the President of one of the courts that had been held on mutineers. He told him that during the proceedings he had put aside his revolver lest the temptation to use it should overpower him, in listening to the boastful admissions of men, who, having no hope of escaping death, seemed to glory in the recital of their fiendish atrocities. He had taken notes, and after sentence it was permissible to discuss evidence. Jingo was not an over-sensitive subject, but the perusal of those notes literally made him ill, and can never be thought of without pain. That reprisals were severe is not surprising, but it is to the credit of the British soldier that native women suffered no wrong at his hands.

After the wonderful palaces, the site of the Peacock Throne and Imperial tombs, and that marvellous minaret, the Kootub of Delhi, and the massive ruins of pre-Mahomedan conquest, came Umritzur, with golden temple reflected in its sacred tank, the holy book and the sword beside it, which the Goroo inserts between the leaves haphazard to find the text to read to his warlike audience—a custom typical of this nation of soldiers.

From Umritzur, Lahore, the ancient capital of the Sikh power, was reached, and thence Mooltan, the baked-up city on the borders of the desert which stretches down to Scinde. Here, in the cantonments, Captain Jingo found the battery to which he was appointed. It was the cheerful, bright, cold weather of the Punjaub, and the usual kindly greeting of the "Ubique" gunner met him here also.

Time passed pleasantly. After a campaign comes drill, and the young Captain woke up the new battery to movements rather more lively than those on Woolwich Common, and over very much rougher ground ; consequently the old gun-carriages which had been sent out from England, some of them bearing the date of the battle of Waterloo, began to go to pieces, with unfortunate results, for a couple of poor fellows got badly hurt. Those carriages had been condemned by Boards many—but not replaced, until they got beyond sitting upon, either by Boards or gunners.

After morning drills there was the Gymkhana and sometimes an impromptu scamper across country to the horse lines, the sub on duty being left to bring home the battery in more sober style. The guard turned out to receive the galloping C.O. There was no one to open the gate to the horse lines. The sporting light-weight sub, who was leading, turned in his saddle and shouted :

"Oh, blow the gate ! Will you take the wall, Captain ?" And his active chestnut cleared it in splendid style.

The Captain felt his heavy Cabul charger was pumped and rolling in his gait ; but he pulled him together, for it would never do to refuse before the guard what the sub had taken. But his charger's forefeet touched the wall, and a somersault resulted. Fortunately, the rider fell clear, for the peaked cantle of the regimental saddle made a hole in the mutti (ground). Jingo picked himself up and a syce dusted him. The battery filed through the gate in due time, and morning stables were gone through in a hazy fashion by the spilt one, who, when feed was sounded, called his subs to ride home to dinner. It was breakfast time !

The celibate gunners lived fraternally in a big bungalow.

After that morning's mishap, a stiff hurdle was put across the entrance to their compound, which their horses had to jump before reaching the stable. It was found an excellent device for teaching chargers to jump, in preparation for

the hunts with the bobbery pack and the coming station steeplechase.

To vary the drills, there was shooting quail, which came in flocks at certain seasons in the cotton khates ; plenty of black partridges in the patches of tall jungle grass ; and sand grouse on the burnt-up plains ; duck by the river and the gheels ; further afield, the ravine deer, a species of gazelle ; black antelope ; and Ubara bustard.

The hot season had come round again. Already, the burning breath of the sandy deserts of Scinde had begun to blow from the south. Yet Jingo could not rest all day shut up in a dark bungalow, even with a punkah, and the hot wind tempered by the perfumed kuskus tattie, which the coolie kept wet, until, like his master, he fell asleep, the one with his book dropped from his hand, the other cross-legged, like a new Buddha, holding the slackened punkah-rope which, no longer working with mechanical motion, left the room like a darkened Hades. The wrathful sahib woke the outside sleeper with inconsiderate and ill-expressed threats of vengeance, alas ! too often carried out by the feverish European with an enlarged spleen, to the great danger of the native affected with ditto.

The soldiers were confined to barracks and longed for the rains, which came not to the desert cantonment of Mooltan that year.

An almost asphyxiated soldier goes into the verandah and sees the dun-cloud of a dust storm rolling across the maidan. Thinks it may be rain, and asks the coolie his opinion. The colloquy was unsatisfactory, and the wretched, dozing coolie receives a dig in the ribs, which nearly causes death. The soldier is brought up before the Commanding Officer.

"He was afther stoppin' the punkah and makin' game av me, sur, and I lost me timper. 'Pawnee purt ?' says I, quite civil like, (does it rain). 'Pawnee purt ?' says I agin, getting angry. 'Gee haw !' says he, as if I was a jackass, "and wid that I hit him a dig."

Unfortunately, the inflection on a sentence makes the difference whether it be a question or an affirmative, and "gee haw" there meant, "yes, sir," from the poor native, who lied, rather than contradict the ghora logue, with poor results to both, for the soldier had to be severely punished.

Jingo preferred the parched plains, with the occasional

shelter of a clump of palms, and he prolonged his shooting expeditions late into the hot season.

One blazing noon, he sat by a mud wall, under the flickering shade of the hot-wind-shaken palms. A native approached and salaamed. He leaned upon a long gun. There was that something which made the men take to each other at once.

The manly, frank look about the neatly cut face of the stranger, less dark than usual, with cheek bones shewing Mongul origin, and the curled beard and moustache of the Mahomedan, with his spare, sinewy frame, were indicative of the qualities time shewed him to possess.

"Why is not the sahib asleep under a punkah?" he asked

"Fond of shikar," was the reply.

"But you can shoot nothing with such boots. Take them off, and you shall find shikar."

It was done, and leaving his horse with the syce, Jingo followed his new, noiseless friend, with bent and aching back, crouching along nullahs, where the hot gravel burnt the soles of his stocking-feet.

At last, Zubber Khan, with a sign for caution, pointed to three ravine deer asleep under a bush, about a hundred yards off. The buck, on the right, never rose after Jingo's shot through the heart, nor the doe, on the left, after Zubber Khan's; the third started, but fell to the second barrel of Jingo's double rifle. The syce, with the pony, came up, and the quarry was carried back to cantonments.

Zubber Khan was a non-commissioned officer of Irregular Cavalry, quartered in the same cantonment. He was a gentleman by birth, of Pathan origin, dating from the conquest of Arungzebe. His father was a Zemindar, near Delhi.

The two men became fast shikar friends and Zubber Khan was entrusted to buy a swift Biccaneer camel for their shikar. Splendid sport they had among the black antelope and Ubara bustard on the plains. The camel would be made to circle until the quarry was within range, for the black buck were accustomed to camels and allowed approach in this fashion. The sahib, riding in rear, would fire from the saddle, or sometimes slide off and walk parallel to the camel's hind legs. They could travel great distances and

yet return to cantonments without long absence, thus dispensing with leave ; for, unfortunately, that indulgence was not to be had.

Once, on returning from a short leave shooting excursion, Jingo found there had been a row. He was only the second in command, and the discipline was not in his hands. The drills and the horses had been made over to him as his province. With the best intentions the senior acted on the idea, not yet defunct, that the only way to keep the soldier sober was to spend all his money for him. The Queen's regulations authorized certain stoppages for messing, etc., calculated on the meagre ration of bread and meat only, as issued in England, where the soldier's pay is made to supply everything else from potatoes to pepper, mustard, salt, sugar, tea, and coffee.

That "man cannot live by bread alone," even with the addition of  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of meat *including bone*, is an unconsidered inaccuracy in the placards, which proclaim a free ration to the confiding recruit, as well as the delusion of a free kit. In India it was otherwise, because the mild Hindoo, not the British taxpayer, paid. The Indian Government gives literally a free ration.

But the English stoppage was continued, and luxurious breakfasts, including Europe hams, were provided for Tommy, who chucked them out of window and doggedly refused to sign his accounts. The battery was much married, with and without leave, and the old-fashioned fellows wanted to send all their money to their wives at home.

Jingo had pleaded strenuously, but in vain, for them. The Queen's regulations seemed too strong for him and humanity, and Jingo got put under arrest. The men marched to the Brigadier's quarters, without orders, and stood silently before him, for they knew that soldiers may not address superiors in a body. They were sent back to barracks, and obeyed. The Brigadier ordered that the stoppage for extra rations should cease, and that Captain Jingo's sword should be returned to him with an apology. But his leave was stopped, while his senior was given sick leave so long that he never returned, being promoted in the interim.

But the difficulty remained. The men still doggedly declined to sign their accounts for the past month's stoppages. The Captain went to the barracks as usual on muster day, said nothing, handed the men their books, and every man

signed without a word. There were few punishments and no courts-martial that year, and the battery was the best shooting battery of the Brigade.

The married with leave arrived from England, and there was rejoicing save among the desolate without-leaves. But their sorrows were over sea, and salt-water mercifully solves many ties and troubles. The women and children who did come were very helpless in the new land, and strangely unadaptable to changed conditions, as the English poorer class generally are. The women would walk about with apologies for bonnets and the children persist in playing "hop-scotch" with the fearful sun blazing on their yellow curls. They were all soon down with fever. What holocausts of beautiful British children—"non Angli sed angeli"—have been and are sacrificed in India during the two centuries we have held it. And we might largely have avoided the sacrifice of Innocents, held India as securely, and been more ready to meet the Muscovite when he shall descend from the slopes of the Hindoo Koosh, had we planted colonies of married officers and soldiers in the valleys of Cashmere and down the long lines of Himalayan frontier, instead of dragging them home as pauper reservists to the slums of our cities. Delhi was mainly re-conquered by the European regiments which swept down fresh from their cantonments in the hills. Henry Lawrence founded a home for soldiers' children in the hills. But that only shows what might have been.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

JOTTINGS FROM JINGO'S JOURNAL—IN THE HILLS—SIMLA 30 YEARS AGO—  
 FLORA AND FAUNA — ROPE BRIDGE — KOOLOO VALLEY — POLYANDRY  
 — RHOTUNG PASS, 13,000FT.—SOURCES OF RIVERS BEAS AND CHENÂB  
 — WICKERWORK BRIDGE—LAHOUL VALLEY—WOMEN—BUDDHIST TEM-  
 PLES—PRAYING MACHINES—MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

May 18th, 1861.—Was packed into a doolie and am off to the hills at the recommendation of a Medical Board. Rattled all night over the infamous road, thinking often of the poor fellows in yonder barrack who will have to crawl through six months of suffering—many a fine fellow will go on a gun carriage to that little square place in the jungle where I have followed so many! There they sleep in whole ranks. What an army of martyrs will rise from that lonely burying-place among the palms when the last trumpet calls to boot and saddle for the battle of Armageddon!

There are no stones near Mooltan, indeed the great alluvial valleys of Hindostan are, for the most part, singularly devoid of stones. It was aggravating to think one might walk 500 miles and not find a stone to throw at a barking dog. Farewell then, to Mooltan with its three G's—Gurda, Gurumi, and Ghoristan—dust, heat, and sepulchres. Corderoy roads one knows of—did you ever hear of a straw highway? As there are no stones the road is covered with long jungle grass in bundles, the mail carts soon press it down, and then it is a pleasant road to ride daks on horseback, but oh! the immense holes which are only hidden by the stratum of straw! I thought the roof of my head would fly off with the jolting and the heat.  
 . . . . . Passed Lahore, Jellunder, and Umballa—the hills at last! I can't describe the feeling of seeing stones and running water. Soon the lower hills rose, only a few hundred feet at first, for it was a misty morning, and the

higher ranges were veiled. How my eyes have ached to see a mountain—anything but the arid plains and deserts they have too long rested on! As we rise from Kalka loose low stone walls appear and *nettles*—by Jingo! I *must* sting myself for auld lang syne. I feel getting stronger hourly.

Kussowlie, with jolly, honest, Scotch fir, smelling turpentiney. I feel drunk with the beauty of those valleys stretching away at my feet. Am never tired of looking by the hour at the shadows and lights chasing each other over their beautiful faces.

Simla. My old comrade, Warren, as warm-hearted as ever, gave me a cordial welcome to his bungalow. He is just the same as when we used to prowl about the outposts, shooting in Oudh, except that he has turned Benedict since those days. A pic-nic in the crimson rhododendron forests. A ball, too, and peacocking about. I must leave all this civilisation, it is rather overpowering, and I am not used to it. Simla is pleasant at the time, but apt to leave a bad taste, like sweet champagne.

June 12th.—Left Simla with little Burnet, who has been photographing capitally.

14th.—Narkunda, 8,480 feet above the sea. Splendid view when the mist clears. The hillsides are covered with wild strawberries, large and full-flavoured, and the air is heavy with the perfume of jasmine, which grows wild everywhere. Potatoes grow splendidly in almost virgin soil—labour is only four annas per diem! Dark deodar forests—pheasants, somewhat resembling our domestic fowl, only black. What a country to colonize with officer jhât. There, in the valley below, grows the tea, and the Sutlej, a silver thread from here, will float that stately timber to the sea. Forests full of game, rivers teeming with mahrseah. Came the short cut over the mountain, capped with mist like our own Highland grey rocks and glens, all but the heather—

“Where fain to be kiss’d through his thin scarf of mist,  
Benmore to the sun heaves his wet, shining shoulders.”

June 15th.—Walked down the short cut to Kotegurh, a Moravian Missionary Establishment. The path lay through splendid pine forest. There were all sorts of glorious pheasants in these valleys, goorul or Himalayan chamois, and occasionally bear (but I was not successful). Very

hot climbing the hill, and a profusion of wild apricots by the path side. Saw an idol carried in procession. It was in fact a graven image, but the makers had scarcely transgressed the commandment. The priests carried long horns "gilt with silver," as Pat says, and when these were exalted they gave a long, monotonous, but not unpleasant note, reminding one of the "Rannes des Vaches." Heaven knows why that same "Rannes des Vaches" should be so appreciated, for, if it is not the original tune the old cow died of, I don't know another!

June 17th—Started early, having sent on our servants, tent, etc. Last post-office, last dāk bungalow, good-bye civilisation. Wish I felt stronger. Went down a steep and roughish puck dundy to the Sutlej, which is here crossed by a wooden bridge over wild turbid torrent between cliffs—very hot—tropic vegetation. Left the temperate zone of firs, etc., this morning and are among plantains, bananas, and such like. Not a breath of air. Stiff walk up to Dilas, on the top of a high hill—had a delicious showerbath *au naturel* in a mountain stream. Reached Dilas at 1 p.m., found our tent on a green knoll above the village. Feel so free, darkness creeping on, night wind souging fitfully up the glen and flapping the flys of our little tent. It's a wild night and wind and rain have it all their own way. A great grey wolf or hill fox comes prowling down towards us, much to my dog's disgust, who growls desperately, but only pursues to a prudent distance. Grey morning breaks, and the clouds come rolling up the mountain valley and enter unbidden into our tent—rain, now drizzling, now pouring. Difficult to rouse natives—poor beggars, they look as if they really would be washed out of creation.

June 18th.—Rain has ceased and the mountains and purple shadows have come out soft and clear. Walked to Chouai, an indefinite sort of village up the hill, where we had some difficulty in getting supplies. The flies are almost maddening here. Shall take my gun and prowl up the hill as I hear chukkore (the fire-eater of India, red-leg partridge of France and Africa) calling. This home of the pheasant tribe is certainly favoured with a glorious variety; there is the Manaul, all gleaming in purple, and gold, and green, he swoops down the khud, positively like a live firework, over the tops of the gigantic deodars into the valley. Shot one dead, and it fell almost an afternoon's walk away, in the

valley below. Impian pheasant is, I think, the swell name of this gorgeous bird. Then there is the Argus pheasant, all over white eyes, and a scarlet ruffle round his neck. This Argus must be the bird Bishop Heber alludes to, when he talks of . . . "the bird of thousand dyes, whose plumes the dames of Ava prize." There is also a pheasant with two long tail feathers, probably the progenitor of our own almost domestic bird, besides heaps of common jungle fowl exactly like our domestic dunghill—the snow pheasant, a purely marked game bird; the tree partridge, with long crooked claws for holding on to branches; the ordinary black partridge of the plains; and woodcock in winter—they don't fly so briskly as our home bird. Of the deer varieties there are goorul or Himalayan chamois, its horns not curved so much as its Alpine prototype; the musk-deer, and the kukkur, or barking deer. As for Flora, she has strewn these mountains with a lavish hand. Among old friends one finds the despised and scentless dog-violet, a little yellow heartsease, whole acres of wild anemones, tormentilla reptans, Alpine campion, prunella, germander speedwell, varieties of wild geranium, hillsides purple with blue iris; besides thousands utterly unknown, and others recognised as West Indian favourites and acquaintances, Datura among them. Nearly all the varieties of the Killarney ferns, from common bracken to maiden-hair, except perhaps the Desmond, appear to abound. But one looks in vain for the "wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower." Nature here seems to strive for effect, not to make bouquets nor even pretty parterres, but whole hillsides are gorgeous with similarity of flower and tree, beauty just missed through lack of flowing water, till—"the eye falls asleep in the sameness of splendour." Day after day, march after march, find us climbing the same hillsides, monotonous in darkling pines and summits lost in mist, the same sort of wild glens, the same sort of huge detached rocks.

June 19th.—A thunderstorm last night in the valley below that Byronics would be required to describe. Went to a place called Kote, by a pathway or puck-dundy—a term applicable in many cases to a path something between a sheep-track and a dislocated staircase—down black rocks into a wild glen. On the top of a hill is a Davy-ka-makan. There is the tent of the Tartar turned into a dwelling, the curled eaves, etc.

June 20th.—Mist and rain, as usual, mountains clothed with scraggy evergreen oak, a little like the cork tree of Spain, though not so pretty and umbrageous. Coming down, the valley to Gibee was more than usually lovely—camping ground by the music of falling waters, shut in from the mist of the mountains above by the tall pines—the heat will be unpleasant, and the flies—horrible! Shed our sunburnt skins, which peeled off to-day. Saw splendid walnut trees, such as one passes when descending into Italy over the Splugen, though there is nothing Swiss Alpine in the scenery, indeed, the perpetual greenery and want of lakes, combined with the monotonous slope of the mountains, forbid a comparison with the lower Alps. What the eternal snows are like, *nous verrons*.

June 21st.—After leaving Gibee we entered a new style of country, grassy unwooded slopes, and cultivation in those queer little built-up patches peculiar to these hills. Following the course of a rapid stream, now muddy and swollen with the late rains, passed bridges, constructed in the canti-lever style which would delight the modern garrison instructor, and came to Mungalore, a hot place in the valley. Why do they always consign us to the custody of David Jones, Esq., of Locker celebrity? For at each halting-place there is what the natives call a Davy-ka-makaun, or Idol-house.

June 22nd.—At Plack the Tesseel told us that the only bridge was swept away, which meant, at least, eight days' delay, for the only other road is through Kangra, and as B.'s leave is limited we must push on. Pretty little bungalows with lovely views. Such a place to be lazy in for half a lifetime, if one was not tired of it in twenty-four hours.

June 24th.—My old friend Zubber Khan arrived. He caught me up by double marches, and reproached me for having left without telling him.

June 26th.—Left Plack, where there is nothing to kill. Cool breezes and a beautiful view are all very well as accessories, but ——. We are going to make a detour by an unfrequented path, crossing the objectionable river (over which the bridges are broken) by a rope of grass, sounds insecure, but no acrobatic performance is intended.

June 27th.—There is a filthy grime, a dirty old man of the mountain, who is frightening our lowland niggers into fits, and he tries to take a rise out of me by saying there never was so big a man crossed the rope, and that it may

break. He also descants upon the impracticability of the path, which he terms a "very falling-down road." On the way we met a flock of sheep and goats carrying loads. They come over the passes to Thibet. Saw the snow nearer and clearer than before, not like a vision of cloudland, as it appears from Simla. It does one's baked-up heart good to see the snow look real. One can see the rope bridge far below, spanning the Beas like a thread. The river is about 150 yards across, and seems to have cut its violent course, by force of its own wild will through adamantine walls that rise nearly perpendicular to a height of seven or eight hundred feet. No pen or pencil could convey the wildness and grandeur of this dark chasm—even B——'s sun-pictures fail, for the old orb of day can only illumine one side even at mid-day, and the apparatus is not large enough to take in the tops of the glorious heights of rock which imprison the raging river. Not a word can be heard above the roar of the waters, and the rope coolies gesticulate like lunatics to make amends for the deprivation of speech—that exercise which is so dear to every blackskin, the amount of work exactly in inverse proportion to the amount of talk. The rope bridge is composed of eight ropes of grass (rather loosely made, apparently), and each rope is about an inch and a quarter in diameter. A hollow cylinder of wood, (just a piece of the trunk of a tree, ten inches through, with the centre scooped out), slides over these ropes. To this is attached a sling of grass rope, in which the traveller sits, clutching a short stick which goes over the top of the wooden slide. Ropes are tied round the body and the sling, to prevent an accident in case of giddiness. But this I found unnecessary. A lighter rope is made fast to the bottom of the sling. The whole concern starts with a rush down the slack of the rope, but is pulled across by jerks after passing the centre. My kit, a swaggering fellow, exhibited some reluctance to crossing, and put off the operation until nearly evening. It took a long time crossing, as everything had to be slung separately, and there were no less than twenty-five coolies to be got over. Heaven knows what they carry, for my wardrobe consists of two flannel shooting-shirts, two pairs of flannel knickerbockers, a pair of gaiters, woollen stockings, and boots, my bed, one blanket, and a rezai. I will never again bring Hindostanis to the hills, they can't walk, their roti khanas and uswabs

(rubbish) are a perpetual nuisance, and they become idiotically paralysed in cold and rain. A dinner of Bombay deckchee, containing goat chuccore and bacon. I must shoot for the pot now, as our staple food is goat, and B—— does not approve the flavour of that animal.

June 28th.—Steep ascent next morning to a green summit, where the breeze blew, oh, so fresh! What would they give in Mooltan for such a life-giving air! From this ridge we can see our last night's camping ground, and to-day's halting place below us, though they say they are ten miles apart. It almost seems one could shy a stone to either—not much in the way of a path up the mountain. As we descend, the Kooloo valley opens before us in a more tranquil style of beauty than anything we leave behind us. The river meanders and makes islands as it goes along, as if it loved to linger there before it goes dashing and foaming with ceaseless roar through those glorious gorges to the sea. It has a weary way to wander through the sultry plains of Hindostan. Across those mountains, to the east, lies the Spitti valley. I wonder how they manage marriage settlements here, for every lady has many husbands. How very unkind of fate! when some of the dear girls at home have not got even one. And certainly there can be no comparison in loveliness. I may be prejudiced, but I would sooner have half an English wife, than a hundred of these hideous creatures. But, after all, I am not sure it is a bad arrangement, for the husbands who are invested in so recklessly, are not more than fractional men; the wives are much the stouter, larger, and physically finer, and do all the work in the fields, while the men sit at home, smoke, and mind the babies. The women are not well-featured, and they wear enormous tails of hair (not their own always), twisted round their heads like turbans, while at work. Hair is a capital non-conductor of heat, but it don't look "handsome" when worn in this style. The wedding-ring is worn in the nose, and they indulge in a profusion of bracelets—the gift of each husband, I presume, but where are the other wedding-rings worn I wonder? The husbands are generally brothers; they don't seem to quarrel, probably haven't enough pluck to fight. *On dit* the system does not answer, as the population is diminishing in the Spitti district. There are probably economical reasons for this division—of labour can I call it? for the country can't support a large population. If our

"girls of the period" persist in amplifying the folds of their drapery at their present extravagant rate, why, it may come to the same thing, and a lot of fellows have to go shares in the expensive luxury of a wife. Then, what is to become of the surplus commodity?

June 29th.—Bijourah. It is quite a pleasant change to leave the confined gorges we have travelled through, and come to the open, smiling valley before us, the only one of this character I have seen in these hills. This is a very Brahminy place, and consequently full of children.

June 30th.—Camping in the valley under some large trees at the foot of an old ruined fort with some tall towers left standing. There are many of these—in fact, all the houses are built apparently capable of defence, with a slight dash of the Tartaresque, willow-pattern-plate style.

July 3rd.—Boorwah, eight miles further on. The valley closes by great walls of rock, wild and picturesque, and we see the snow near. My shooting-boots cut my heel, and I am trying the mountain sandal made of rice straw rope Bijourah (twisted soogawn). They are capital for rough walking, but are difficult to keep on the feet at first. An officer of the Rifle Brigade was killed ibex shooting, and the shikari attributed it to the wearing of boots. Rice has been cultivated all along the valley to this point—here it ceases, as we get near the snow.

July 4th.—From Boorwah a gradual ascent of the Rhotung Pass (13,000 feet) begins, and after some distance the path becomes something between a young cascade and an insane staircase of unlimited length. Scenery extremely fantastic, an infinite variety of beautiful waterfalls—one in particular I should select if I were to become Undine, it seems to come from cloudland to lose itself in spray. What a quaint way coolies have of regularly blowing off steam. This is a severe pull for them, as they can't obtain substitutes at Murra, which is only a collection of a few stones on the summit of the pass. We crossed a small glacier. The eternal snow about here is extremely dirty. After passing the stones on the top of the Rhotung the scenery becomes very wild, no trees, etc. This ground is a

watershed between two large rivers. We are at the source of the Beas, which we have followed for miles, until here it rises from a hundred little rivulets of melted snow that run from the glaciers. The Chenâb rushes down the other side of the Pass—I wonder why it is so wild to get on, I would stay and linger here if I were the river god—he does not know what dreary leagues of sand lie before him! We crossed here at the foot of the pass by a bridge of most peculiar construction—three ropes of twisted brushwood, each about an inch and a half in diameter, support the footway, which consists of small hurdles about a foot wide laid upon three ropes, a parapet about two and a half feet high is formed also of brushwood ropes, and the whole swings about somewhat unpleasantly, particularly so to B——'s kitmugar, who sat down about half-way, and could not be induced to stir. The poor old fellow had quite lost his head, but another man came behind him, and got him along somehow. We are now in the valley of Lahoul; Koksar, a collection of a few mud huts, contains Mongul-looking men, with extensive cheek-bones, quite different in character from the Caucasian people on the other side. The whole village seemed drunk and riotous—they distil a liquor from barley not unlike whiskey. The women wear a most peculiar costume, dark-coloured instead of the all-pervading Karkee of Kooloo, with a diminutive silver bread-basket-looking thing, only a little larger than a rupee, stuck on the top of the head. They all wear chatelaines with chains down their backs, and what appears to be a young warming-pan attached, the use of which I can't conceive. Their hair is rather well got up, with huge turquoise ornaments, and some of them are almost pretty. Poor things! they are better than they look, for when nothing would induce our Kooloo men to carry the baggage the next day, those dear little women with warming-pans whipped it up and bore it off. B——'s native gallantry was shocked at the idea of the gentle beings becoming beasts of burden, and at first resisted their solicitations to be permitted to act as porters. They have none of the habits of seclusion practised by Hindoo women, which are borrowed from the Moslems, for they came and crowded round our tents while we were dressing—partly from curiosity (B—— thinks a good deal from feelings of admiration), but really to secure light things to carry.

July 5th.—Both of us seedy from drinking snow water.

B——, I fear, is going to have a touch of ague and fever—our tent has never been dry since we started, and it has rained more or less every day—Reached Sissoo.

July 6th.—Rode to Goondla, 10 miles, then on to Kardung, another 12. Scenery along the road wild and grand, snow and rock, Alp piled on Alp. At Goondla, Damoda Chund, a wealthy individual, was very civil. Change coolies on double marches. Buddhists in this valley—temple by the side of the rock, and for the first time saw one of those windmill praying machines. A hollow cylinder with wings attached to it revolves on the principle of a windmill. The cylinder is filled with written prayers. Each revolution counts as a prayer. But the sinner in Thibet, as elsewhere, sometimes finds it difficult to raise the wind—some praying mills are worked by water in the streams that run from the perpetual snows. The hotter the weather the more snow melts—are people wickeder in hot than in cold weather? Byron says: "What men call gallantry and gods adultery, is much more common when the climate's sultry." It really is a neat style of attempting to cheat Omniscience. If sermons could be thus turned off, Gospel-grinding on these lines would be economical. Innumerable stones, rudely carved with prayers, are stuck up like cairns. The missionaries tell me that the sentence so often carved on these stones are the syllables:

"O ! man i Pat Mahoon !"  
(Oh ! thou jewel in the lotos, O ! )

Is it an allusion to the eternal Irishman? There are three Moravian missionaries in the valley—singular people, they have never made a convert, nor are ever likely to, as they can't afford to buy one. They sent home to Germany for three wives—girls they had never seen came out, quite promiscuous-like, "this side up with care," and were consigned to an agent in Bombay, and one missionary went down to meet the consignment. They tossed up which was for which; he married one and brought up the two others. They live harmoniously, as if they had married each other all round. We did not find out which belonged to which, for they talked about "our wives." They have one child among them, and all seemed to take such an interest in it that it might be part of the joint-stock company. Tara Chund, head man at Kardung, tells us that there is no road to

Kashmir by Kishtowar, beyond Trilograth, the great place of Hindoo pilgrimage—missionaries also say we can get neither coolies nor food in that direction, as they never heard of anyone going that way. B—— returns to Simla to-morrow. I shall push on to Leh, capital of Ladak. There are nine marches of perpetual snow, without a village, so all food, wood, etc., must be taken with us on coolies.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

ALONE—YAKS—LAMAS—LADAK TEA—TARTAR TENTS—IBEX—PIGTAILED SHIKARIS—BARA LACHA PASS—SING KUNG LA PASS, 17,000 FEET—LADIES' COIFFURE—BEWILDERED GUIDE—GLACIERS—LADAKIS (MALE AND FEMALE)—BABIES FEW—KARJUK—"O! MAN I PAT MAHOON"—LOST COOLIES—WATERSHED—CHAR—SALE OF KASHMIR—THE RAJAH'S RAPACITY—WILLOW PATTERN PLATE COUNTRY.

July 7th.—Sunday. I miss B—— dreadfully. Consoled myself by taking the locks of my guns to pieces and cleaning them. They were in a fearful state of rust from perpetual rain and damp. Made more enquiries of Tara Chund, who though dirty and diminutive in person, is nevertheless a wellinformed good-natured fellow, and he assures me I shall get splendid shooting to the west of the Ladak road, and none in the direction of Leh. Shall, therefore, cross the Bara Lacha mountains into Ladak, and strike westward for Kashmir. Saw the old red-billed Cornish chough in great numbers. Yaks for the first time, the quaintest thing in cows; they have long hairy wool and bushy tails, finer and thicker than horses. Here ye are, my Buffon! The shepherds of the Lahoul country wear the old original fool's cap and a long rope twisted round their waists to go down cliffs with. Noticed a comet, large and clear, at the foot of the Rhotung Pass, due north, and close to the nose of the Great Bear.

July 8th.—Marched to Kulung; fine clear day, and cool breeze blowing from the snow. Saw a live Lama. He wore a red robe (the sacred colour) and was, without doubt, the dirtiest emanation of the Deity I ever set eyes on. Tara Chund came with us to Darcha. He owns the country from Koksar to Darcha. Is descended from an old Rajpoot family

who came from Bengal in the days when the Lahoul valley paid tribute to the Chinese Empire. The valley revolted, and with the assistance of the Rajah of Kooloo, beat off the Chinese troops. Subsequently, the ancestor of Tara Chund, a wily Bengalee, made himself useful in arranging a treaty with the Chinese, or rather Tartars, who abandoned the valley. For these services he received his present Jaghire, and his family are employed to this day on the frontier settling disputes between the Kooloomen and the Tartars from Thibet, who come to traffic at the foot of the Bara Lacha Pass. On arrival, T. C. brought an enormous brazen tea-pot, and an attendant dirty Lama poured out a very refreshing cup of tea, made in a peculiar way, of a reddish colour, like cocoa. It had milk, sugar, and butter in it, and was very good. He also brought me some excellent apricot whiskey. They make a respectable, but weak, whiskey from barley. Next morning he sent me the same Gampish teapot, containing tea made after the custom of the country, with butter and salt. That was too much. I drank a little for civility sake, but it nearly made me ill. T. C. says I must take six days' provisions and firewood for self and coolies. Saw them measuring out the everlasting ghee, haggling as usual over seers, kutchas and pucca. There stands my sleek Hindoo bearer, who looks upon me and all my race as unclean. Look at the filthy fingers of the hillman who is measuring out ghee for the *cleanly* Hindoo—now and again he cleanses his hands by giving them a rub in his abominable hair, and then sets to work ramming the solidified ghee with his hands into small chatties for my pure-feeding friend.—The homely old dandelion makes its appearance in these valleys, but still no daisy on the close velvety turf. Holly, ivy, and mistletoe grow in the lower valleys—but where are the pretty girls? This is a tantalising arrangement.

July 9th.—Reached Darcha very early—only a short distance from Koolung. *On dit*, there is another case of bridge broken, this time a bridge of ice over a torrent, which can't be repaired until next winter. Suppose I shan't see a white face for a month to come, nor village, nor house for six days. Pig-tails positively! Sketched two men from the neighbourhood of Lassa where the grand Lama hangs out—most picturesque and Tartaresque, but difficult to portray faithfully from a general vagueness of feature, a want of nasal development peculiar to the Chinese and Tartar, as if

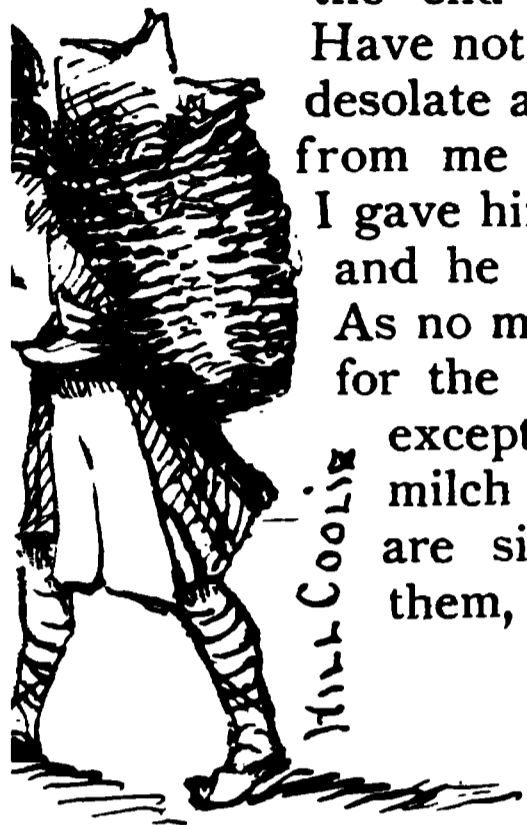
nature had been in a sketchy humour and left them unfinished.

July 12th.—Reached Pul-um-oo, a place, if such can be called a place, which boasts no local habitation, yet has a name. It is a camp of nomadic Tartars who live in small black tents made of goats' hair blankets. They gave me some delicious milk. Crossed to their camp over a most extraordinary chasm with the wildest of torrents beneath spanned by a rainbow of foam. The overhanging rocks nearly met above and were joined by two pieces of timber—such fantastic freaks of nature I have never seen before. Went on about four miles beyond this camp and was brought up short by another torrent, utterly bridgeless and wild. Could have crossed myself and then sat on the other side and looked at my coolies who declined the passage. They told me that the river was swollen by the melting of the snow during the heat of the day, and that after the night chill it would be fordable at day-break. Camped. Hearing that ibex occasionally frequented the mountain above, I started about 3 a.m., with young Hari Chund, son of Tara, and heir presumptive, good-looking chap with extensive eyes, and earrings about three inches in diameter, set with pearls and turquoises, and two wild Tartar shikaris who sported pigtails and matchlocks, and the Chinese sort of shoe one sees in pictures. There was, to me, something ludicrous about the idea of going shooting with pigtails. We saw five ibex, but unfortunately came upon them to windward, which, of course, they would not stand. Ibex shooting is supposed to be the most difficult and dangerous sport; every year there are victims. Poor Myers, of the Rifle Brigade, was killed this season in the Kooloo country. He fell down a precipice, and Nichols, of his regiment, whom we met at Phago, recovered his body.—Tried to get above the ibex, without success. The best chance of a shot is from above, as they look out below. Spring is the season for ibex shooting, before the snows have melted; after that they go off to inaccessible regions, so I haven't a ghost of a chance. My pigtail friends tell me that having once sniffed the tainted air of the hunter, they won't come near these parts for a month, so I must try my luck elsewhere. Saw some half-dozen broods of snow pheasants with their mas, the largest and gamiest-looking of the pheasant tribe—caught a young one. There are constant sunshine showers among these mountains, and yet no rain-

bow, except in the foam of a waterfall. I almost live on chuccore, a fine bird—generally pot a brace on the march, as there are plenty here. Wonder if they are the same as the partridge one used to shoot in North Africa and eat with kus-kusoo? The plumage, as far as I can recollect, is the same, but the Himalayan bird is finer, the natives call him the fire-eater and say he eats red-hot coals—the diet keeps him in fine flesh. I can't understand these fellows' lingo, and have to do double-distilled translation—English, Hindostani—and their language, whatever it is, seems to consist chiefly of chee-chees and chung-chings.

July 12th.—Natives told truth for once. The torrent was wadeable this morning, no snow having melted during the night. Passed the stream over which the ice-bridge (as they termed a small glacier) had given way. It is really unpleasant to see these poor hillwomen carrying loads, and they work much more cheerfully than their abominable male relatives, who never dream of assisting the poor things in any difficulty. Wading across the last stream, which was the worst, I took care of one coolie lady—*not* the youngest and best looking, nor the one who shewed her pretty, fat little legs; it was the oldest and nastiest for whom I did *preux chevalier*, and she was not an atom grateful, the old thing, though I saved her a good ducking, if no worse.

We are entering the pass of Sing-kung-la. (It is impossible to write or remember these Chinese names without dividing them into syllables.) The hills on each side close in walls of granite capped with perpetual snow, which has glided down in a glacier to the very bottom of the valley. It is covered by a *débris* of stones, etc., the thickness varying from inches to feet, and the stream in many places runs below. These violent rivers roll along great stones with a noise like thunder. Indeed, "the sound of many waters" is ever in my ears, for we generally follow the course of a torrent. Crossing the pass this evening, came across a group of Ladakis sitting under a rock, drinking red tea, with the addition of butter and salt, out of a huge pot. The beverage was dispensed by a man, though there were several ladies present, whose coiffure was peculiar, consisting of a combination of dirt, turquoises, silver, and sheepskin.—It is with difficulty I can get my coolies to take even the short marches they do. I could go double the



length myself, but *cui bono*? They carry from 30 to 40 lbs. weight, poor beggars! I find even my rifle and shooting belt with ammunition, etc., make some difference at the end of a long day's march in these mountains. Have not passed through so bare, so wild, so utterly desolate a country. My dirty old Lama divinity parted from me this morning with many signs of gratitude. I gave him backsheesh the day I sketched his godship, and he has made himself generally useful ever since. As no milk, wood, nor food of any sort are procurable for the next few marches I bring them all with me, except the first, which is supplied by a couple of milch goats that accompany me. These hill people are singularly fond of flowers, and the wildest of them, the men in particular, wear a flower in their caps. Flora festoons the very skirts of eternal snow.—The voices of women are almost invariably soft and sweet, no matter what semi-civilized tongue they speak in (excluding Billingsgate ladies). Even the laughter and soft chatter of these poor Tartar things as they prepare their food after marching is not unmusical.

July 13th.—The descent from the Rumjuk valley was gradual, but unpleasant, owing to the loose sharp fragments of rock, etc. Had to cross numerous icy-cold streams. The summit of the pass, snow, nothing but snow and cloud, and needle-like masses of black rock projecting here and there. A snowstorm came on while we were on the summit, and we could not see 20 yards before us. The guide seemed quite bewildered, said he had lost his way, and wanted to sit down in the snow and wait until the storm blew over. This was impossible, so I pelted him with pieces of ice till I made him move on, like the peeler and poor "Jo"—"move on, move on, it's allus move on!" He was a native of the hills, but a poor creature, like most of them. It was bitterly cold and my Hindostanis seemed stupefied. They complained of pain in the head, and I rubbed their noses with snow, telling them it was the custom of my country and a certain cure for headache. The treatment acted like a charm. I felt uneasy lest some of them should lie down, and if they did, the chances are they would never rise again from that rest. Felt the cold myself, for I had nothing on but a flannel shirt, long stockings and knickerbockers, and my

fingers seemed frozen round the rifle I carried. Nor was it wonderful, considering the height, 17,000ft., 3,000 higher than Mt. Blanc, the difference of temperature, of course, due to latitude. It is really curious how stupid and indifferent natives become from cold. One coolie persisted in wandering away from the rest, and I had to go after him myself and bring him back, after a great expenditure of shouting and abuse, to which he was as utterly indifferent as he was to his safety. The snow was firm and sound and after some time we came upon tracks of some of our people who had gone ahead under the guidance of a Tartaresque goat-herd, who was really a fine sharp fellow.—As these mountains are in the Tropics, all unsound snow appears to melt during the Summer and fresh snow rarely falls until late in the Autumn, consequently, one does not see the fearful crevasses which render crossing the Alpine snows so dangerous, especially when concealed by a fresh fall, as they often are. Then glaciers bring down on their surface an immense amount of rock débris which renders them easy to cross. The mountains, when not granite or hornblende, are generally of some species of black mica slate, very friable, particularly under the changes of intense cold and tropic sun to which they are subjected, consequently one often sees a sort of sandwich, a layer of 50 feet—thick ice between two slices of rocky débris.

At the foot of the pass, as we came down, we found ourselves in the Ladak country. On that patch of brilliant green is a flock of queer little mares feeding (this is entirely pastoral country), and a fine Ladaki keeps a vague look-out after the wild little beasts. He wears a picturesque cap, hanging over one side, similar to the Catalan peasantry, only the colour is not red. He caught a mare for me to cross the stream upon, and showed all his white teeth as I caught the rope he had twisted round her jaw and vaulted on to her back. He is altogether the finest fellow I have seen for a long time, and if he only washed himself would be as fair as I am, though that is not saying much, for between sun and wind and rain I am about as dark as a well-coloured meerschaum. Looking down this valley of Karjuk there is a long line of red, warm-looking hills, a contrast to the cold grey ones we leave behind. Here the coolies indulged in tea, and I walked up the valley. We came upon another Ladaki camp, consisting of the same black

blanket sort of tent, with a hole in the top for chimney. Window ventilators I don't imagine they desire, for the cold in winter must be intense, judging from what it is now in July. Some men, as we approached, ran up the mountain like wild animals, evidently afraid of us, but the ladies of the camp came out to meet us, and were remarkably civil and hospitable, spreading a sheepskin for me to sit on, and offered fresh milk, curds and a sort of paste, looking like a mixture of flour and curds. The milk was delicious—yak milk, I suppose, for the herds about consisted only of yak mares and sheep. The whole picture was most novel. The yak has great chowries, or immense tufts of sill black hair, one for his tail, one for each haunc and one on each flank, or, rather, just under the girth, and a mass of mane or hair all over his head. He seems to be a singular, but most useful beast, for he carries burdens, gives milk and wool and beef too, only I expect he is too precious to eat. His tail is much valued in Hindostan, where they are sold for as much as ten rupees, to make chowries or flapper affairs. The women of these nomadic people were as curious as their cattle. Their dress is really pretty and lively in colour (as in other respects too, probably), but they themselves are so fearfully and wonderfully made, utterly plain. They have great, broad, fleshy faces, with large pieces of meat for cheeks, and yet withal, a good-natured kind expression. One old woman was more terribly ugly than a bleary-eyed nightmare. She was a labyrinth of wrinkles, without form and void of feature. People who live much in the open air get wrinkled early, from involuntarily screwing up their eyes and features in the glare of the sun, or when exposed to wind and rain. Her dress was exactly the same as that of the young girls—a fault not unknown in other lands. The Ladaki women wear a cap resembling the old broad blue bonnet of Scotland, set jauntily on one side, only it is black. The coiffure, as usual, consists of coarse common turquoise, red coral-like beads, sheepskin, and last but not least, dirt. Round their throats they have a thing like a small horse-collar covered with the all-pervading dirt and red

beads, and occasionally a Russian coin\* for ornament; for warmth, a sheepskin (the woolly side in, after Mr. O'Lynn's fashion) thrown over the shoulders, a dirt-coloured upper gar-

nt, and a petticoat of strips of different coloured cloth, each strip about six inches wide, sewn longitudinally together. The colours are red, yellow, black, and dark green, the whole sobered and rendered picturesque by dirt. Be it understood that this is in every case enters largely into the composition of all pictures in Ladak. What would Murillo have done but for dirt in the features of his brown Spanish boy, John Baptist, and his equally brown monks? These Ladak ladies wear a species of shapeless Chinese stocking boot which gives them the appearance of being elephant-ted. Whether they are so or not remains to be seen. They dispense with garters, but, being naturally stout little creatures, do not appear limp. Babies are evidently *not* one of the staple manufactures of the country, for I see few. Perhaps they are bred with the goats in the higher pastures.

In the evening I reached Karjuk, a very few hovels, a great number of Mausoleums, and piles of long stone praying walls, built up with carved stones covered with the ceaseless allusion to Mr. Patrick Mahoon. Everywhere

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\*Thirty years have passed, and the party of Imperial defence by large maps and catch phrases about "Mervousness" and "Masterly Inactivity" is again in the ascendant. The English people are always ready for doses of soothing syrup—Mrs. Winslow's or any other old woman's. A distinguished General, through the "Times," October 29th, 1892, assures us that "in a military point of view, and so far as India is concerned, it is evident the country of the Pamirs may be left out of account as a possible base of operations. Amongst the many invasions of India which occurred in ages gone by there is no record of any attempt having ever been made from that quarter." I am not sufficiently versed in Indian History to say there is no such record, but there is very strong tradition among the natives of that region that in times past cavalry invaders came from the north into Kashmir, corroborating the tradition received by Zubber Khan from his forebears. He could trace his ancestors to the time of the conquest of Arungzebe, and he assured me that an invading force of Central Asian cavalry had descended into India by the passes in the north of Ladak, and through Kashmir.

Sir George Mangleson informs us that in 1586 Akbar Khan sent an army "to conquer Kashmir. His force consisted chiefly of cavalry, and although he did not certainly enter Kashmir by way of the Pamirs, he invaded it through the most northern pass, and conquered it."

It is not pretended that Turkoman cavalry selected passes 17,000 feet high, when there are innumerable others of less altitude, any more than it is expected that the Russians have selected the Pamirs as a jumping off place. Mountain heights are only valuable in military operations, because they command the passes that wind about their feet. In that charming book, "Where Three Empires meet," a man who is more of a soldier than many who wear uniform, tells us how the Cossack has already descended the Hindoo Koosh into territory once under our influence. But we do not wish to see, and are preparing, only—to turn the other cheek.

it is (like the nose at Lucknow) a mystic symbol—V.O.V.—"O! man i pat mahoon."\*

As feared, two coolies are not forthcoming, lost their way in the snow and one of them was carrying the poles of our little paul tents. Bitterly cold, no tent, no dinner, for the other missing coolie carried the kitchen on his back. Was glad to creep into one of the miserable hovels I had cleared out, and fall asleep after a severe day's work. My kit awoke me, having managed to cook some pigeons I had shot on the road (there was no road) as we came along. After dinner and pipe I wouldn't have called the Queen my uncle. Sent back some men to look after the missing coolies, who turned up about the middle of the next day, considerably bruised and utterly done, having fallen and lost themselves and my tent bamboos in the snow. They are only five feet long and light. The beggar had not much to carry. Waiting for new ones and for the arrival of the kitchen detained me till the afternoon. The inhabitants of the place are civil and I got with difficulty a couple of sticks for my tent, for nothing grows in this valley above a foot high. It must be uncommonly cold in winter here, for even now the men are all clothed warmly, in July. Some of them wear long sheepskin coats, woolly side in. Their hovels have no windows but



"A hole in the roof and all complete,  
Through which the smoke most gracefully doth retrate."

The men smoke long, thin, iron pipes (not hubble bubbles). These appear their chief characteristics, combined with the attribute of being much more civil and obliging than the people in the territory under British raj.

July 14th.—Remained most of the day at Karjuk, and in the afternoon made tracks up the valley, about 7 miles,

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\* Any one who served through the Mutiny campaign will remember the bird-like profile of a well-known officer, which appeared as by magic traced by mysterious hands upon the walls of every dak bungalow along the Grand Trunk road, on the marble walls of the Peacock Throne Room at Delhi, on the palaces of Oudh, on mosque and temple, it met the eyes of the advancing troops. Even Sir Colin Campbell is said to have recoiled with an astonished "damn," as he fought his way into the Residency, and recognized the enormous nose with nothing of a chin delineated among the holes of musket balls that pitted the wall of the Residency facing the Baily Guard Gate. Jingo reproduced it among the mystic Buddhist symbols on the highest Himalayas, where it may puzzle Madame Blavatzky's Mahatmas.

where we camped on a bit of soft green turf close to running water. The mountain opposite is a great wall of rock, not a green blade upon it. Here is another Tartar camp and flocks. My baggage was carried to-day on yaks, and we formed a most picturesque procession, closed by self and Hindostani bearer, who has usurped the tulwar of the faithful Zubber, donned a scarlet puggeree, and wears a chuprass—brass plate with my name on it, like the door-plate of a young doctor. I can see his appearance commands respect. and, what is more to the purpose, facilitates my getting supplies, for these poor wild fellows address him as "Maharaj" (great prince).

July 15th.—Marched to Char late in the day, and camped near the rope bridge, made of brushwood like that at Koksar, about six miles from last camp, along a wild gorge cut by a largish river which flows north. Have passed the highest part of the Himalayas in this region. The Sing-Kung-La Pass(17,000ft.) is the watershed which divides the large rivers flowing south through Hindostan and the Punjab to the Indian Ocean, viz., Beas and Chenâb, from those which flow north, and, after as long a course through Thibet or Chinese Tartary, find their way to the Arctic seas. No vegetation whatever, nothing but huge walls of rock on each side of the pent-up torrent. In spite of the altitude it is warm, as the sun is straight overhead and the rocks radiate the heat. These changes of temperature are trying. No shikar here they say, all the ibex gone to the snows this time of year, and no shikarrees, and, thank Heaven! no flies, no mosquitoes. The Celestials once ruled this country of Ladak, and did some little fighting here in a mild way, but they left this inhospitable region of snow, though, unlike the sheep mentioned in the infantine epic, they *did* leave their tails behind them. Nearly all the men wear Celestial extremities, *i.e.*, pigtails and stocking-boots. The Sikh also tried a little fighting, and a good many got frozen up. The country at that time paid tribute to Maharajah Rumber Singh, to whose father we gave, or sold for an unpaid trifle, as lovely and valuable a territory as our swords ever won—Kashmir, the Garden of Asia, the while we cling to the Scinde desert with tenacity. This huckstering transaction of the old E.I.C. consigned an inoffensive people to a rule of iron tyranny. They bolt in great numbers to the territory under British protection to avoid the rapacity of

their present ruler, who thinks nothing of taking a nose or an ear in default of a few rupees.—I see a good many men wear the sort of stocking bandage the stereotyped Italian brigand is supposed to indulge in.\* What on earth do the few people live on who hang out on these hills? for hang out it certainly seems where footing is precarious. Occasionally are seen very small patches of barley, but that probably is for whiskey. No green bits of pasture here as in the Karjuk valley. Have long ago given up all hope of seeing the country depicted on the old willow-pattern plate. I fondly imagined at one time, from seeing the preternaturally-peaked mountains, and the houses with the cocked-up pagoda-like roofs, with bells and things hanging from the eaves, that I must be approaching that curious country.

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\* It has since been adopted for the mounted infantry and camel corps of the British army.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEYOND THE RAINS -- MORE LAMAS -- PORTABLE PRAYING MACHINES -- SAMPOO RIVER -- BUDDHIST MONASTERY -- ZASCAR VALLEY -- MONKS AND NUNS -- MENDICITY AND MENDACITY -- SURVEYORS -- PHEGAM -- ZUNKER GLACIER -- SERVANTS ILL -- ONE-FIFTH OF A WIFE -- MARMOTS -- PITIDAR -- SNOWSTORM -- GILMOTUNDI -- AVALANCHE -- 23,400 FEET -- NUNNOO KUNNOO -- PIR LA MOULA -- ABODE OF SNOW SPIRIT -- CREVASSES -- DUMOHI -- WURDWAN VALLEY -- KASHMIRI CHARACTER -- NAGAN UNDHER -- WOUNDED BEAR -- PECULIAR PIPE -- GRASS SANDALS -- UNSUCCESSFUL IBEX STALK -- SACRIFICE A SHEEP -- SUCCESSFUL BEAR AND BARA SINGA SHOOTING -- MARTUND RUINS -- ISLAMABAD -- UNDER THE CHENARS.

We have at last got beyond the influence of those abominable rains, though there are still frequent sunshine showers, as in most mountainous districts. There are lots of Lamas in these parts. They always shave the head and don the sacred scarlet. Their pupils or disciples wear yellow. Sometimes the dress is a combination of the two colours, and then it reminds one of Rochester's line—

“Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red.”

They are not allowed to adopt the red mantle until they have made a pilgrimage to Lassa, where the grand Lama lives—but never dies, as he takes one body after another as he finds it convenient. Those who have not been to Lassa to be initiated are “yellow boys.” I bought two devil-dodging machines for three dibs (rupees). One is a copper cylinder containing written prayers, which is revolved from right to left, and each revolution scores one—a case of praying made popular, for it is easy to turn off a lot in a few seconds. The other mystical affair I don't understand, except you hold it in the left hand. The pious party in possession turned his eyes up, and said he could not sell prayers, but on the production of rupees said he would make me a present of the holy articles—if I made him a *present* also. Fellows of this trade are much the same all over the world. I began turning the praying machine the wrong way, to the





vendor's great distress, as he said I was unsaying his prayers. These men are evidently Monguls, high cheek bones, and very thin light beards.

July 16th.—Marched along a wild barren gorge beside a turbid river, the Sampoo, flowing north. Have been very happy among these lonely peaks, and leave them with regret. In the elevated regions of Ladak now open to me I see no more of the grand snow peaks which have looked down upon me for so long. My bhistie is laid up with a stiff touch of fever—poor fellow, he is a good faithful servant, and followed me through the campaign. Am giving him lots of the never-failing quinine. Zubber Khan also has fever. We passed a small Buddhist Monastery perched like an eagle's nest in a crevice of an apparently inaccessible rock. I wondered at first why the clergy, contrary to their wont, should choose such an inhospitable eyrie, but a turn in the valley showed us a snug little village nestling below. With this exception there was no habitation along the whole gorge of about 20 miles of rock and roaring water. How yaks, carrying loads, can come along the narrow path I am at a loss to conceive. It hardly seems wide enough in some places for their enormous tails to pass. Crossed a natural rock bridge over one of the many fantastic chasms, with a furious flood below—a spot which would be denominated "The Devil's"—something, and make the fortune of a whole Swiss Canton. A paling would be put round, and they would let you look through a hole, at a franc a head.

July 17th.—Stopped on the road to sketch the monastery. On the way to Puldum or Pudom, in the Zascar valley. An old Lama and young monk came out in their usual scarlet costume, and brought me what they call a lighted joss stick in China, much the same as incense. The monk who accompanied the old scamp of a Lama wasn't a monk at all, but a young nun—a great mistake to suppose even Buddhist monks could get on without nuns, who are dressed like the monks, except that they generally wear yellow caps, and look like boys—ugly boys! A good deal of house-top praying was done. The roof was studded with little flags and a large gilt praying cylinder. It ought to grind off enough prayers on a windy day for the whole community of sinners, unless they are an extra wicked lot. The knowing ones use water prayer wheels in the streams which flow from perpetual

snow. The hotter the weather the faster spins the praying wheel. *Laborare est orare* never seems to enter into the Oriental mind. Indolent abstraction or brown study, combined with mechanical prayer, mendacity, mendacity, and personal filth are the acme of Oriental holiness. From the east I suppose the theory reached Rome.

Shot a marmot on the mountain. It is rather larger than an English hare, has teeth like one, red fur, long bushy tail, and paws with long fingers to them. Except in colour it is not unlike a badger. There appears to have been a largish town here formerly, now mostly in ruins, the effects of monastic institutions, or of the rapacity of the Maharajah Rumber Singh, whose sepoy, a ragged, ill-paid lot, infest the valley. The Tesseldar, or swell of the district, paid me a visit *en grande tenue*, sword, shield, etc., like a wicked warrior. He is in reality a mild and wily Hindoo. Shall halt here to make arrangements for coolies, etc., along the way to Kashmir. There are two white tents here. I find they belong to a surveyor, an Englishman, who, with some others, is making a survey for the Maharajah. He is up the hill at present.

July 18th.—The young surveyor came down the hill and dined with me. He told me the Sing-kung-la Pass is 17,000 feet, 1000 higher than the Burra-la-cha Pass, the usual route to Ladak. The air is so dry, a difficulty in breathing is often felt at the slightest ascent, more than the ordinary "bellows to mend" one feels in the lower hills where the air is not so rarefied. The Tesseldar sent a sepoy to attend me, as is the custom of the Maharajah, whose soldier he is. A picturesque, tall fellow, all hair and teeth, and tulwar, and knives *ad lib.* He carries a shield on his back—probably the part most exposed to an enemy. The coolies carry "sitting-sticks" here—a T-shaped contrivance.

19th.—Marched to Phegam. All my servants are sick now, poor beggars, they can't stand this work. Saw a lot of Tartar cavaliers on well-shaped, active little ponies. We came to a rope bridge. They unsaddled and drove their wild little horses into the stream, which they swam splendidly, their masters shouting to them all the time. The current was tremendous.

My boots have established a raw, and grass sandals last no time in this stony place.

20th.—Servants awoke me about 1 a.m., wanting me to

start. I could tell by the stars it wasn't near morning, so declined. My kit went on and complained of having marched half the night. One of my coolies informs me he owns the fifth part of a wife, who is shared between five brothers. Am not surprised at his wishing to accompany me to Kashmir: should imagine his home none too comfortable, perhaps he doesn't get his share of "spooning." Anyway, his wife won't miss him. This inverted polygamy, if I may call it so, exists all through this country. There does not seem any scarcity of ladies but as may be supposed a paucity of children, doubtless enough to rear in a hungry land where the men are not warlike. Rain and high wind this afternoon. The usual style of black, barren hills, with mica slate shewing here, pulverised into light dust, unpleasant when the wind is high.

21st.—Pitched camp at Zunker, eighteen miles on, quite close to a large glacier. Pain in the head all day, due to high elevation. Servants still ill. They ride on yaks and tats. It will become expensive keeping up this cavalry. Saw lots of marmots to-day—shot five with my Yankee rifle and missed a couple. The head of a marmot is not a large mark for a bullet, and if not hit in a vital part they roll into their holes to linger and die. For that reason, don't fire at the poor little beggars with shot. They have beautiful soft fur; hope to get enough skins to make a warm something for somebody, but they are much prized and difficult to get, for the animals only live in a few of these high valleys.

22nd.—Very cold, snowed last night. The Pitidar must be a considerable height. On the top are two bleak lone mountain tarns, still and dark, with the mist floating over them. Cold cutting wind, sleet and snow, large and fast flakes, which never ceased until we got down into the valley to Tashedungdhee, when it turned to rain. My Hindostanis think all this very terrible. and though they are warmly clad, with blankets on their heads, collapsed as usual. Fancy this being July, and snowing away like Christmas at home! God help my poor fellows panting in that Mooltan oven. Don't think I shall ever recover the baking I got there. Gilmotungdhee. Phew! There goes the prolonged thunder of the avalanche—masses of snow falling, unusual at this time of year.

23rd.—Tashedungdhee. Halted for shooting. Got nine

marmot skins to-day, Zubber Khan four. Bought a sheep for four annas—about 6d. ! “Bos Grunniens” the learned pundits put down the yak. He grunts like a pig—ride one sometimes across a stream.\* The pigeons here are nearly white, and the leopards too, all but the spots, difficult to change *them*. Very pretty variety of sparrow here with a bright reddish-brown tail; managed to catch a young one to examine. The wild flowers are lovely, strange and varied as usual. This can't be a very cheerful diggings in winter, neither men nor cattle stir out of their stone cells. The roofs are piled with firewood—where it comes from is a puzzle, for there is not a stick growing in the valley. They store a little grass there too, but scarcely sufficient for their flocks, and they don't grow anything else. The dung of their cattle serves for fuel. The people learn to be insolent, and refuse *to sell* the necessities of life to a passing stranger. The nearer one is to a British Commissioner (when once beyond the exercise of his personal hospitality, which is extensive), the greater is the probability of being starved.

Passed a rather extensive Lamassary, on a green hill in the middle of the barren valley. A crowd of mendicant monks came running down and held out their filthy fists for backsheesh. I caused it to be interpreted to them that I did not wish to encourage idleness and mendicity, either clerical or lay, so the red rascals returned to their hive disgusted. Guess no wind nor water mills ground any prayers for me to-day. Valley narrows here, and is eventually walled in by cliffs. Found an ibex head, natives said it had been killed by an avalanche. They are frequent in the neighbourhood, and disturb the stillness of the night. The road in some places was impassable for yaks, and my baggage had to be lowered by ropes down a cliff overhanging a torrent. A large glacier came right down into the pent-up valley. The bright blue sky contrasted with two giant mountains in the background, 23,400 feet altitude, one white with snow, named Kunnoo, or clothed in white, the black brother called Nunnoo (naked). The blue tints of the glacier were more vivid than usual as it was so close, and the hot sun set off several young avalanches all born in thunder. As I sat looking at the wondrously beautiful creation before me a great pinnacle of snow, a perfect castle

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\* Or cross on a charpoy raft supported by inflated yak skins.

glittering against the sky, came down with a thunder-crash and melted into snow vapour in the gulf below.

25th.—Over the mountain to another valley, Percutchun where the little fort of Tissur lies.

27th.—Towards the Wurdwan Valley. Camp at Dunaroo, no huts.

28th.—Marched 20 miles, 18 of them over glacier. Crossed the Pass Bo-bung at the foot of the Pir Lamoula Mountain, a perpendicular mass of snow, with the head in cloudland, giving birth to an enormous glacier. A red cliff was pointed out in a whisper as the abode of the spirit of snow and storm; meet dwelling place for the evil demon who issues from his home of eternal snow to overwhelm the belated traveller. My coolies made devout salaams to the scarlet cliff and prayed that he would be propitious and allow us to pass without the unpleasant accompaniment of a snowstorm, which is his usual greeting. We had to cross about 18 miles of frozen snow, with some very ugly crevasses in it—not pleasant to walk over a snow bridge say a foot wide, with a cold blue eternity of crevasse fathoms deep on either hand. Was the only one of the party who wore a pair of slippery English shoes. Took them off to cross the first bridge, but it did not improve matters much for the sun shone out and the thawing snow made my stockings as slippery as the shoes. The second bridge a trifle worse, about 30ft. longer, could not see the bottom but could hear the gurgling snow river rolling below. These coolies are a poor race for mountain-breds. They wear a kind of woollen boot with sheepskin (wool inside) stitched over it, woollen bandages on the leg up to the knee, an excellent species of chaussure for this kind of country. The snow-spirit treated us to a storm of mingled sleet and snow before we left his domain. My Hindoo bearer is hardly able to crawl. Poor beggar! I can hardly refrain from laughing at his awkward shambling figure wrapped in a mass of cotton rag apparently, for, though I have given him a sheepskin coat (poshteen) and lots of warm clothing, he still persists in putting on over all, his miserable chudders and thin down-country cotton rags. Camped, wet and cold, at the foot of the glacier where king snow and king *coal* seem to have amalgamated, for the glacier here is almost black with debris of grey mica slate.

29th, Dumohi.—The valley opened in most lovely green

and brushwood, undulating meadow filled with wild flowers in a thousand varieties, acres of tall purple loosestrife, meadow sweet, silver wort, and heaps of new and beautiful flowers, until the soft air is laden with perfume. Sun not so dry nor scorching as in Ladak. The feathery foliage of the aspen and silver bark of the birch shew through the greenery, while the tall dark pine adds sombre shadows to the fairy picture. "Ventre bleu!" what shall I do? Somebody black has broken the hair trigger of my pet rifle, the antelope shooter, and the ball of Nat Lewis is too light for bears and large game.

30th.—The Wurdwan Valley to Rickenwas, passing Sukenahi. Seen no human habitation for four days, and the last two have been through a most beautiful pasture valley. The Kashmir people are remarkably handsome and nearly white, a pleasing contrast to the ugly Monguls of Thibet. But they have a poor character for integrity.

"Kashmiri butcha,  
Kubi ne sutchā :  
Jo hi sutchā,  
Ne hi butcha."

Son of Kashmir,  
Never sincere :  
Be he sincere,  
No son of Kashmir.

As I was breakfasting under a tree a little white-skinned Kashmiri came and gave me three apples, and told me he knew the haunts of the red bears. Promised him plenty of backsheesh if he shewed me any. He is going frontierwards to exchange salt, for pinewood with the Ladakis, a valuable commodity to them answering to coals and candles in their treeless region. Valley still very lovely, profusion of flowers, hollyhocks, docks, 10ft. high. and giant nettles in proportion which the hillmen call "bichou," or scorpions. Took an unkind pleasure in the surprise of my Hindoo bearer when he got stung, for he is a great pig, and carries more personal property than I do. He cut up my mosquito curtains and made himself a sort of transparent tulle chemise, trimmed with silver tinsel, shewing dimly his abominable black "buzzim" and arms. Beast! he brought it with him and I

threatened to make him wear it when we were on the top of the Sing-kung-la, 17,000ft.

31st.—Went up the mountains Nagen Undher. Saw several kael (ibex), but could not get a shot at them though I went to the topmost ridges in my endeavour. Wounded a large brown bear at 100 yards—had her cub with her, she went off before I could re-load (the coolie with my second rifle left far behind) so Bruin escaped with her cub and a mortal wound, I fear, for I followed her bloody tracks for more than a mile. Zubber Khan fired a shot after her but missed her, for a wonder, a thing he rarely does.

August 1st.—Got two shikarees from Busman, who tell me honestly I shall get no shooting at this time of year (the rains.) The jungle and grass grow rank and tall upon the mountains, you can't see where to put the foot, and slip about in a most unpleasant way. Wear the Kashmir grass sandal, which nearly cuts my foot in two between the great and second toes. Moved to Gumber and left all servants except the kit. Up to Pulwas mountain, about eight miles, where we made a sleeping-place, a sort of second camp, from which to go and prowl about the mountain. Saw two very large brown bears, but could not get a shot, coolies disturbed them.

2nd.—Up Chunar hills. Followed bear tracks unsuccessfully. Climbed above the snow ridges, long and fatiguing day for nothing. Hail, rain, snow, and darkness came on before camp was reached. The two shikarees are really good mountaineers. Saw some Ladakis smoking a singular and original species of pipe, they wet the ground in a soft place and pass a pliant twig through it in a curve, then they scooped out a bowl to hold the baccy at one end, pulled out the twig, the other end was the mouth-piece. They lay down on their stomachs and smoked in turn from this primitive pipe.

3rd.—Started up the hills, but found a gang of nimuck wallahs, men distributing salt to the ponies on the hills at pasture. The fellows spread themselves all over the hills, and of course scare the game. So after an unsuccessful ramble returned to camp, shooting a marmot.

August 4th, Sunday.—Returned to Gumber and the servants. Went on to Murrug, three miles off. Found my bearer cleaning his kitchen range, he carries about pots and pans enough for a Battery mess. Ordered him to send

me a dozen pairs of grass shoes up the hill, he sent me one pair only and too small, so I cut my feet to pieces and nearly broke my neck as I had to wear English shoes.

August 5th.—Left camp, etc., at Murrug, and went up the mountain. Saw three bara singa (stags) a long way off. Cold, hail, rain, mist. Slept on the mountain. It is no use trying to shoot here in the rainy season, was told so before, believe it now. They say the bears go down to eat the fruit in the valley, and the ibex go off to the highest peaks, where one may sometimes see the scimitar-shaped horn against the blue sky line. They are only to be got in the colder months till April or May. When the snows drive them down they are less wideawake.

August 7th.—Took a long prowling over the mountains, saw eight ibex (very wild) and a large red bear. After a long stalk something alarmed him and he went off. Came down a short cut, precipitous rather, and found myself towards dusk, in the woods above Gumber village. Went on to camp, etc., at Murrug.

8th.—Moved camp to Busman, and made arrangements for supplies for my coolies as I am off to Seranugger, over the mountain, not by the usual track through the valley. No villages on the way, servants and impedimenta go the lower road to Chittur. Zubber Khan and my kitmugar with me. The shikarees tell me if I sacrifice a sheep to the Almighty and distribute the flesh to the poor I shall be sure of fine weather and sport. They, themselves, are of course the poor alluded to, and I am perfectly well aware whose are the sheep upon all the hills, and I don't expect to make a bunderbust with him to give me bears for sheep. Nevertheless I give the sheep. It may make the shikarees more lively and work better.

9th.—Up mountain above Busman and walked all day without seeing anything, except a small black snake, very poisonous, the second I have killed. Not pleasant walking in the long grass in sandals and stockings. This bad sport is disheartening. The shikarees say I have been where no other sahib has been—perhaps they lie, but I know I have walked from the snows to the valleys day after day without a shot. No one could work harder, but this is not the right time of year.

10th.—Harwut Camp. Saw three bears. Went to wind-

ward of one. He was off at once. Got a shot afterwards at another, not so large as the first which was as big as a cow. Fired at about 120 yards, ball hit him fair behind the shoulder, seemed to stagger him, but he made off. Zubber Khan then fired, striking him in the thigh, yet he still made down the hill for the jungle, with me after him as sharp as possible. He halted in some rocks and bush and I got below him to cut off his further retreat although the shikarees advised me not, as a wounded bear generally charges down hill. Went up to about 10 yards of where he was, but could not see him for jungle, though the bushes shook as he came straight towards me. Rearing on his hind legs his great woolly head appeared above the bushes about two yards off. I let him have the left barrel fair in the centre of the horse-shoe on his chest, when he growled, rolled over, and shuffled off in another direction. "Shahbash," from the faithful Zubber Khan showed me that he was at my elbow in case I had missed. After loading I followed and fired the two barrels without effect, apparently, which astonished me. At last I got within 30 yards and determined to try a head shot. Hit him half an inch below the eye, which dropped him at once. To my surprise found he had been hit no less than six times before he fell. One ball had gone clean through the shoulders, another just behind them, a third through the chest, yet he did not fall until the last pierced his brain. (N.B.—Shall make a memo. not to go at a bear from below for I see the effect of even well placed balls is uncertain).\* He had a tolerable amount of grease though not a very good skin. Feel very koosh after skinning my first bear. A thunder-storm after getting to camp—didn't we eat a breakfast! About one o'clock it was. Have been lucky enough to get a brick of Thibet tea, not very good, but most acceptable to poor beggars who have nothing to drink but snow-water. Still feel very seedy, but shan't go into Seranugger empty-handed.

11th.—The sight of a big brown she-bear with two nearly full-grown cubs, made me forget my ailments. After a successful stalk leeward, fired, and hit behind the shoulder, but the ball entered about four inches too far back, so she went off with a roar. Told Zubber Khan to look after the

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\* My rifle had a round bullet, which had to be rammed down with a mallet.

cubs, but they looked after themselves, and he could not get a shot, so he turned attention to the old 'un, and hit her in the flank. After following, we traced her under a large rock. Suddenly she sprang out, let a roar within a few feet of us, and dashed off like greased electricity, though she was bloody from shoulder to flank. Am ashamed to say we both missed her. My footing was insecure, I slipped, fell backwards, and let off my rifle in a vague way. As I knew the bear was badly hit, and could not finally escape, followed her tracks an immense distance, all day in fact, until she got right into the valley jungle. Had almost given up, when a horrid yell from my shikari, Kurream, and a roar from old Bruin made me think the former was a gone coon. Found all serene, except he was in a mortal funk. He was lying on his face. The bear had taken an extensive sample of the voluminous folds of his nether garment, making a sanguinary scratchwork pattern on the brown skin. Can only account for his escape by the extreme rottenness of his trousers. He had fired at her with my double rifle, and missed her. The jungle was so thick here one could not see far. We tracked Bruin into some bushes on the edge of a most awful precipice, indeed, the whole of the ground we had come over in the latter part of the pursuit was such as I should be sorry to retrace at speed in cooler moments; gave her the *coup de grace* from the small American pea rifle. Could just see the points of her ears through the bush. The back of her head was towards me at about 100 yards, and the small bullet struck her fair between the ears, dropping her dead. The body rolled a few feet down the hill, over the edge of the precipice, and then went a most tremendous smash, 400 feet I should say, into the torrent below, where she rebounded with a loud thud, I fear to say how high, but I really think ten feet into the air. Saw her the whole way down, bounding from rock to rock in a most extraordinary fashion. It gave one a fair idea of one's fall should the foot slip in such a place. Got down with some difficulty, and found not a bone broken, except the skull, which was smashed. The bones of the animal enormous, and the muscular development of the fore-arm (corresponding very much with that of man) magnificent; splendid skin, hair half a foot long. Seldom underwent such fatigue as in this hunt. Had no breakfast, only a cup of tea before daybreak at starting,

nothing but a little snow-water passed my lips since. Felt utterly exhausted sitting by the dead bear, thought reaching camp (sent on 10 miles) utterly impossible. Coolie with our breakfast of hard boiled eggs, chupatties, and bottle of cold tea, was left far behind, and never put in appearance until we reached Zug Murrug at nightfall. How glad we were to see the glimmer of the camp fire ! (N.B.—Never go shooting in the rains without brandy). Zubber Khan's pluck enables him to undergo fatigue and hardship in a wonderful way for a Hindostani.

August 12th.—Saw two bears up hill, too seedy to follow them. Eat opium pills, don't do much good. The faithful Zubber says I must go and lay up at Seranugger, hills and bears can wait. Coolies, too, have nothing to eat, so we must make tracks for the valley. They say the bear killed is a very old one, used to hunt the shepherds and occasionally eat sheep. The black bear is rarely carnivorous, living largely on mulberries, etc. The brown bear at the beginning of winter, before hibernating, likes a meat meal or two, be it the liver of an elderly lady or a tender lambkin.

August 13th.—Went down to Chittur, roughish road in one part. Muchtah Shikari lives there by the Hereball Mountain. Dirty, wet place at this time of year, though lovely, walnut trees, etc. Rained tremendously all night and day. Bottom of the valley under rice cultivation. Went into the top storey of a house to sleep, instead of in wet blanket on wet grass. Oh, the fleas ! Have suffered from the sharp navaja of the Spanish Pulga, bloodthirsty, in Posada and Venta, but never aught like this. Shied my clothes into the stream in the morning to soak. Walked (but clothed) on to Reinpora, pretty place where the country opens, large trees and running water, emerald meadows. Had my first glimpse of the Vale of Kashmir—or rather, the extensive plain so-called—from the top of the Hereball Mountain. The old rock was bathed in mist and rain. Pleasant again to see open country, all supremely beautiful and fertile. In the higher mountains are Nature's kitchen gardens, wild rhubarb (very good), carrots, onions, parsley, garlic, and lower down, raspberries, black and red currants, strawberries, as good as English, apple trees, cherries, walnuts, mulberries in profusion.

15th.—At Martund. Curious old ruins, unlike the modern Hindoo architecture, disfigured as it is by fantastic forms

of sculptured ugliness, nor yet showing any relationship to the Moslem Mosque or frail Minar. The heavy mass of ruins are more like the Egypto-Greek in massive simplicity. Evidently a Buddhist temple and monastery built in the old time before Brahman corruption. The remains of the old cloisters and little cells are distinctly visible where the recluse Buddhist sought Nirvana. Walked on to Muttong, breakfasted under some magnificent chunars near two sacred tanks filled with holy fish and Fakirs bathing, crowds of dirty rascals with long matted hair, their naked bodies smeared with dirt and ashes; they were being waited upon by some rich shopkeeping Bunneahs and the usual assortment of women, devout and otherwise, after the fashion of their kind all the world over. Walked to Islamabad, the old Moslem capital. Pleasant place for the sahib logue under the stately chunars, close by the cool tank and artificial streams. There, to our astonishment, we saw two English ladies with their brother.

16th.—Caught half a dozen trout in the stream above the town. Floated down to Seranugger by the river. Very pleasant this *dolce far niente* after the hard work over the snowy passes of the Himalaya and the desolate tablelands of Thibet.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

LOTUS EATING—PERI MAHAL—MOGUL DYNASTY—NAUTCH GIRLS—  
PUNDITANAS—A LADY KILLER—AN EVENING PARTY—TWELVE TINED  
ONES—STAR CHAMBER—MORE BEARS—CAMEL RIDE—TALE OF A  
FOOT—MISSING MAHATMAS—MAHOMETAN CHRISTIAN—ZUBBER  
KHAN'S FAREWELL.

It is said that eating the seeds of the lotus deprives men of desire.

September 2nd.—Here have I been lotus-eating to a disgraceful degree, fishing for unsophisticated trout with the coarsest of improvised flies, or drifting idly through the broad-leaved pink lotus among the floating island gardens on the lake. These islands are made by putting hurdles and brushwood on the mass of lotus leaves and tangled water weeds, and earth over all. Seranugger itself I do not care to stay in, the old wooden buildings are more quaintly mediæval European than Asiatic.

September 3rd.—Off to the hills again.

September 5th.—Islamabad. Met Dr. —, who forbade my going shooting—Englishman-like had to kill something—with the Yankee rifle shot the head off a dicky-bird perched on the projecting ridge pole of a semi-thatched boat that was passing—the crew were squatting round a pot, the body of the dicky-bird dropped into it, to the consternation of the dinner-party; where the shot came from they could not tell, for I was not visible. Perhaps they did not desire the feathered addition to their meal. One of my milch goats was rubbing her nose on a spit stuck in the ground beside the cook; knocked the spit from her nose with a rifle bullet without grazing the goat, and won a wager from Zubber and astonished the kit.

6th.—Returned Seranugger way; seedy with hill dysentery till near the end of the month, most disappointing.

October 1st.—Started again for Islamabad, feeling all serene now. Walked one day last week with Zubber Khan to Peri Mahal, the Palace of the Peris. Said to have been constructed by Akber Shah, with the assistance of those lovely and loving sprites, but alas! little remains of their labour of love. The beauty of the situation was worthy of their selection, a sloping hillside terraced with this excavated palace looking down on the lotus-covered lake, with its floating island-gardens of flowers and vegetables. Wandered among the ruined baths and tangled rose thickets, thinking sorrowfully about that Imperial race, so lately blotted from the page of history in blood and crime. It seems only yesterday an English gentleman, a fair-haired blue-eyed man from Rugby, slew with his own hand the last Princes of the once glorious Mongul dynasty, surrounded as he was by a cowering crowd of Moslem soldiery. Poor Hodson! I won't forget his pleasant cheery face, nor the day his destined bullet found him. Perhaps it was well so—Paladin as he was, prince of partisan leaders, had he lived, Mr. Gibson and the ghost of Joseph Hume, "in his old brown coat, all snuffy down before" (if ghosts wear coats) might have haunted the House of Commons until they had hung poor Hodson. But I have got a long way from the Padishahs, their fountains, gardens, and glorious chenars, their pretty pavilions by the murmuring water and their handsome hummams. One can't but sympathise with these old Badshas, Akber the Magnificent and his son—those Emperors whose very ruins are such glories as the Taj, and which at least deserve the homage of all artistic natures. The sarcastic Baboo declares that broken bottles will mark the ruins of *our* Raj. He ignores our railroads.

As to the "love-lighted eye" department of the Vale of Kashmir, I thought it a miserable failure, perhaps I was not in a position to judge, though I could certainly do so dispassionately. The majority of the professionals who get paid for doing the love-lighting business are sadly plain, poor things. Went to a dinner and nautch at the shawl merchant's. The former part of the entertainment did credit to his national taste in the cuisine, and he appeared to enter into the spirit of the native performance with the characteristic readiness of a Frank to amuse and be amused—happy facility! But the latter part was a most dreary affair, though performed by the prima donna (rather pretty girl



[illegible]

with a name about a rose) and the *elite* of the danseuses of Kashmir. They have all, of course, undeniable Oriental eyes, large, dark, and sleepy—the lids artificially blackened for extra effect. Their pretty statuesque arms and ankles tinkle with many bracelets and anklets. The richness of their barbaric golden coin ornaments, and their long black hair hanging down the way they wear it, would make a very effective picture if they would only sit still, smoke, chat, and pass the long snake-like hookah from one pretty pouting mouth to another. Alas, they are not paid to make pictures, so they begin to dance and sing, or rather nautch and howl—from that moment they are hateful. Why, hang it all, it has not even the small merit of impropriety to recommend it, like the can-can and other dances of the European professional ladies.

The Punditana women do a good deal of picturesque drawing of water and bathing by the river very early in the morning. They are generally handsome. The dress is a long dark claret-coloured chemise, I suppose I must call it, for it is an under and only garment, (except the long veil, or chudder), which shews the refined type of the Hindoo with the usual pretty arms and wrists, and their figures have the graceful poise which belongs to those races where the water is not turned on from the main.

October 2nd. At Islamabad again.

3rd.—Walked up to the top of the breezy hill behind, and had a glorious gaze at this fertile valley and then on to Atchebull, one of the sources of the Ghelum (Fabulosus Hydaspes) where there is, or rather was, another of those lovely gardens. There are the ruins of Akbar's baths lettered all over with Persian poetry, but larger and heavier-handed than all, is scrawled, SAM BUGGINS, 24th Foot.

4th.—Walked to Chougâum, and here I am with my tent under a haycock. It is the custom of the country to put haycocks up in trees, an excellent plan for a climate of deep snow, rain, etc. The autumnal tints are telling now, swelling up in crimson and gold woodland hills even to the eternal snows.

Here we are at the old camp fire, listening to the stories of my shikaris and the rumours of devastating animals told by unveracious villagers, with clasped hands and the usual preface of "Protector of the Poor!" One came, begging

me to go to his village and shoot a brown bear which had killed his mother-in-law and eaten her liver; my private opinion was that he was an ungrateful person, but as I did not believe him, I asked for the corpse. "Sahib," he said, "I must bury her, and throw her ashes into the sacred river. What do you want her for?" "I should tie her up, the bear would come to finish her, and I would finish him." He shook his head and went away sorrowful—why should he be so, left in possession of his mother-in-law's ashes? I was under the impression there was no dead relative, and he only wanted me to go to the village to profit by the purchase of his supplies for my party. He came again and said: "Sahib, the bear has killed my cow. I am a Hindoo and cannot eat cow, you may have her." Thought there must be something in this; went to the village, had the remains of the cow trailed a little way through the jungle, and tied to the root of a tree. There we waited for the devourer. He came to finish his last supper. It was just about dusk, and I could scarcely see the sights of my rifle, but was lucky enough to lodge a ball in the region of the lady-killer's heart. The pill did not prevent his endeavouring to make a closer acquaintance with me, though the wound was mortal. Perhaps he wished to give me a last embrace. These advances to familiarity were met with the contents of my left barrel; Zubber Khan also hit him fair in the chest (my rifle makes a small hole, and my smooth-bore in the hands of Z.K. a large one). This was too much for any well-regulated bear. He seemed puzzled how to act, and finally retired to the jungle. It was now quite dark; the short twilight dies suddenly in these latitudes. The jungle was dense, so we went back to tent and dinner, leaving two coolies to watch the cow's carcass, which we had brought nearer the camp. Had dined well off my favourite shikar stew, and was lighting my pipe, when to my disgust I heard a hullabaloo. Guessed what it meant, took my rifle, called Zubber Khan, and went off to the cow. Was met by the two coolies, frenzied with funk. They said a black bear having polished off the beef *au naturel* wished to taste them ditto. We found the mangled remains, sat down behind some bushes and waited patiently, for a cold dark hour, then fetched blankets to make a night of it. Came back, heard the report of Zubber Khan's gun quite close, and something crashed through the jungle beside me. Zubber Khan told me he had

wounded a bear, which had made off. Rolled myself in my blanket and waited. Was dozing pleasantly, when an infernal grumbling match awakened me. It was, in fact, an evening party over the remains of the lady-killer's supper, and the lion of the party appeared to be a lady panther, for she certainly talked most, and was probably the handsomest. Four bears had come, possibly without invitation, for they all were quarrelling dreadfully among themselves, and shewed no respect to me, the giver of the repast. I dispersed them with a shot, harmless I am sure, for it was so dark could scarcely see a yard, and only let drive in the direction of the voices of the angry disputants. Rolled over and slept until the heavy masses of cloud which had gathered began to pelt down rain. Made for the tent, drenched and disgusted. Next morning found the lady-killer stretched stark and stiff in his bloody tracks. Sent down some coolies to bring him in, which they did, triumphantly, tied to the branch of a tree. We found and followed the tracks of Zubber Khan's wounded bear for some distance, unsuccessfully, though we found blood on the trail.

9th to 11th.—Sleep out every night now, on the watch for game. No fire, no companionable pipe, for Bruin has keen scent, and objects to tobacco more than a good-natured girl who says she likes it but doesn't.

October 11th.—Started for Serapoor, pretty village among the hills at the mouth of the Wurdwan valley. Bathed at Atchbul, beneath the artificial waterfalls of the son of Akbar—icy-cold, delicious! I pray that the founder be behisht in the seventh Asman. Very lovely this mingling of the sisters—nature and art. The stately, shadowy chenars reflected in cool, clear waters, and the wild mountain, clad in jungle, almost frowning on the scene of peace and luxury below. Fountains, baths, pavilions—alas, now a heap of tangled wild rose jungle.

12th.—Started at daybreak for Sangaur. Sent to the village for a shikari. Chose one, Azim (a name out of "Lalla Rookh," you see), tall, rather slight, but clean-limbed fellow, with no superfluous meat upon him, deep-chested, thin open nostril like a blood Arab. Made a tent abris out of my waterproof sheet and Zubber Khan's, by sewing on buttons—our mountain walking-sticks serve for poles, a rope and four pegs complete it—might with advantage be introduced into our service. Started for the hills

with the abris, blanket, and food for three days, for the Bara singa, or Himalayan stag. The grass-sandalled foot falls lightly on the dead pine needles, save when some hateful twig cracks with an annoying noise in the silent forest through which we steal in Indian file. Came upon a muddy little pool, where there were the deep prints of his enormous hoofs, like a cow's. On we crept, until the village shikari clutched my arm, and with an excited face pointed into the tangled mass of forest. Made out the branching antlers about 200 yards off. We all sank noiselessly into the long grass, waiting for him to show a little more—waited, waited what seemed an eternity—in reality perhaps a quarter of an hour—and then the noble beast showed his stately head. Raised my rifle, something startled him, and he dashed off along the hillside. Ran a few paces to get a clear sight, and fired. Phud! went my ball, and the magnificent fellow staggered, but, to my utter chagrin, bounded off as if nothing was up. It was astonishing to see the way he made through the thick branches, with his antlers laid back. I hastily gave my hunting knife to the shikari and bade him follow, for I was afraid to go down the mountain at the pace required, as I had sprained my ankle on one of those fruitless night affairs after bears. Followed dejectedly in the track until my shikari waved my bloody hunting-knife. There lay the noble quarry, as large as a good-sized pony, with branching twelve-tined antlers. Shikari delighted, insisted on shaking grimy bloody hands with me. The ball had gone clean through the shoulder and lungs an inch above the heart, and lodged just under the skin on the further side. Our united strength could scarcely lift the enormous brute. Night was closing in, so, leaving a shikari to keep vigil, we went down to the village for coolies to bring him in.

October 13th.—Glorious venison steak spluttering, smoking on my pewter plate for breakfast! Shikaris, servants and coolies had a feast. The Bara singa made the pine-clad hills echo last night with their loud roars of defiance to each other. This is their love-making season, and, like the knights of old, they fight over it; but none hold back, as at the tournament held by Pen-dragon for his daughter's hand, where all contended save three—two who loved their neighbours' wives and one who loved his own. This breezy hilltop is a jolly bedroom, a

perfect Star-chamber. They glitter, through the fretwork of forest aisles of tall pines, like the jewels Aladdin saw by the light of his lamp. The forest music is a queer lullaby. The flying squirrels, chattering like girls in bed long after other folks are asleep. An owl had something to say, for he came and sat on a branch above my head, but, like a good many people with a reputation for wisdom, he sent me to sleep. There is a painful scarcity of water up here for a morning bath.

14th.—No stags appeared. Stayed all day on the hill-tops, and slept under the old tree by the half-dried pool, where I hoped some stately stag would come for a mud bath—none did. My shikaris are most picturesque, a small cap on the back of their shaven heads, showing the sun-browned forehead and face, finished with a thick bushy beard and moustache. Their upper garments are sufficiently vague and flowing to please an artist—a woollen Loho, or thin blanket, worn after the fashion of a Scotch plaid, legs bandaged like in the pictures of Anglo-Saxon worthies, feet grass-sandalled. The bandages support and protect in mountain walking and keep the feet warm in wet and snow. We were following the course of a rocky mountain stream up a glen, full of fern and tangled wild flowers below and dark umbrageous trees above, when Azim's quick eyes detected a black she-bear and two cubs up a very high wild cherry tree about 100 yards off. She saw us, and slid down the tree. Zubber Khan fired, apparently without effect. She bolted till I dropped her dead with a bullet in the brain, and wounded one of the cubs, which ran off. Azim treed both young 'uns, from which perch they were shot like garden thrushes. Felt compunction when I saw the poor little beggars, but they were orphans, and their skins are beautiful. The old missus has a lovely soft black skin, quite worthy of appearing before Buckingham Palace on a Guardsman's head.

16th.—Started up the mountains, followed by a coolie with blankets and food, but saw few tracks of game. Towards evening heard the bellowing of stags above us and came on their tracks at a spot where there was a spring. Most difficult to follow noiselessly, for the dead leaves are falling, and carpet the forest with a plaguily noisy drugget. After a long bare-footed stalk got within 200 yards of three does and a stag, which were scared by Zubber Khan's rifle going off accidentally. It was a hair-trigger.

17th.—Chilly these times without a fire. At daybreak we heard two stags challenging across the valley. They were evidently spoiling for a fight. Got between as they approached each other, one got our wind and went off, the other came on defiantly to meet a foe he did not wot of. We could hear, but not see, his approach. His evil destiny tempted him within reach of my rifle. He bore splendid antlers, 12 tines. Fired, he tumbled down the steep hillside, we could hear him crashing through the branches. Dashed after him with my hunting knife, he tried to rise, struggled to free himself. I seized him by the antlers, and finished him. He must have stood 13-2 at least. Slept in a small shanty of pine branches made by the cowherds when they come up here in Summer, but the roof was defective. Snowed hard, six inches on my blanket when I woke. Went down to camp, as the snow drives down the stags. The silver shower off the foliage drops down one's neck, wetting one's inside garments.

19th. — Up the hills again, eastward, on game tracks, the crunching snow prevents close approach. Misty and dark, and grass sandals are not the warmest chaussure in thawing snow.

20th.—My "liver wing" troubles me again. Once a man begins to break in the sultry heats of Hindostan it is not months but years he needs to restore what may perhaps never be restored. A Mussuk bath of ice-cold water poured over me daily may not be exactly wise—could not sleep with pain last night. Can't do hill work to-day, a difficulty in breathing. Took a prowl in the jungle. Saw a black bear, could not get a fair shot, but fired and wounded him. Poor brute! He roared and danced in a bewildered way. Second barrel missed fire, and he made off into dense jungle. Followed quickly, carrying the pain in my side like poor Bruin, until nightfall. Returned to camp feeling better from exercise and excitement. That beast of a bearer! The lazy beggar did not dry my rifles properly after cleaning. I lost a fine black bear in consequence. The poor brute went to die miserably in the jungle, for he is too badly hit to live.

21st.—Went out at daybreak on the tracks of the wounded bear. Shikaris are keen sighted and will detect a drop of blood upon a leaf in the thickest jungle. Lost the tracks, but saw another black she-bear and two cubs.

Dropped her dead, but the cubs made off. Skinned her, and came back to breakfast in camp.

Alas, my leave is nearly up. Must make tracks for the plains and bid farewell to the paradise of shikar.

November 7th. The patient camel is a deplorable grumbler, but, like the British soldier, he "grumbles and goes." The Oriental legend has it that the pre-historic camel prayed to Allah for a hump to prevent men riding him as they did the horse. His prayer was granted, and the archangel flung a hump from Heaven which enables two men to ride the camel. Zubber Khan and I thus started from the foot of the hills. A *batterie de chasse* provided supplies as we rode along and a small *batterie de cuisine*, carried by our sowari camel was deftly managed by Zubber Khan, who proved almost a "cordon bleu." Camel riding, after long disuse, is trying, requiring India-rubber vertebræ. Ease myself by riding and running 10 miles alternately. The marvellous condition produced by mountain training makes a ten mile run a rest after a prolonged camel jolt.\*

In this fashion we averaged 50 miles a day. Our ship of the desert did not get much in the way of green food, but was fed on spices and condiments of sorts, according to the knowledge of Zubber Khan. The camel's abstinence from water was not severely tried, but when he has to fall back on his water stomach, the camel grumbles and gurgles till he brings up his water bag, which sticks out of his snaggle-tooth jaws like a huge raw sausage, about a foot and a half long, and five inches in diameter. Thankful to say, he did not often have recourse to this watering arrangement, which was supremely unpleasant to hear and see.

As we jogged along, Zubber Khan regaled me with stories and puzzled me with queries. He had been on leave, staying at his father's house near Delhi. He was awakened one night by the noise of a robber working a hole through the sun-dried mud wall of the house, near the head of his charpoy. Noiselessly drawing his tulwar, he laid it beside him and feigned sleep. The hole accomplished with little noise, a man crept in, crawled round the room, and was returning with his selected loot. Zubber Khan knew he would be naked and oiled, probably carry a dagger—no

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\* On arrival the garrison Sky races were on, and being challenged by a champion runner beat him in a mile hurdle race over the horse track. He did not know how fit I was.

holding this stamp of burglar. So watched him wriggling out, serpent-wise, on his stomach. When sufficiently in the hole to be unable to turn, Zubber made a slash with his sword, got up, struck a light with flint and steel, lit a lamp, and picked up the foot of the intruder severed just above the ankle.

"I shall find the owner of this in the morning," thought Z. K. to himself. "He won't come back for it, nor will he go far without it." So he composed himself to finish his sleep.

Next morning, following the blood-tracks, he found the owner of the foot ensconced in a neighbouring patch of jungle, having tied a cord round his own stump and stopped the hemorrhage. Recovering the small amount of property he had taken, Zubber Khan put the robber on his own horse and conducted him to the cutwali (gaol).

"Would you believe it, sahib," he went on to me, "the white Magistrate put *me* in prison!—I, a soldier of the sircar. I, whose sword has been red with the blood of mine own people in defence of the sahib logue. I, a descendant of nobles who came with Arungzebe, the Conqueror, 200 years before you set foot in Calcutta as merchants. I, to be thus degraded!"

"And the robber?"

"They sent him to the hospital, treated him kindly, cured him, and let him go. Sahib, you are a strange people! Can you explain this treatment meted out to me?"

I could not explain to his satisfaction that bail was not given in cases of homicide—except when an English working man kicks his wife to death—but that is feminicide.

Zubber Khan told startling stories of Zadoo magic with all the earnestness of credulity, but I never could see anything to beat Maskelyne and Cook, except perhaps the mango-growing and child-stabbing through the basket.\*

As we neared our journey's end, the cheerful Zubber became distrait and taciturn.

"Sahib," he said, at last after long silence, "you never lie! Tell me, are you not a Mahomedan?"

"No, Zubber! What put that into your head?"

"You are not like other sahibs. You drink no strong

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\* Madame Blavatzky had not unveiled Isis, and Mahatmas were not forthcoming in the Thibet of those days. (Reviewer of Reviews, please note.)

drink, nor eat the unclean animal. You know the Koran better than I do, you love us Mahomedans, and you despise those wretched idolatrous Hindoos. When we have been watching for bears at night, and none have come—perhaps because you talked—you told me about the stars, those other great worlds, in some of which your great Europe sky-glasses show the snows, waxing and waning, winter and summer, where, if there is snow there are water and air, and earth like ours, and vegetation and animal life. Beings, perhaps, a little like ourselves, it may well be better. You do not believe that the great Creator of all this, the Maker of the laws which keep it all moving, was a breaker of His own laws, loved a mortal woman of this poor earth, and crucified their Son to save this world—from what? From following His own laws. Were there sons born to Him also in other worlds to be crucified? Explain all this to me and then tell me you are a Christian. We Mahomedans are *true* Christians. We believe that Christ was a prophet, that *Hazaret Isa* (the Lord Jesus) will come at the last day to judge the world, and *not Mahomet*. Mahomet was sent because men had begun to worship the creature for the Creator. Then there are so many kinds of Christians—which is right?"

"You have also your sects," I said. "Sunnies and Seahs. And how many false Mahdis have you had?"

"What then is the difference between you and ———, sahib," mentioning a Roman Catholic officer.

"Oh! the difference is not essential. The Catholics worship the mother of Christ and some saints. You also pay great reverence to the tombs of saints."

"What! worship a woman, and a woman with such a story! No, sahib, you may call yourself a Christian, but I shall meet you in Paradise."

"I can't believe in Mahomet's Paradise, Zubber. The desire to live and to generate are the variously disguised motive powers on this earth, or it could neither have come into being nor be continued. It must be so in the other worlds, or they would not exist. Your houris are childless, a senseless and sensual stultification of God's law as we see it everywhere. Besides, have your relations with women on this earth been so satisfactory that you would be content to have no other joy in Paradise?"

"You have not answered my questions, sahib. You put

others to me. We have eaten from the same dish. I have been to you not only as a friend, but have made myself as a servant. If my comrades get to know of it I shall lose caste."

"None shall ever know that you are to me other than a comrade. There is no reason why you should lose caste eating with me. We have eaten no swine's flesh, nor drunk wine. You have helal-kuroed (bled), as the Koran directs, all that we have killed. Your fathers took to themselves high caste Hindoo wives from those they had conquered and converted. That is why you Indian Mahomedans have these foolish traditions about caste, which are not to be found in the Koran "

Zubber Khan comforted himself with repeating that I am as good a Moslem as he is, and we disputed the point no more.

Zubber Khan, though poor, would never accept money from me. He accepted my hospitality as far as food and ammunition went, and I gave him the rifle he liked best when we parted. Black or white, I had no truer friend, nor more unselfish, cheerful, plucky companion, as true a gentleman as ever wore a sword. \*

November 15th.—Rode into Mooltan cantonments.

#### JOURNAL—FINIS.

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\* He afterwards became my friend Warren's trusted companion in more stirring scenes of shikar than ever fell to my lot, for when I was in the tiger districts there was other shooting going on. Once Zubber Khan and Warren were shooting partridge, and came suddenly close upon a tiger. "Go back, sahib," said Zubber; "you have a family, I am childless. I will face the tiger." This, of course, was not permitted. Fortunately the tiger did not charge. Zubber Khan rose to distinction in our service, became a native officer, and went through the Kabul War. He gained his pension, and then entered the service of a Rahnee. These are the men of the faithful fighting races we do well to honour, to raise to rank and dignity in our service, not the competition wallah Hindoo Baboo we are pushing into office and emolument because he passes parrot-like examinations, scribbles in the Press, and spouts at Congress.

## CHAPTER XXX.

PIPING TIMES OF PEACE—CHOLERA CREEDS—A SAINTED SCAMP—  
WIDOWS AND WEDDINGS—HONEYMOON MARCH—DRUMHEAD DISCIPLINE  
—CHINESE GORDON ASKS IN VAIN—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON A SUN  
DIAL—FAREWELL EAST!

During Jingo's long leave welcome marching orders had come for the Battery. The new station, Ferozepore, was further north, and had a good character for salubrity.

The cold weather march was delightful luxury compared to the hot weather and rainy season campaign. Starting before daylight, most preferred to walk, as the stirrup irons were cold in the early morning. As soon as it was light a sharp trot could be indulged in, shaking men into their saddles and warming up the horses. About the time the sun was getting powerful there would be a halt for chota hazri—coffee, a biscuit, and a smoke for all hands, the cooks having gone ahead the night before—an easy march, and the camping-ground would be reached before noon, generally a tope of mango trees, as there were no constraining strategic reasons obliging us to camp in the open.

Tent-pitching took little time, and the horse-grooming was soon got over. The men were old hands, and the establishment of kolasses and syces ample. The rest of the day was spent in shikar, of which there was abundance.

The new station was an agreeable change, and things went swimmingly at first. But an enemy who knows no truce put in an appearance.

"Captain, your little trumpeter is down among the rest. Wish you'd pass the night in the hospital, the men have got the funks," said our sporting but conscientious young surgeon.

"All right!"

Of course the hospital had been visited daily by an officer, and efforts had been made to put a cheerful face on

matters. But there had come a sudden increase in the deaths. Cholera walked down one side of a barrack-room, and all the men on that side thought they had to go. Some took to teetotalism, some to drink and gambling, and some to religion of the short-and-sharp salvation style—the “believe-only” business, no other is possible, for there is no time for pottering over good works to prove repentance genuine, just work up assurance. St. Paul, with his “Lest I myself should be a castaway,” would have been nowhere among the fervid emotionalists of a cholera camp.

Unfortunately, the authorities were not so quick turning men into camp in those days as they are now. But they went at last. The Captain started athletic sports, steeple-chases with the gun horses—wheelers, leaders, etc.—drivers up, and shikar was permitted to all ranks *ad lib*.

Meanwhile the toll was taken. Jingo's poor little trumpeter was nearly the last, and he died in his captain's arms after a night of agonising convulsions. As his soft, dark eyes at last closed peacefully, and the livid blueness passed from the little thin face, leaving it like wax, a pink ray of dawn shot through the hospital window and lit up the dead boy's face with glory. He had been a bright, honest, plucky, little scamp. He had chucked the defaulters' book into a well to wipe out the records against the veteran drunks of the Battery. Alas, for good intentions! It was fished up. Let us hope this one was not put into a certain pavement, but counted to him for righteousness. He would not lie, and took his punishment like a man. His mother wrote to the Captain about her “sainted boy,” and he was not denied the title. He had as good a right to the glory that came through the hospital window as most of the wry-necked saints in church windows have to their halos.

The biggest gunner in the battery occupied the next cot.

When he saw the Captain lay down the little trumpeter, and rise—damp with the death-dews of the boy—to leave, the big man turned his face to the wall with a groan:

“My Gawd! The Captain too is a dead man like the rest of us.”

“He's not a dead man, but you are a damned fool if you funk yourself into your grave,” was the unlooked-for answer.

On the other side was a sturdy little driver. He had been a sailor. He was now in collapse, and the attendants began

to remove his cot into the verandah, that his death agonies might not demoralise others.

"I knows what you are up to. You're takin' me into that there verandah to die, but I ain't a goin' to please yer. I'm blowed if I'll die, and ye'll just have to fetch me back."

And he did not die.

The Angel of Death seemed weary—or was he snubbed? The little trumpeter was the last he took.

"You must have a peg," said the doctor to Jingo, as he left the hospital. "You look white about the gills after your night's vigil."

The Captain had to see about mourning—from the canteen fund was it?—for widows dearly love becoming weeds with flaunting veils which hang behind and hide no pretty faces. The weeds had to be got, though they were ere long to be changed for bridal garments. Soldiers' widows in India are often passed on to loving comrades—cynics say they are sometimes bespoke—a happier arrangement than going back to pensionless penury in the slums of a great city, and soldier-stepfathers seem to take as readily to the families of their comrades as they do to their widows.

When the plague was stayed, short leaves to the hills were granted to officers, and some men sent up to the sanatoriums. Captain Jingo's turn had come, in more senses than one. He went up to the hills single and returned double.

The Battery again had marching orders, this time half across India, to the great camp of manœuvres at Lucknow. So the soldier's wedding had to be in double-quick time, and the honeymoon a march of over four hundred miles. The bride changed her wedding-dress for a habit, and rode off on her husband's second charger to meet the Battery at the foot of the hills *en route*. The men had smothered the leading gun and horses with roses, and improvised it into a hymeneal car for the bride, but her blushes were spared, to the disappointment of the honest fellows who had expended their decorative art in vain.

A compromise was effected. Her charger was garlanded, and, donning an officer's forage cap, the bride was presented to the Battery and started at their head on the long march of a soldier's wife—sometimes a weary one. But the beginning, at least, was made as bright and easy as possible for the young bride. First the cheery

chota hazri on the road, then as the sun grew warm, her buggy was brought up, tents had been sent in advance, and breakfast, with a nuzzer of flowers, was ready for her on arrival. The march sped happily to its end. The good Colonel and his wife received the Battery bride almost as a daughter. The great camp of mimic war was to her a long picnic. Her husband's Battery had carried off the prize with the highest shooting figure of merit in the Brigade. The gallant old chief—Sir Hugh Rose—had been eulogistic—he could be very much the reverse when necessary.

The return march was commenced not very smoothly. Volunteers from Batteries returning to England had elected to remain for service in India. Among them was a man with a defaulter's book of his own composing, and the Captain warned the man to turn over no more leaves in the old style. He seemed to have taken the advice, but before the break-up of camp, he went on an extensive spree, which included setting fire to a bazaar, happily without much damage.

The man was brought before the Colonel, as the powers of a commanding officer of a Battery are limited, by the presence of a Lieutenant-Colonel. The Captain produced the long record of offences but asked in vain for a deterrent punishment. The Colonel resolved to try leniency once more, and gave a slight but technically illegal sentence—confinement to camp (to keep him out of mischief as long as possible). The old barrack lawyer detected the irregularity and appealed to the Commander-in-Chief at his final inspection. The Colonel was told of his error, but no order was given for the man's release.

On the eve of marching, under the influence of liquor, the soldier forced his way into the Captain's tent to demand his immediate release. He was told no order had yet been received on the subject, and he became insolent. Fortunately he was not flung out, but a file of the guard called. Next morning the man refused to march. He was secured to a gun carriage with a light cord, long enough to allow of his marching comfortably if he pleased, and the word was given to advance at a walk. He preferred to throw himself on his face, but a short experience of that mode of progression satisfied him of its disadvantages, and on his expressing a desire to march, he was released and allowed to do so.

He was now beyond the jurisdiction of the lenient Colonel, and for his second offence received a suitable punishment from his Captain, who, however, had his misgivings as to the legality of his proceedings. At the next General's inspection Jingo expected a complaint to be made, and anticipated the man by asking him to make it. But the man said he had none to make, and thenceforth became a good soldier. Different men require different methods.

A Major had come to command the Battery. The Captain's occupation had gone with his big pay, his wife's health was not good, he was therefore glad to be selected to return to England in charge of drafts of time-expired men and invalids to proceed round the Cape of Good Hope. Chinese Gordon had asked for his old friend to help him to organise the Artillery of his ever-victorious army, but Jingo could not be spared. He was too much married. Marching with his heterogeneous command down country, in due course they reached the ancient city of Benares.

Jingo wandered along the magnificent ghâts, by the sacred river and the temples, through the native bazaars in narrow lanes, where the pretty little white Brahmin bulls promenaded at their own sweet will, helping themselves to whatever seemed succulent to their sacred appetites, without let or hindrance from the owners. Then there were the sacred monkeys and the hospital for sick animals of sorts which must not be killed, yet sometimes suffered the more cruel death from hunger, among a people with contradictions between religious theory and practice as glaring as our own.

Among ruins of a still more ancient part of the city, Jingo came upon a gigantic sun-dial, not a horizontal plane as we have it with a gnomon at an angle according to latitude, but an inverted arch—a wall with a semicircle cut out of it. The diameter of the circle was about thirty feet. Where the gnomon should have been, stood the huge P'hallic emblem so common in India, and all over the world in the infancy of creeds, the emblem which drew the ancient Israelites from the worship of Jehovah, that our Druidical ancestors worshipped, the Menhir stones which you still see in Brittany surmounted by a cross, with that wisdom of the Roman church which sanctified superstitions it could not overthrow.

Jingo was struck by the thought of the amount of precise calculation necessary to cut correctly every minute and degree on that immense semi-circumference of nearly fifty feet. Every pair of marks on each side of noon had required a separate calculation, only two shadows making the same angle for the same hours a.m. and p.m. Doubtless a sundial can be ordered complete at the Co-operative Stores, but Jingo had once tried to make one in an out-of-the-way part of the world, so he knew what calculations were involved when so many minute sub-divisions were marked. Besides all these there were other marks he did not understand.

Scarcely expecting an intelligent answer, he turned for information to an old Brahmin who sat silently in the shadow of the dial, taking no notice of the young soldier. He wore no clothing but his loin-cloth, a Brahminical cord over the shoulder, and a caste-mark of paint on his high but somewhat narrow forehead, which indicated an Aryan intellect of no mean order. His handsome, refined features and neatly-proportioned thin frame, showed a descent from countless generations who had done more mental than physical labour, and unspeakable pride of race lurked in the quiet dignity of manner, which was polite without being servile. To this man, god-descended in his own eyes and those of his fellows, we send a lower middle-class, narrowly-educated Englishman as a missionary, and expect conversion—of which?

The old Brahmin explained the signs as connected with the procession of the equinoxes—the sort of knowledge a young Englishman crams and forgets as readily. Jingo expressed some surprise at the scientific knowledge displayed in the construction of such a dial, evidently of great antiquity.

A glint of humour passed over the thin, handsome face of the old Hindoo, as he said, dryly:

“You ought to know, sahib, that my ancestors were skilled in astronomy when yours were still savages over the black water.”

“True,” said the soldier, “but your people seem to have stood still, else why do your Pundits permit the worship of so filthy an emblem?” pointing to the huge upright stone, garlanded with flowers and wet with the libations of female devotees who desire children, the one thing necessary for the happiness of an Oriental wife.

"Sahib," continued the old man, "it is a meet emblem of that power of reproduction which peoples the universe. Do you not know that the flowers are male and female, that the passing breeze, the flitting insect, fertilizes one with the pollen of the other and produces fruit and seed in due season? The insects themselves, the fishes, the birds, the beasts, all things living, including man, are guided by the irresistible impulse of the great creative power. Is not that sacred which brings into the world a soul, a spark of that divine being to which it will eventually return, when the material with which it has been mysteriously connected shall be dissolved into elements by death, to be used again and again by the great Chemist. Sahib, are these truth words, or what you call filth? Our books are older than yours, but the great book of nature is open to all of us."

Jingo was not a missionary, so he had no cut-and-dried answer. This was scarcely surprising. A very eminent Presbyterian who had spent a lifetime in Indian Mission work had been heard sorrowfully to admit that he doubted if he had made a dozen absolutely sincere converts among high-caste Hindoos, "though," he said, "much enlightenment has followed the *secular* education I have given." His pupils would freely admit that they no longer believed their own sacred books, stultified as they are by the physical science of the west. When asked what hindered their baptism, they would not confess fear of the awful social penalties inflicted on a high-caste Hindoo by such a step, but with true Oriental subtlety would reply :

"You tell us we can do nothing of ourselves ; when the Holy Spirit compels, we shall be baptised."

Meanwhile, the secular teaching has produced the Baboo of the Indian National Congress, and a native Press which exceeds the Irish in treasonable vituperation.

Thus Jingo bade farewell to India, with its marvellous, interesting lands and peoples, and its unsolved problems, which most of us only begin to think about when we have left its shores for ever.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

HOMeward BOUND—SAILORING—OVERBOARD—GUNNERY SCHOOL—A  
 ROYAL GUNNER—MILITARY LESSONS OF SORTS—VOLUNTEERS—  
 ALDERSHOT—CHÂLONS—TWO STORIES OF 1870—BAZAINE—  
 GORDON.

The voyage round the Cape of Good Hope in the good ship *Hotspur*, with her estimable skipper, Captain Toynbee, was lightened by encouraging the time-expired soldiers to work, and in a few weeks there seemed to be no more invalids, and red and blue jackets were on the best of terms. Some of Jingo's statements regarding the treatment of soldiers by a most pious nation will scarcely be believed by those who have little opportunity to verify them. Some mentally-deranged soldiers were put on board at Calcutta, at the last moment. Neither the Captain of the vessel nor Jingo were told that they might be dangerous to themselves or others. No separate cabins nor place of security were provided for them—to save expense the Captain of the *Hotspur* thought. One poor fellow after trying to set fire to the ship saved further trouble by jumping overboard, and could not be rescued. Since doing away (for economic reasons probably), with the hospital for lunatic soldiers, formerly at Fort Pitt, Chatham, the poor fellows used to be turned loose in the streets of that town, so as to throw upon the city authorities the expense of sending them to lunatic asylums. I believe the practice has been discontinued, or we should hear more of it. Greenwich Hospital has been turned into a Naval College, and Chelsea will perhaps soon follow, and the good work of kind-hearted, naughty Nell Gwynne disappear, though her ennobled posterity still grace the Peerage.

Jingo was seconded by three excellent subalterns, who, not content with pulling and hauling with the watch on deck, would sometimes join him aloft and take a turn at reefing topsails, and the mizzen got to be called the "soldier

officer's mast." It is exhilarating (when you get used to it) to struggle with the flapping canvas as you lean over the yard-arm and look down into the green seas as the vessel rolls. But Jingo eschewed the weather-easing, the footropes out there were unpleasantly short for his long legs. One calm day he managed to reach the main truck, having previously taken the precaution of paying his footing to the bo'sun.

At the Cape, Jingo was welcomed by his old friend, the Iron One, now Military Secretary to the Governor, and he spent some pleasant days up country and at the vineyards with him and his wife, enjoying the sight of the red soil and the green trees, after so long at sea.

A spell of leave among the Kerry mountains and fishing on the lakes, and Jingo went to school again for a year—the gunnery school—was then appointed to the Field Artillery in Ireland, and shortly afterwards to the Instructional Staff at Woolwich. His work there delighted him, perhaps not always his pupils. The young officers all passed through his hands on first joining—charming youngsters! Jingo loved boys—and girls! Does so still, I'm afraid.

Among others came H.R.H. Prince Arthur. Jingo wondered how he was to make him understand that on parade he was Captain Jingo, and the Prince, Gentleman Cadet Guelph. So he began by telling him off to "No. 7"—a sort of man-of-all-work to the squad, to whom it was, "Fetch a grease-pot, No. 7!" "Scotch up there, No. 7." But, bless you! there was no need. There was no smarter, steadier gunner in the squad than the gunner of the blood Royal. And it was hard and dirty work they had, no kid-glove business. The *jeunesse dorée* were more inclined to give themselves airs than the true blue-blooded ones. Jingo had to remark that perhaps the Beerage had a hereditary right to think no small beer of themselves. But they also make excellent soldiers when it comes to fighting, which is the easiest part of the profession.

At first his Royal Highness seemed denied that part. After returning from Canada, where he had served with the Rifle Brigade, he gave a dinner to his old instructors, and was congratulated on his *baptême de feu*.

"No," he said, "I was not under fire, but I mean to get myself foughten some day in spite of them!" And we know he did. "There are enough of us," he remarked, "to

spare one to die in our proper place. Nothing would fix the crown so firmly in our family, as it has done for the House of Savoy."

The peasant and the peeress give up lover, husband, brother at their country's call—why not the first lady in the land?

Mere gunnery instruction was varied by being given charge of Artillery Volunteers at Easter manœuvres. Jingo was rash enough to point out in the *Times* certain tactical errors. Thinking he was giving a military lesson he got one himself—in discipline. The day of discussion had not dawned, and with his friend, Charles Brackenbury, he was sent for to the Horse Guards and wigged. He had put his tactical opinions over his signature, and was told that of the two offenders he had the greater cheek. He wrote no more on military subjects until he left England.

But his tongue got him into as much trouble as his pen. He was ordered to give a course of lectures to the National Artillery Association at Shoeburyness. The lectures seemed to have caught on in two directions. The Volunteer Artillery of North Britain, without his knowledge, had applied for his appointment in some instructional capacity to their force. He was again sent for. Partly in jest, but more in earnest as he waxed warm, the D.G.A. began:

"A pretty kettle of fish you have made with your lectures to Volunteers. They want rifle-guns, forsooth—say they might as well drill with old gas-pipes as with the obsolete smooth-bores. You have put Lord Northbrook in an awkward fix, for these Volunteer Colonels have political influence, and the issue of rifle armament to Volunteers will be a large item in the estimates. And, confound it, sir, they have asked for you to be appointed in some impossible position. They seem to forget that you are only a Captain, and, by God, sir, you seem to have forgotten it too!"

From a subordinate there can be no answer but silence to this sort of thing. But Jingo thought all the more that England was a little place, small people in it, so he turned his thoughts to the New World, and found an opening in Canada, for the little people at the top of the big Empire were bent on shrinking it, and the withdrawal of Imperial garrisons was contemplated.

But meantime he saw mimic war on a large scale on the plains of Chalons, and on a smaller scale at Aldershot, where,

through the good offices of his friend Geary, he got a temporary position on the Staff for the manœuvres. Gunners of the present day hardly know how much they owe to General Geary's administrative ability and fixedness of purpose. It is largely due to his efforts that the position of Major was accorded to officers commanding batteries.

After theoretically slaying the tin-bellies (as the Household Cavalry are vulgarly yclept by the officers of the line), who had exposed themselves to guns brought up the reverse of a slope, the Force to which Jingo was attached triumphantly carried the Hog's-back, and, flushed with lunch and conquest, descended to attack the Fox Hills. The Artillery were told off, as usual, to a place in the procession which they could not dispute, hemmed in by narrow lanes. In real war ten minutes with the axes on the gun-limbers would have cut a way through the hedgerows. But this could not be ; therefore, rather than be destroyed in column of route, they preferred to die fighting, and advanced to a turning road, deploying along it, and opened fire. The galloping umpires were upon them, and the batteries were ruled out of action, to the disgust of their commanders, who poured their phials of wrath on Jingo, the instigator of the movement and director of its execution. If they had only kept quiet between the high hedges the umpires might not have realised the situation. When the General went for Jingo at the final palaver, Colonel Domville would not have his subordinate blamed, and took the responsibility on his own broad shoulders. Next day brought its revenge. The umpires ruled the Highland Brigade out of action, one of the defunct batteries of yesterday was brought up on their flank. It was first concealed and then unmasked by shunting empty railway carriages on a siding, and forming an epaulement of coal oil casks. They were empty. The umpires generously decided they might have been filled with earth.

From the handful of troops at Aldershot to the extensive manœuvres of the French armies, was like passing from a box of prettily-painted toy-soldiers to those masses of men by which the fate of nations alone can be decided. The French army of 1870 like our own to-day, rested upon its glorious traditions. They were rudely awakened. The French army of to-day is an entirely different machine, ever striving for efficiency. Defeat has made the French officer

modest, serious, and hardworking. Their organisation could, with reserves, probably produce four million trained soldiers on emergency.

In 1869 Colonel Milman, R.A., and Jingo were accredited to witness the manoeuvres at Châlons. Military Mass was the first parade they saw. Thirty thousand troops of all arms were formed in a hollow square; in the centre, the eagles round the high altar; the front lines, unlimbered Artillery; behind, the bearskins of the Imperial Guard, the shakos of Voltigeurs and Piou Pious and the turbans of Zouaves; in the rear of all, flashing helmets and cuirasses, gorgeous Corps de Guide, Chasseurs d'Afrique, etc. No words of the officiating priest could be heard in so vast an arena. But, on the elevation of the Host, the Artillery thundered a salvo, the gleaming lines of bayonets flashed through the smoke to the present, and the drums beat. Jingo was carried away; for a moment he wondered if Madame de Maintenon's Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had not been a success after all, since it produced uniformity of faith. He forgot there was no faith except here and there in the breast of a Breton conscript. The spectacle was a gorgeous sham.

Captain Bazaine, the nephew and A.D.C. of the General, was sent to invite the English officers to lunch. They were distinguishable in uniform, for British officers had not yet begun to frequent courts or camps in knickerbockers. Jingo said something as to the solemnity of the spectacle they had just seen.

"Bah! I am a Protestant," said the A.D.C., "my body obeys the words of command but my soul does no obeisance to their bread God, and my colleague here prefers Voltaire to Thomas à Kempis."

The Marshal asked Jingo if he did not think Châlons a splendid training ground.

"A Marshal of France honours an English Captain of Artillery in asking his opinion," said Jingo. "Frankly, I think it is unwise to train troops only in country differing from the rest of France in its level openness. It is true the fate of France was decided upon the plains when Charles the Hammerer defeated the Saracens, but the Germans will not elect to meet you on the Plains of Châlons. They are not Eastern cavalry. Besides, the habit of manoeuvring in the open may lead to disregard of cover."

"Oh, you think the Plain of Châlons as level as a billiard-table? To-morrow I will post 30,000 men and you will find it hard to see them."

Before day a couple of mounted orderlies, with led chargers, were sent to their hotel, and the two English officers were taken to the front of the position. The Marshal was as good as his word. First line, supports, reserves were admirably posted, and Jingo learnt the lesson that there are folds in the terrain of most plains that will give cover to troops.

Bazaine had consummate skill in the selection of a defensive position, as he proved at Gravelotte, only strategically it faced in the wrong direction. The genial, broad-shouldered, thick-necked soldier had won his field grade in Africa, by getting his men to push him over an Arab stockade. He gave one the idea of great natural shrewdness, but little reading; an excellent tactician, but a poor strategist. Whether he preferred a dynasty to his country, and so held his trump card until he lost the chance of playing it at Metz, has been much discussed.

At the beginning of 1870, Jingo got leave to follow the French Army as a private individual, at his own risk and charges, to study his profession. On the eve of his departure he was stopped by telegram and was told that Mr. Gladstone feared his presence might cause complications. Jingo had no notion he was so important a person. Many officers were allowed to go as newspaper correspondents, and directly after the peace, before the armies of occupation were withdrawn, he visited the battle-fields with his friend and quondam comrade, Maurice. Being both obstinate men, they had many amicable word-battles over the sites of more serious strife. Of course, Jingo must have got the worst of it in controversy with so brilliant an essayist. But they combined on occasion. They had been refused access to the parapets of Thionville by the German sentries. This was aggravating, as they had only a few hours to spare. Happy thought! The high steeple of a central church was conveniently loop-holed with shell bursts. They made for it, but were refused access, in spite of a silver key. The church was undergoing repairs; the custodian turned his back for an instant to superintend the workmen; the two bolted up the stairs and ensconced themselves among the rafters of the belfry, whence the shell holes in

the roof gave a complete bird's-eye view of the fortifications and the position of every German battery. The watchful Teuton had been sold.

They were startled on their perch by the tremendous peal of the huge bell just above, which warned them they had barely time to catch the train for Metz. Rapidly descending, they found themselves locked in and the workmen gone. Looking through the key-hole they saw the obstinate custodian locking the outer gate, and shouted to him. He opened the Sesame, with violent abuse of what he was pleased to call perfidy, declaring the offenders, "not true men but spies" who would bring ruin upon him. He refused a *douceur*, and begged them in frightened accents to begone and tell no one.

Besides the professional knowledge gained, many characteristic stories of the contending nationalities were heard. A young French Lieutenant of Artillery was conspicuous for his reckless gallantry and devotion to duty during the siege of Paris. Yet he managed to spend in musical recreation most of the few hours left for rest. As provisions got scarcer his meat ration was reduced to a sparrow per diem ; these he kept in a cage at the window near his piano, and fed them with the crumbs of his daily biscuit. His landlady anxiously watched him grow thinner and paler, and entreated, in vain, to be allowed to transform his little pets into a *pâté d'alouettes*. At length a Prussian shell smashed the cage and the piano and liberated the Lieutenant and his pets as he sat singing his own requiem.

The coarser qualities called forth by war do not alter a refined nature, which often combines the tenderness of a woman with the courage of a man. It is not strange that it should be so, considering whom we have been trying to imitate more or less for the last eighteen hundred years. We are told He took His human nature from His mother only. Certainly imitation of Christ seems more natural to women than to men.

The German, with a coarser type of chivalry, succeeds better, perhaps, as the world wags. A one-year volunteer with three troopers rides up to the octroi gate of a small French town. The *douanier* hesitates to open to the enemies of his country. A pistol bullet bores a hole through his tall hat, accompanied by the remark :

"Why don't you uncover to a German gentleman, and not keep him waiting at the gate?"

The Frenchman removed his hat and looked at the hole, "I did not open the gate," he said, "because there are 500 French infantry in the town. Do you wish to visit them?"

"Certainly," said the undaunted young Uhlan, "I am sent to demand their surrender," and tearing out a leaf of his pocket-book, scribbled a pencil note for one of his men to gallop with to the rear:

"Five hundred French infantry reported in this town. Am going to demand surrender. Push on in support. Von \_\_\_\_\_"

He had found no outposts outside the little town, and, to his amazement, no sentries until he was challenged at the gate of a building which seemed to have been an old convent. The little French red-leg was so astonished that he nearly let off his chassepot in spite of the dirty white handkerchief which fluttered from the lance point of a Uhlan.

The guard turned out, and Monsieur le Commandant was sent for. He came out from the *déjeuner*, wiping his moustache with his napkin. He had won his epaulettes for service in Africa, but had grown a trifle tubby, and slower in thought and action.

"Mais, M'sieu, milles tonneres de Dieu ! ce n'est pas de rigueur à faire des affaires à l'heure de déjeuner."

"But I am ordered to demand your immediate surrender. The town is surrounded, defence hopeless, we will settle it at breakfast, and you shall be my guest afterwards."

So saying, the cool youngster, who saw there was no retreat, dismounted and threw the reins to one of his troopers. After finishing breakfast, with a better appetite than the disturbed Frenchman, he pulled out his watch and said:

"You have only ten minutes more to make your arrangements. The advanced guard will be here directly."

He got up and walked in despair towards the barrack gate, closely followed by the French officer, who was beginning to regain his confidence just as the German's was evaporating. But there was a clatter of hoofs down the ill-paved street, and lance flags fluttered and danced as far as eye could see. Squadron after squadron poured in from all

sides. They had ridden at speed, and five hundred French infantry had surrendered to a German University student of one year's military service.

There are crowds of such English lads. By conscription for the militia, the national constitutional force, alone can they be utilised. Such a law was the natural sequence to the abolition of purchase. If Mr. Cardwell's military advisers had had the courage of their opinions, Englishmen by this time would have learnt that the obligation of short military service for the defence of their country was a blessing in disguise.

About that time Charlie Gordon had returned rather shattered from China, and was put to build mud forts at the mouth of the Medway—not conducive to the cure of the ague from which he suffered. He and Jingo often met and resumed the old walks and talks of cadet days.

"Why did you not accept the loads of syce silver the Emperor of China sent you, Charlie? If *you* don't care about money there are your nephews and nieces, and your ragged school."

"Had to shew the Chinese there was no price for a British officer. The pay of my army was in arrears."

Perhaps the key to Gordon's character was, not his contempt for money, but a constitutional indifference to women, which enabled him, without hypocrisy, to keep to the standard of absolute purity he had set up for himself. When his time came, Gordon went to the Soudan, and Jingo saw his old friend no more. Another comrade also went to the "land of the leal." Wolf, the Amal, the Crichton of old Shoebury and Sheerness days, had been set to do office work, which he injudiciously varied with outbursts of violent athletics. There being no officer competing for a veteran race in heavy marching order, Wolf insisted on entering, to shew the old stuff. He won the race, and died of heart complaint.

# GUNNER JINGO'S JUBILEE.

## PART II.

### WESTWARD HO!

"C'est l'aviron, qui nous monte, qui nous mène,  
C'est l'aviron, qui nous monte en haut."



## PART II.—WESTWARD-HO!

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### CHAPTER I.

QUEBEC—KING CASH-BALANCE—THE OLD FLAG—THE NEW GUARD—  
WINTER ARMAMENT—ENGLISH EARS—THE ICE CONE—TANDEMS—  
WINTER BIVOUPS—CANADIAN SEIGNEURS—LORD DUFFERIN—THE  
PHANTOM FOX—ELECTRICITY.

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“ Many a vanished year and age,  
And tempest's breath and battle's rage  
Have swept o'er Corinth ; yet she stands  
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.  
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock  
Have left untouched her hoary rock,  
The key-stone of the land——”

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After half-a-dozen years of pleasant home service, during five of which he had held an appointment on the Instructional Staff, our Jingo found himself on the deck of a steamer, speeding up the broad waters of the mighty St. Lawrence. The grey citadel on the rock loomed dark against the flush of sunset that turned to burnished copper the glittering tin roofs and spires of the quaint old city of Quebec, and transformed the tranquil river into molten metal, while the ships and craft along the quays, and the tall buildings stand in violet and purple shadows. The opposite shores of Levis were flooded with a light which broke in a mad kaleidoscope of colour upon the crimson and green, scarlet and purple, and

golden foliage of a Canadian Autumn. There is but one Quebec in the wide world.

But the British garrison was to be withdrawn from this Gibraltar of America. It was the reign of King Cash-balance. Quantities of guns, shot, and shell were sold to Yankee contractors, the barrack furniture to Jews, and the very sentry-boxes shipped home with the departing troops. The flag, however, was not sold. It was handed over to Jingo. The Canadian Government was called upon to form garrisons "to provide for the care and protection of the forts, magazines, armament, and warlike stores handed over to them. It was further intended that these troops, in addition to performing garrison duties, should serve as practical schools of gunnery for the training of all ranks of the Militia Artillery."

Captain Jingo, with the local rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, had been selected to raise and organise such a garrison for Quebec, while a similar duty was entrusted to another Imperial officer—Colonel French—in the Province of Ontario.

Twenty-one years after the birth of "B" Battery Canadian Artillery, when they came of age, they sent to their military father a kindly Christmas greeting, a photograph of himself as in the old days, when he was Inspector of Artillery for the Dominion, and Commandant of the Citadel of Quebec.

From henceforth Gunner Jingo must tell his own story.

\* \* \* \* \*

The garrison of Quebec were the 60th (King's Own Rifles) and the Royal Artillery. Curious coincidence, more than a century ago detachments of these two corps, forming part of Wolfe's victorious army, were the first to enter the city of Quebec and place the British flag where the *Fleur-de-lys* had flown so long. The 60th were then the Royal American Rangers, the old "Ubique" were the same. To me, an officer of the latter corps, was confided the honour of hoisting the old flag. When the last British Legionary departed, mine was the task to form its first guard of Canadian Artillery. The evacuation had been so rapid, only a few days elapsed between my arrival and the embarkation





of the British garrison, scant time to enlist, arm, uniform, and drill the first new guard for the citadel.

The Dominion Government had made a good selection of officers for me. Given a Canadian gentleman and you generally have the making of a good officer, for, as a people, they have military aptitudes of no mean order. I was exceptionally fortunate in Captain Montizambert, Lieutenants Duchesnay and Short, all men of soldier jhât. The two first were of old French-Canadian stock, whose ancestors had served in the British Army, and Duchesnay was descended from de Salaberry, the hero of Chateauguay; and in the veins of Lieutenant Short, an English Canadian, ran the blood of General Brock, slain at Queenstown Heights. Assistant-Surgeon Neilson also bore a name known in Canadian history. For non-coms., rank and file, an ex-Sergeant of Artillery (Lyndon) and a few old Canadian Riflemen formed a nucleus, to which were added some Canadians and a young Englishman who had failed in an army examination. He became Sergeant-Major Lavie of "B" Battery.

It did not take long to knock such good stuff into shape. But where were the arms, ammunition, and uniform to come from? The difficulty was solved by taking possession of those of the Quebec Volunteer Artillery, of which Captain Montizambert was Adjutant. The Jews, to whom the Control Department had sold the barrack furniture, even to the iron bedsteads the men lay upon, came to claim their purchase. But the gate was shut on the Hebrew nose, and they were left to settle the matter with the Canadian Government, who had not bought them, thinking the furniture would be left to them with the forts, etc. The Dominion Government, perhaps disbelieving that the English Government would take so serious a step as the abandonment of the fortress of Quebec before a garrison was formed, had taken no active measure except my appointment and that of the officers above named, as a temporary measure, pending their passing a satisfactory examination after some months' instruction. Other officers—Prevost, La Rue, Tasherau, Fraser, White, Sheppard, Imlah, etc., were subsequently added as they passed examinations after courses of instruction, in giving which I was materially aided by Master-Gunner Donaldson and Sergeant Clifford, R.A., when they arrived the following Spring.

No man was ever served more loyally than I was. What

the labour was, can best be judged by any professional soldier picturing to himself the task of raising and training an Artillery garrison, and re-arming a fortress during the severity of a Canadian Winter, without experienced assistants. The guns had been dismounted by the Royal Artillery before embarking, that the Royal Engineers might repair the platforms, and were deeply buried in snow drifts before I could get at them with my Canadians, who made up for lack of artillery training by the resourcefulness which comes of life in the forest lumber camps. They handle guns as deftly as they roll the huge logs. Ice and snow are their roadways and allies. They were never beaten, not even at Shoeburyness in the "Go-as-you-please" style of gun mounting.

In mounting the 110-pounder breech-loading guns, with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero, the hooks of the tackle would snap like glass, the fracture showing that the fibre of the iron had crystallised with the intense cold. Perhaps the breaking of the iron suspension bridge over the falls of Montmorency was due to this cause. But the task was finished without accident. Jingo, who did not feel the cold—had he brought with him some latent heat from India? chaffed the Canadians on their muffling. But they turned the tables. One blizzard day, with the flaps of their fur caps down, they could not hear even his stentorian commands. So he got hot, despite the temperature, and told them he would keep them on parade until they did drill properly. Being an Englishman *he* did not require ear-flaps. After parade it was remarked—"Colonel, your English ears are frozen," and a handful of snow had to be rubbed in.

One glorious morning in early Winter, before a flake of snow had fallen, when the St. Lawrence glittered like a mirror of polished steel, parade was impossible with such skating prospects. We descended from our eerie to the river below and spun along for miles against the wind, to the musical ring of our skates, and invigorated by the champagne feeling of the air. Miles were covered—under the cliffs which Wolfe had scaled a hundred years before, past the long wharves where the lumber of northern forests lies piled in masses, until the wooded banks were reached and the leafless trees of Spenserwood sparkled with the icicles of a "verglas" which coated every twig and made the forest monarchs look like chandeliers turned upside down. On,

on, beyond the red rocks of Cap Rouge. The wind blew till it caught one's breath and literally shut one's mouth by freezing moustache and beard together. Each looked at his neighbour for the dead white spot which indicates frost-bite. But none so suffered. Veering about before the wind, with coats held open, sailwise, we shot back over our tracks without moving a foot, at almost the velocity of an express train.

Shouting and singing with the glee of a schoolboy, Jingo did not at first hear the calls of his comrades, who could not overtake him, but at length the breeze bore to him :

"For God's sake, hold on, Colonel ; see the air-hole !"

And he noted the steel blue broken by the dark open dancing water. Just in time he swerved from the apparently inevitable. That night snow fell a foot deep, and never again to Jingo's vision did the St. Lawrence wear its smooth steel face. Ever afterwards, broken in gigantic hummocks with the flow and ebb of tides, it was all but impassable to the steam-ferries. Then the hardy voyageurs launched their canoes for passenger traffic between the shores of Quebec and Levis. Paddling through the open waters until solid ice or floating field is reached, the active fellows jump out, and slide along their canoe until another opening is reached, while the freights sit cosily wrapped in furs at the bottom of the canoe.

Towards the end of the Winter the ice cone had formed at Montmorency. The falls are higher than Niagara, but, of course, not so great a volume of water. The frozen spray builds up a mountain some 200 feet high, down which the hardy natives toboggan very much as their Norse ancestors did (before they left the Old World) down the Alpen slopes on their broad shields, to terrify and defeat the Legions of old Rome. The Battery marched out on their snow-shoes, guns on sleighs, down the St. Lawrence to the foot of the cone, where arms were piled, and the men broke off to amuse themselves—the dangerous tobogganing was most attractive. The Englishmen were taken down on the little sleighs provided on the spot. The skilful "Monty," in default of a girl, took down his chief in safety, remarking :

"There, Colonel, guess you couldn't do that on your own hook, though Englishmen don't require ear-flaps."

The reply was the immediate ascent of the taunted Englishman, climbing by footholes cut in the ice, and

dragging the sleigh after him. When the dome-roofed summit is reached one has doubts as to which way the downward slide may come off, away out into the sunshine, over the level plain at the foot of the cone and half way across the St. Lawrence, or back into the seething cauldron of foam, where the river shoots with ceaseless thunder and vibration over the edge of the precipice, while the mist rises in rainbows and spans the black abyss. "*Facile descensus.*" Jingo shot off into space from the summit, and felt his heart in his throat, for the sides are so steep that the sleigh touches nothing for several seconds. When it reached the more gradual slope it swerved. He tried to rectify it by steering with a heavy foot, where a feather-weight touch would have sufficed. His inexperience sent the sleigh spinning. An interval of unconsciousness followed. A cut head and various contusions were the reward of rashness, and the knowledge that there is a thing or two an Englishman cannot do impromptu. Nor is it to be supposed that anyone not a native born could attain to the perfection of a Canadian skater, practised in the art as they are from childhood. The brilliant groups of masqueraders at Carnival times in their waltzes and daring flights on their steel blades exemplify the hackneyed phrase, "the poetry of motion."

While the icy hand of Winter was on the land, paralysing commerce, the business men joined the soldiers in a tandem club, which might be seen spinning down the crooked turnings of the sally-ports of the Citadel Hill, led in turn by a civilian or military jehu. Fantastic feats were performed in the narrow lanes of the old city, "follow-the-leader" round lamp-posts, down snow-covered flights of stairs, and up the Heights of Abraham by the road made since the soldiers of Wolfe scaled the precipice on that eventful morning that gave half a continent to Great Britain. The tandem rendezvous was generally some quaint Canadian village hostel, where the cargoes of rosy cheeks and bright eyes were unloaded for the dance, which generally followed a scratch meal, the music provided by the Battery band sent on before, or a local fiddling genius. Then came the spin home, the tinkle of sleigh bells and laughter, making music under the pines, until the silver spires of Quebec gleamed in the moonlight.

Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the diffi-

culties of invading Canada during the Arctic Winter, which were exemplified when the American armies of Arnold and Montgomery were driven discomfited from the old rock fortress of Quebec, our tiny garrison was familiarised with military operations in Winter. Long snow-shoe marches were frequently made, and in 1873 the Battery bivouacked in the woods without tents. A handful of hardy disciplined Canadian soldiers, equally at

shoes, and an axe replacing sword-bayonet in the waist belt. Having reached the north shore of a lake they struck into the woods about twelve miles out, clearing a road through the forest for the tent sleighs. Here they were joined by Indian guides of the Huron tribe under François Gros Louis of Lorette. Camp was pitched on the picturesque shores of Lac Sagamite, which nestles amongst the lower spurs of the Laurentians. In an amazingly short space of time arms were piled, packs off, and the forest ringing with the rapid strokes of their axes. Soon the blue smoke curled from the canvas village and the savoury steam of the soldier's supper soup mingled with the fragrant sapin boughs which form the elastic bed of the wearied hunter. Here is a Frenchman's description of an Englishman's winter bath:—

"Le lendemain matin, pour préparer son corps á de nouvelles fatigues, le soldat bronzé des Indes se rappelant sans doute les joyeux ébats des nymphes et des naïades dans les eaux bleuâtres des lacs merveilleux qui nous entouraient, se roulait comme un serpent, en costume adamique, dans l'épais tapis, de neige où nous enfoncions jusqu' aux genoux. Un moment, nous avons tous crainct que cet exercice réfrigérant fût dans l'ordre du jour, et beaucoup d'entre nous tremblaient déjà. . . . de froid. Mais cet exemple n'étant suivi que par un seul officier canadien, nous en avons été quittes pour la peur."

On the following day, the Right Division marched out in the same order and encamped with their comrades. The Field Battery was left as the Citadel guard under Captain Short. The night was cold and clear. Huge camp fires threw into fantastic light and shade the groups of soldiers who disturbed the stillness with English songs and old Canadian voyageur chansons. Next day was devoted to practicing the men in snow-shoe attack, heavy marching order. The programme anticipated an enemy from Stoneham. Picked marksmen of the Battery, under the guidance of their Huron ally, François, acted as scouts, the position of the enemy being supposed to give him command of the open surface of the lake. A long flank march was made through the woods and the line of attack and supports formed on his flank, cutting him off his line of retreat to Stoneham. The attack was delivered, to the

manifest alarm of the occupants of a log hut, who took up a strong position under their beds and could not be dislodged by force of British arms or the diplomacy of a Schouvaloff.

On the return march a small river had to be crossed. The Indian guide declared the ice unsafe, but the Force passed on a couple of felled trees, Indian fashion (*au pont sauvage*). The only mishap occurred to a field officer, a heavy swell, who fell through the ice, attempting a passage on his own account. He was none the worse, only wiser for his ducking. Sound of firing now showed that the camp had been occupied by an unexpected party of the enemy. A second detour had to be made. The scouts sent out reported the camp occupied and an ambuscade laid by the hostiles, who had also sent out Indian scouts. After some skirmishing the camp was taken from the rear, thus cutting off the retreat of the defenders who, fortunately, turned out to be friends from town, laden with a very welcome supply of varied provisions, to which they helped to do justice, in spite of the apparent treacherous designs so happily frustrated. Friday was wild and stormy; tents were struck and the Force marched home, leaving a small detachment under Captain Duchesnay to bring up the rear on Saturday. Not a man fell out during the march and the only casualty was a frozen nose of the Wellington type. As the tents of the Militia Department had not been available, the kind and liberal Seigneur of Lotbinière lent some light cotton ones and portable stoves used by his lumbermen in their encampments. Each tent holds fifteen men and with its stove only weighs 35lbs.\*

The mixture of French and English lent a peculiar charm to the society of Quebec. The seigniorial rights had been abolished by laws which could not do away with the kind

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\* It is curious and instructive to note that Arctic campaigning, as practised on snow-shoes by Canadian troops, is being taught to our Sepahis in the Chitral valleys and passes by young officers from the Military College of Canada—Lieut. Gustave de Lotbinière, R.E., and Lieut. Henneker, Connaught Rangers, who, while on service on our Ladak frontier sent to Canada for snow-shoes, and instructed some of their men, thus making it possible to operate in winter over passes hitherto closed for eight months. The fighting men that could be drawn from our vast Empire would be more varied than the auxiliaries of the Roman Legions. Our very vastness gives us means of defence, had we only the heart to use them. Yet this is the Empire the little-hearted ones would have us cast away till our 40,000,000 starve or eat each other when the world is closed to our trade. It is not the masses alone but the classes that are at fault. The absence of conscription severs our universities from the army, which has suffered in consequence. While Goldwin Smiths and Gladstones are products only possible to universities without military thought, could such men be the out-put of German or French universities?

hearts and genial hospitality of the few remaining seigneurs. None who knew him will forget The Seigneur Joly de Lotbinière and his delightful family ; a Frenchman by race, a loyal Englishman at heart. Since the lilies were withdrawn the young men of their race have served under the British flag and shed their blood in India and other far off dependencies of our Empire. The welcoming doors of Point Platon, on the St. Lawrence, were ever open, and many a glorious day did Jingo have with the Seigneur and his sons, tracking the cariboo in his forests or floating in canoes on his rivers, when the debacle brought down the fields of logs to his mills. Strange it is to note in what perverted channels the fountains of Imperial honour flow, when directed by politicians. The Seigneur Joly de Lotbinière had the confidence of both races, rendered eminent service to his country, and yet, though descended from the French noblesse, none of the easily acquired knighthoods showered upon political adventurers has fallen upon him.

With the Canadian Spring, which bursts so suddenly into Summer, tobogganing, skating, and sleighing came to an end, but sugar-picnics to the maple groves, began. The new Governor-General arrived and took up his residence in one wing of the Citadel. The popularity of Lord and Lady Dufferin was established at once, as it so readily is every-

where. But his social success was the least part of his able administration. From the Atlantic to the Pacific his genial presence and the oil of his eloquence tended to allay provincial friction in the young confederation of Canada. He also saved from Vandalistic destruction and decay the picturesque old gates and walls of Quebec. He not only took an interest in the old fortress, but in the new garrison, and became the first patron of the Dominion Artillery Association. He wrote :—

“ Citadel of Quebec,  
“ 23rd Sept., 1872.

“ My Dear Colonel,

“ I cannot quit the precincts of your fortress without expressing to you my sense of the kindness, courtesy, and consideration which have been shown to Lady Dufferin and myself by you and your officers during our stay. In a hundred delicate ways we have been made to feel how welcome we were amongst you, and how anxious you were to render our residence pleasant and convenient. If we come back here our neighbourhood to you and Mrs. — will be an additional attraction, as we shall feel we are returning to the society of real friends.

“ I am not sufficiently of a military turn to be justified in paying you a compliment on your men, except through Colonel Fletcher, but in all those respects of which I can presume to judge, they seem to be in first-rate order. They never have failed to show me every respect, the guard has always turned out with the greatest smartness, and my eye has never lit upon a drunken soldier.

“ Next year I hope to stay on later in the season, when I hope we may have many a brisk scamper together over those posts and rails across the water.

“ Yours sincerely,  
“ DUFFERIN.”

The hunt club (called Stadacona, after the Indian name of Quebec) had been established for military as well as sporting reasons, to get the French-Canadian officers accustomed to cross-country riding, and Lord Dufferin gave it his patronage. Until hounds arrived from England the hunt had taken the prosaic form of a paper steeplechase. The long winters confined the hunting season to Spring and Autumn. As at Gib., when the fleet came in, the soldiers

were put upon their mettle by the reckless riders of the Blue Jackets. Through the generosity and energy of Captain Temple, the hounds arrived, but an unlucky accident prevented his being their M. F. H., and the post was offered to the Citadel Colonel. Shortness of purse compelled him to decline, but the sporting merchants of the lower town agreed to foot the bill. Captain Short was an excellent whip, and the pack was maintained until "B" Battery was transferred from Quebec to Kingston. "Reynard's Legacy" recalls most of the members of the old Stadacona.

### THE LEGACY OF THE PHANTOM FOX OF THE STADACONA HUNT.

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Now, alas ! my race is run,  
 There's an end to all my fun ;  
 No more I'll be a rover  
 By hillside or by cover,  
 For the ice king's come at last,  
 And my death is in his blast ;  
 So I'll even make my will  
 'Ere my paw is frozen chill.  
     Tally ho ! my boys, ye ho ! Hark away !

To the noble British Peer,  
 With his hat upon one ear,  
 Come to rule us from afar,  
 Where men call him " Reen-a-var,"  
 Which means king of men they say,  
 For, by Jove, he leads the way.  
 So my honours and my fame  
 He may tackle to his name.  
     Tally ho ! etc.

For the Guardsman\* and his horse,  
 And the ex-Hussar of course,  
 With their thorough-breds so hot,  
 As they bolted like a shot,

---

\* Colonel Fletcher.

Or a missile to a targe,  
Or a Balaclava charge,  
I have ordered lots of ice,  
From old Gunter's shop so nice.  
Tally ho ! etc.

There's a Bobby tight and true  
As e'er wore the well-known blue,  
And Jack Heigham is his name,  
I will back him to die game  
In upholding British law.  
So I'll give to him my paw,  
For he's huntsman and he's whip,  
And collects for us the tip.  
Tally ho ! etc.

Then a Major of Hussars,  
Also nobly won his stars ;  
Ferdie Turnbull is his name,  
If he is not known to fame,  
Then by Jingo, sir ! he ought,  
For the fox he nearly caught—  
So I'll give to him my brush,  
He may drown it in his lush,  
Tally ho ! etc.

There's a Gunner with a name  
That I'm funkey to proclaim,  
Montizambert 'tis in French,  
At battery or at trench  
He would never slacken rein.  
Though he does not want the brain  
Yet I'll give to him my head  
When this poor old body's dead.  
Tally ho ! etc.

Between dashing Mrs. D——  
And the other ladies three  
My fond heart I do divide.  
I'd take any for a bride

If I was a Mormon bold ;  
Sure to none could I be cold,  
Of Diana's followers fair,  
With their gold or raven hair.  
Tally ho ! etc.

To the subs of Battery " B,"  
Short, La Rue and Duchesnay,  
I would give a martingale,  
For they never leave my tail,  
When they should be holding hard ;  
They decline to play that card,  
Though Jack Sheppard rides as free,  
He is cooler, don't you see ?  
Tally ho ! etc.

Here's for you, Charley Gething,  
So often at the death in,  
My old whip, and spurs and cap,  
For you never need a gap.  
Nor the Stewarts, Gibb, nor White,  
On his little nag so tight ;  
Besides hosts of friendly names,  
Sure I don't forget their claims.  
Tally ho, etc.

To Desbarats and de Lery  
So gallant and so cheery,  
Like the chivalry of France  
Who would smiling break a lance ;  
To Dan Driscoll and his boys,  
Who don't bother us with noise,  
I give my land and estate  
With my money and my plate.  
Tally ho ! etc.

There's a heavy man and horse  
Goes thundering on his course,  
In the legions he has served,  
Whose banners never swerved  
Where the British Tally ho !  
Struck such terror in the foe.

Him the friendly youngsters dub  
 "Pater Miles" of the club.  
 To him I leave my blessing,  
 'Tis all I'm now possessing.  
 Tally ho! etc.

Signed **X** Reynard,  
 his paw.  
 Witness, M. F. H. Jingo.  
 Huntsman, Jack Heigham.  
 Whip Primus, Charlie Short.  
 „ Secundus, C. Gething.

My official duties often took me to Ottawa. There the hospitable doors of Government House were ever open to me in the regime of Lord Dufferin, as well as of the Marquis of Lorne. The memory of that kindness is refreshing, for I know it was given to one who could render nothing in return. Moreover, they both helped me strenuously in military organisation as far as is possible to the representatives of a Monarchy which reigns but does not rule.

In one of my Winter visits to Lord Dufferin there was an illustration of the climatic influence that causes the difference between the go-ahead push of the Transatlantic and the slower but more solid progress of insular Englishmen. If it makes a difference in the temporarily-transplanted individual (who is said to go up like a rocket and come down like a stick)—for the suddenly-increased energy wears men out—reminding one of Dr. Ox's experiment with ozone in a dull Dutch village—what must be its effect on generations of men and women?

One night when the thermometer was below zero and the electric aurora borealis was flushing outside, and making the telegraph needles dance, we sat in the warm drawing-room of Rideau Hall.

"Time for all good children to be in bed," said the sweet hostess and mother, and the obedient little ladies Blackwood came round to give their good-night kisses.

Lord Dufferin, who described America as the "land of obedient parents," maintained British discipline at home. The child drew back her head with a start, and I knew by the tingle of the lips that virtue had gone out of me.

"Bless me! you must be the — the — Mephistopheles,

Colonel Jingo. There was a blue spark when you kissed that child."

I offered to repeat the experiment with some of the grown-ups, as a mere matter of scientific investigation, of course. The challenge was not accepted.

"But I am sure you could light the gas with your finger," said Lady Dufferin; and I did. Then, taking her hand and shuffling across the room together, to accumulate frictional electricity—she also was able to light the gas. Lord Dufferin and others followed suit after a little practice and sufficient working up, much to their amusement and the detriment of the carpet.

## CHAPTER II.

THE TRICOLOUR AND THE GREEN—GOLDWIN SMITH—BLUE BLOUSE—AN INQUEST—CAPTAIN SHORT—THE CENTENARY OF 1775—CHARLES KINGSLEY—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS—PALLISER GUNS—MISSION TO BRITISH COLUMBIA—THE MORMONS—LOST BOUNDARIES—CANADIAN MILITARY COLLEGE.

East and West, the services of the Battery were required. On the 5th of August, 1872, they were called out on the requisition of the Mayor and Sheriff, and very often afterwards. In September, Lieutenant Tascherau and forty non-commissioned officers and men, with two 7-pounder rifle guns, were sent to distant Manitoba, with a similar detachment from "A" Battery, to keep the Half-breeds in order.

On the former occasion, the French and Irish Canadians went at each other with rival tricolour and harp on green. They were not content with stones and shillelaghs, but revolvers began to play, and the bearer of the green flag was shot dead. Plucky Captain Heigham, with his handful of police, stood between the crowds in vain. It requires two sides to fight. It was thought the Irish, being the most truculent, should be first got rid of. They were therefore charged by the mounted men of the Battery, and thenceforth formed no item in this disturbance. The Infantry portion of the Battery, drawn across the street, effectually prevented the French-Canadians, whose foes had been discomfited, from following the Irishmen home as they wished to do. They proposed to carry the tricolour through the files of the Battery, and fired a few high revolver shots by way of emphasis. The mounted officer in command asked which of them meant to go and tell his wife that they had shot him with their fooling. A good-natured laugh showed the day gained, and the French-Canadians retired with their flags to their own quarter, St. Roch's.

Shortly before this, two prophecies had been made. Goldwin Smith, while my guest, informed me I was on a fool's task in organising Canadian soldiers, in view of the near annexation of Canada to the United States. Twenty years have passed and his prophecy seems no nearer its fulfilment, in spite of his "damnable iteration." The second prophecy was mine. If it were not for Canadian soldiers the French and Irish would be at each other's throats. The sequel showed the true prophet. For serious riots again broke out later on.

The Quebec Parliament was threatened by a mob, an effort made to break open the gaol and release the prisoners, flour stores entered and partially plundered. On the arrival of "B" Battery, the marauders were quickly ousted, and the troops drawn up to prevent a repetition. The mob mounted the cliffs above St. Paul's Street, and thence rolled down rocks and stones from the crumbling fortifications. Fortunately, the troops were kept beyond reach of the heavy stones, but could scarcely be sheltered from the shower of lighter missiles. The Mayor had ensconced himself inside the store, whence he could safely survey the *emeute*. As he would not give the order to act, the Colonel invited his presence, that he might share in the compliments which were flying. When he came, the attention of the mob was turned from the soldiers to the civil functionary. His return was barred by a file of sturdy gunners, who stolidly said they had orders to let no one pass, not even "his worship the Mayor." It was suggested he should read the Riot Act, and he was provided with the copy, fished out of the sabretache of the C.O. Mumbling it more quickly than a hungry friar would his grace before meat, he gave the necessary authority to act, and was allowed to retire. Captain Short was directed to clear the street with the mounted men.

He did so with his usual impetuosity. A passing street-car divided him from his detachment, and he was furiously assailed, receiving a deep cut in the forehead. The horse of a trooper slipping on the car-rails put another man at the mercy of the mob. The Infantry portion of the Battery was advanced to the rescue.

It was my habit when ordered on civil disturbance to fix bayonets before leaving barracks, with the treble object of keeping the fire low from the weight on the muzzle, producing the

salutary effect on the mob which steel always does, and cheating the "penny-a-liner" of the opportunity of writing that "at this point the blood-thirsty officer lost his head, and ordered his men to fix bayonets and charge an inoffensive crowd."

Bayonets being fixed, the advance of the men by sections with trailed arms had all the effect of a charge, without any of the inconvenience of giving such an order. The men, who had long been exposed to the taunts and assaults of the mob, broke into a double and the rioters fled before them, seeking refuge down lanes and in doorways, whence they emerged as soon as the retire was sounded. The C.O. was afraid of getting his men out of hand and had hitherto refrained from opening fire for fear of injuring foolish spectators who were not actually assaulting the troops. Now was his opportunity. He had long noticed the ring-leader, a man in the blue blouse of an *ouvrier*, fresh from the barricades of the Paris Commune.

"En avant, mes enfants," he had been shouting, "Les voilà qui reculent. Je connais la trompette. Nous allons les ecr-r-aser on leurs a défundu de tirer!"

This Communist was followed by only a few of the most determined. I halted the rear section of eight men and opened fire. Half-a-dozen men and a cab horse dropped. Also the "blue blouse." Most of the others rose and limped off, but the blue blouse remained on the pavement, and a little red stream trickled into the gutter, a suitable receptacle.

From that day to this no shot has been fired in the streets of Quebec. A large force of Militia was sent from Montreal next day, but it was not required.

But the Commanding Officer's difficulties were not over. There was an inquest upon "Blue Blouse," who lay on a deal table, with a small purple hole in the centre of his forehead. Coroner and doctor were sympathetic. The sapient opinion of the latter was that the dead man had been shot by a revolver and the base of the skull fractured by a heavy stone. I asked to see the bullet which he purported to have extracted and found it to be that portion of lead which divides the hollows in the front and base of the Snider bullet. Upon it was the stamp of the broad arrow. I was able to convince the gentlemen of the jury that the missile was the regulation rifle bullet and not the

revolver bullet which bears no such stamp. The Snider bullet enters by a hole no bigger than its circumference but flattens out on meeting an obstruction. In this case it had shattered the base of the skull in its partial exit. The jury were anxious to find a culprit of some sort, and having been told that only one section of men had fired, they desired to see that section in the uniform they had worn, with a view to assuring themselves (so they said) that "B" Battery were the executioners and no other corps. I sent a note to the citadel ordering down a section of men ("P.S.—Private. Any of the actual firing party to be carefully excluded.") When they arrived the coroner remarked, with evident satisfaction :

"One of these men then must be the homicide who acted on your order?"

"Oh, dear no! None of the firing party are here. You wanted to identify the uniform of the Corps. There it is."

A verdict was then given in accordance with facts.

It is curious that the bugle notes which call Tommy Atkins to his duty—it may be his death—have no spirit-stirring war clang about them. The long-drawn plaintive notes of the assembly rang out clearly over the snow-covered hog's back of the Citadel parade-ground and reverberated through the casemates. The sulky soldiery began to tumble out of their warm beds into the keen below-zero night air. The pink flush of aurora borealis swept softly upwards to the steel-blue zenith, putting out the stars that scintillated so sharply in the still midnight sky. They looked like glory holes in the firmament, giving glimpses of an infinite radiance beyond.

"What's up now?"

"Oh, goin' to blazes! The old game, them bloomin' French-Canadians burning up their blessed city again!"

The frequent terrible conflagrations in the stove-heated wooden houses of the suburb of St. Roch's had turned "B" Battery into an auxiliary fire brigade. To give the devil his due, perhaps to the disgust of the orthodox angels. The military fire-engine and their axemen were ever in the thickest of it.

At last, Charley Short, as keen a soldier as ever drew sword, coming unscathed from Indian bullets, gave his life, and saved the city by blowing up a house, himself with it.

His faithful Sergeant, Wallick, accompanied him to the Valhalla of heroes. Their monument is the city. Yet another "stands in the Comitium plain for all men to see."

This time the alarm was not for St. Roch's. The Commandant had had a shrewd suspicion that the breechloading guns, mounted for the defence of the fortress, would not be workable in severe frost. He had reported accordingly, but being only an artillery officer, his opinion, like that of Mr. Toots on general subjects, was "of no consequence." Officers and men were at their alarm posts in double quick time, but the breech screws were frozen solid, and the enemy was requested to wait until fires had been lighted in the guns to thaw them out. Then the old ladies in the city beneath shook in their beds as the guns above them thundered out into the stillness, just as they had done a hundred years before, dealing death to the rash American General who, at midnight of that last day of 1775, had tried to storm the virgin fortress when she was wrapped in her mantle of snow. Could he have deferred his attack for a century he would have had a better chance.

But the angry citizens would not be placated by excuses of military experiment, and the city Press declared that the Commandant had fired a midnight *feu de joie* to celebrate his acquisition of the new Boston waltz step. Unfortunately he started another fire that was anything but joyous. The lamp left burning on his study table, shaken by the reverberation had ignited the papers. The enemy was repulsed, but his quarters were in a blaze. In a few minutes, the officers rushed to the rescue, and the married ladies, *en déshabille*, but wrapped in martial cloaks, were deposited in comfortable arm chairs, and their half-dozen little girls, enveloped in blankets, were soon seated in safety on the mess-room table, the whole party being comforted with mulled wine. The conflagration was soon got under, the men from the guns turned to the fire engine, and the vaulted casemates prevented the fire spreading to the upper story.

During these years "A" Battery had been made equally efficient under Colonel Irwin, at Kingston. There being little prospect of active service in Canada, officers and men of both batteries volunteered for service with the Imperial army. Captains Wilson and Herbert, and Surgeon Neilson were accepted for service in Egypt, and Herbert, a promising young officer, died at Cairo.

The Literary and Historic Society of Quebec, celebrated in 1875, the repulse of the American troops, commanded by General Montgomery (whilom officer of the 17th Regiment in the service of his Britannic Majesty George III.,) who, on the blustering wintry morning of December 31st, 1775, attempted an assault upon the redoubts and fortifications, which at that time did duty for our present Citadel. The General's intrepidity gave him a soldier's death. His want of success rendered possible the loyal Canadian of to-day. Thus fifteen short years after the conquest, ere the immortal Wolfe and Montcalm had returned to their dust, Briton and Gaul were shoulder to shoulder repelling the invader of our sacred soil. It is not generally remembered that results as momentous to America as the issues of Waterloo to Europe, were decided on that bleak New Year's Eve, beneath the beetling crags by the shore of the St. Lawrence, where Montgomery found his winding sheet of

~ snow. Then it was decided that for another hundred years at least the New World was not to be one huge Republic, and that the wills of those who were determined to dwell under the ancient institutions of their ancestors must be respected or the issue again relegated to the *ultima ratio regis et populi*.

The celebration of the Centenary of the Literary and Historic Society was followed by a similar demonstration at the Institut Canadien of Quebec, on the 30th, which went off with great éclat, and by a ball at the Citadel on the 31st, given by the Commandant. "Again soldiers and civilians in the costume of 1775, moved about in the old fortress, some in the identical uniform worn by their ancestors at the time of the memorable repulse," many of whose descendants, both French and English, are still in Quebec. A novel feature of the entertainment was the midnight salute from the Citadel guns. In view of uniting the sympathetic patriotism of the two races, it is, perhaps, a pity that the custom has been given up.

A Among the many visitors from the Old World to the Citadel, none appreciated its associations and beauty more than Charles

Kingsley. As he stood on the ledge of rock that overlooks the foaming cauldron of Montmorency, he was accosted by a Yankeeified guide, who shouted in his ear statistics of the number of cubic feet descending per second, etc., etc.

"C—c—confound the fellow!" said Kingsley, "I would rather a man shouted at me in church."

The Marquis of Dufferin was succeeded by the equally popular Marquis of Lorne and his amiable Princess. In the long run, the sterling qualities and great ability of the Scot were found out and thoroughly appreciated—in Canada, at least, where people were best able to judge.

During my experience of fifteen years in Canada, no Governor-General ever gained so thoroughly the confidence and affection of the people of Canada, of both races. To his grasp of the military situation (perhaps second only to that of Sir Charles Dilke), Canada largely owes the establishment of the small-arm cartridge factory and shell foundry at Quebec, and had he been seconded by his Government, Canada would long since have converted, in her own factories, her mass of old smooth-bore 32-pounder guns into 64-pounder rifles, on the Palliser principle, at a minimum cost, affording a rough, serviceable armament for earthworks at strategic points on her long frontier, quite equal to anything that could be brought against them over-land.

From the first his talented wife shewed herself a true daughter of her Royal House. Her tact, generosity, and large-heartedness, were shewn in a thousand ways in the interest she took in "all sorts and conditions of men." It does not require the incident of her furnishing from her private purse an ambulance for the help of the wounded in the North-West Campaign to prove this. Unfortunately, her time in Canada was cut short by a sleigh accident, from which she suffered severely and long.

But absence from Canada has not cooled her kindly sympathies with its people. After the campaign in the North-West, she made particular enquiries for those who had been engaged there—among others, a young Canadian officer who had been frequently on duty at the Citadel during the stay of the Governor-General. Seeing no prospect of permanent employment in the limited Canadian Service, he had come to England in the hopes that his qualifications might obtain him a commission in the British army. He was disappointed,

and enlisted as a trooper in a Lancer regiment. It was mentioned to her Royal Highness, with an expression of regret for his bad luck. She commented that it ought not to be considered a misfortune to wear Her Majesty's uniform in any rank.

"But he has no friends in this country, and is unlikely to rise to a commissioned rank."

"But it's plucky of him," said the Princess, "and I should like to see him. Couldn't he come to the Palace?"

"In the fairy tales, your Royal Highness, Princesses do what they please, and everything comes right. But this is the fag end of the nineteenth century."

The conversation was discontinued. But the full private of Lancers was sent for to Windsor Castle by Her Majesty, and informed that his advancement depended upon his merit, and his being a Canadian born would prove no hindrance.

He went with his regiment to India, and five years, with the approbation of his officers, brought him the desired rank.

In 1877, Captain Edward Palliser visited Montreal to inspect the means for the conversion of guns on his brother's (Sir William Palliser) principle. The initial experiments were carried out with complete success, but were dropped on a change of Government. Sir William Palliser nevertheless presented two 180-pounder guns, which cost £700 sterling. *He had to buy them from her Majesty's Government and pay Sir William Armstrong for their conversion.* The gift of Sir William reads like a bit of old Elizabethan story, when English gentlemen fitted out warships at their own charges to meet the Spanish Armada. The guns were duly mounted in the Citadel of Quebec. Why this liberality? "Noblesse oblige." One of Sir William's ancestors was Commodore of the Fleet which aided Wolfe in the capture of the city.

The duties of Inspector of Artillery being combined with those of Commandant of the Gunnery School, carried me through the provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Nova Scotia. They were lightened with spells of splendid sport, salmon and trout fishing. The generosity of Lord Lorne gave me the freedom of the Ristigouche River for one season. These duties were subsequently extended over the whole Dominion, and I was sent,

in conjunction with two Royal Engineer officers—(Major Hennell, of the Bombay Army, volunteered to accompany me) to report upon the proposed defences for the Pacific coast, and the best terminus, from a military point of view, for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

As there was no C.P.R. in existence, we had to go through the United States, *via* Mormonland, California, and thence northward. The trans-continental journey was even then luxuriously Pullmanised, and we had no incident beyond carrying as a fellow-passenger a fresh-captured wounded "road-agent." The Sheriff's men sat with drawn six-shooters, and forewarned us in the event of their having to open fire to "lie low." But the prisoner died of his wounds.

No need to dwell upon the picturesque Salt Lake City, with its garden-surrounded bungalows, in which each wife has a separate door. Mormon industry has worked wonders, irrigating the alkaline desert into fertility by streams brought from the snowy summits of the Sierras. We enjoyed a promiscuous bathing party, of which a stout old German Jew, who had turned Mormon, was the head centre.

Surrounded by his numerous red-headed wives, the poor man persisted in floating wrong end uppermost, due to the extreme buoyancy of the Salt Lake and the accumulation of adipose tissue at that end of his person. In vain the shrieking women endeavoured to right him. I swam to his rescue, and seizing a handful of tissue with the parti-coloured garment, produced a gurgling groan from the inverted Mormon, who was, however, safely propelled to the steps of the pier along which the bathing-boxes were arranged. Having had quite enough aquatics, the extreme brine being very painful to the eyes, I made for my bathing-box with the least possible delay, but encountered a procession of Mormon ladies with pink parasols. As my hired garments were scanty in the extreme, the situation was highly unpleasant, especially when aggravated by the giggles under the sunshades, which were only lowered at the moment of passing. Inserting my hand over the top of the door of my bathing-box, I maladroitly knocked the key off the nail on which it had hung. My companion had already reached the shelter of his box, and I shouted to him to climb over the partition between the two and open my door from the inside. "All right, old fellow," was followed by a crash of wood and the exit of the yelling Mormon ladies from their own compartment, in extreme

deshabille. My friend had scaled the wrong partition, which had broken and precipitated him into the red-headed seraglio.

From this exhibit of aquatic Mormonism, we visited the successor of the polygamous prophet, who held forth to us on the manifest material advantages of the institution, as evidenced by the marvellous industry which had converted the alkaline desert into a garden watered by streams drawn from the perpetual snows of the Sierras, "a work only possible," he said, "to a redundant youthful population, the product of polygamy, which," he added, "was a necessity in a new and sparsely-settled country. A second wife was required to look after the first, and do the housework during illness," etc. In such countries women will rarely accept the position of a servant, and prefer that of a supplementary but acknowledged wife.

"But if the institution rests on purely material grounds why drag in the authority of religion?"

"Because it has Biblical authority."

"Certainly, in Patriarchal times it was permitted, but—

"Since when did Jehovah change his morals?"

"Well, since the coming of Christ."

"Will you kindly quote the text in which Christ forbids polygamy?"

I felt rather stumped, but as my interlocutor was a Bishop I fired off at him the text—"A Bishop should be the husband of one wife."

"Ah, Christ did not say that. It was that self-opinionated person, Paul, who himself admits that he gave much unauthorized advice on marital subjects. His followers call their religion Pauline Christianity."

"Then, if you have the sanction of the Old Testament and no contradiction in the New, why bring in the brass plate business? It won't go down in this century."

Here our relations became strained, and we took our leave. The United States Government has declared polygamy illegal—except as practised among Christians.

Passing through Oregon and Washington territory, once ours by actual occupation, we saw the forts of the old Hudson Bay Company in the fertile provinces of the Pacific Coast, which we abandoned to American bluster.\*

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\* The average Englishman has not yet realised that we have lost Oregon, judging by an illustrated paper of the present date which locates Oregon "in the Far West of Canada."

He who said, "I care not who writes the history of a people provided I write its ballads," was justified by the exposition of American policy, as set forth by the sweet singer of "Uncle Sam."

"If I was legislator of these United States,  
I'd settle the fish question accordin'—  
Give the Yankees all the meat,  
And the British all the bones,  
And put the boundary t'other side of Jordin."

But American cuteness has been abetted by British dullness. It is said the English Commissioner reported Oregon not worth keeping, because the salmon of the Columbia River will not rise to a fly. Common rumour is not always a common liar.

As we go north there is still a more painful object lesson which the lovers of arbitration would do well to take to heart, but, alas! "peace at any price" people are never readers of history.

The last Treaty of Washington, 1871, and the arbitration of the late Emperor William of Germany, lost us the Rosario Channel and the island of San Juan, which render insecure our ocean highway to the East from the termination of the Canadian Pacific Railway, still unfortified, though an acre of plans and proposals, mine amongst the number, have been submitted to and "approved" by numerous committees. The subject is still bandied about between the departmental officials of the Dominion and Imperial Governments, through the Colonial Office, War Office, and Admiralty, each, when found, like Captain Cuttle, "making a note of it;" and so it goes on in the merry-go-round.

As a guide to the future, it may be as well to take a glimpse at the past, especially just now, when the claim of the United States to that part of the North Pacific called Behring Sea is to be submitted to arbitration.\* The United States, in common with other powers, strenuously opposed the similar claim of Russia, at the time she held the whole coast of Behring Sea, but now they seem inclined to go snacks.

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\* Since decided, on the Yankee all the meat, British all the bone principle.

The boundary between Alaska and Canada had been purposely kept unsettled, with the usual policy of establishing a raw on the British Lion. The Government of Canada has repeatedly asked for its settlement, knowing that further gold discoveries, and the consequent rush of miners from the United States, would make a boundary more difficult to settle. A non-diplomatist is at a loss to discover why a settlement of the Newfoundland dispute was not insisted upon long ago. The indisputable right to Madagascar, with its splendid harbour, we have yielded, giving the French their long-desired base of operations against our route to India by the Cape.

It is painful to see how diplomatists have muddled away what the sword had won, and what might have been a complete Canada, instead of driving her nearly to the North Pole. Is it to be wondered at that some Canadians desire to return to warmer latitudes, at the price of expatriation or annexation?

It is not generally remembered that Wolfe was not the first conqueror of Canada.

1.—Quebec was captured by English ships in 1629, under Sir David Kertz (or Kirk), a French refugee, who carried the Governor, Champlain, a prisoner to England. A treaty with France, in 1632, restored to her Quebec, Acadia (Nova Scotia), and Isle Royal (Cape Breton); Champlain returning to Quebec and resuming the government, restored New France for a fresh struggle between the two great rival powers under Wolfe and Montcalm, who might have spared their blood, and that of many brave men, had they known that the verdict pronounced upon their death in the "boudoir" of a French King's mistress, "*Nous avons perdu quelques arpents de neige en Amérique*," might in substance be re-echoed in a British Parliament after the loss of Canada by those who believe that commercial relations will remain when Empire is abandoned.

We can afford no more messing and muddling of boundaries in the future. The loss of Canada would be the beginning of the end. Our most secure link with Australasia would be broken, and Africa would follow. Canada is the longest, strongest, and most important link in our chain of Empire that girdles the globe.

2.—By the treaty of 1763, England acquired all the

French possessions in America which hemmed in the thirteen colonies from Acadia to Louisiana.

3.—By that of 1783, she abandoned to the United States “immense tracts of territory, unsettled, and, in fact, unknown.” The boundary was fixed from the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, due west to the source of the Mississippi, an impracticable line, for the sources of the Mississippi are many hundred miles to the south.

4.—Consequently, by Jay’s treaty of 1794, and the Convention of 1815, the boundary was changed to the 49th parallel of northern latitude, driving Western Canada almost into the Arctic Regions, to be subsequently sandwiched by the purchase of Alaska from the accommodating Muscovite.

5.—At the time of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, “England was actually in possession” (chiefly through the gallantry of native Canadians) “of the fortress of Mackinaw, of Lake Michigan, of the site of the present City of Chicago, and of a line of territory terminating at the fort of Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. She had won back in fair fight, and held by right of war, the whole of the territory conceded in 1783, that which now constitutes Michigan, and the more Northern States of Wisconsin and Minnesota.” She held a fort 450 miles down the Mississippi, captured and held by Colonel Mackay, a Scotch-Canadian, and Captain Rollette, a well-known French-Canadian adventurer, with a force of Indians, Half-breeds, Orkney-men, and “voyageurs.” Yet by that treaty the whole territory was ceded to the United States, as was also the State of Maine, ours “not only by the right of war, but with the consent and content of the population,” still largely French-Canadian. On the other hand, the Americans gave up nothing, for they had nothing to give, and “had not even a sentry on the Canadian shore.”

Had it been otherwise, England retaining her conquests for the cost of war, Canada would have had unfrozen sea-ports on the Atlantic coast. And the Canadian Pacific Railway going through British territory would have been much shorter than the Inter-Colonial, which is forced to an enormous detour by the wedge driven into our territory by the State of Maine, approaching as it does to within twenty miles of Rivière du Loup, where a few troopers in

a night-ride over the border could, with dynamite cartridges, blow up bridges and culverts.

6.—The Ashburton Treaty of 1842, ratified these inconveniences. I have heard Americans boast of the smartness of their Commissioners, who produced a forged map, showing a different course for the head waters of the St. John River, which was then agreed upon as the boundary, Now we hear of a Russo-American official inserting false statistics in the Behring-Seal-Fishery papers as data to be arbitrated upon; when found out he was of course promptly disavowed.

The fiat for removal of "B" Battery to Kingston, Ontario, to be replaced by "A" Battery in the fortress of Quebec, was a source of great regret, especially to the former. The officers and men being mostly French-Canadians had few ties in Ontario, while they loved the old city which had seen the birth of the military organisation. The Batteries were transferred in June, and the good people at Kingston soon made the new-comers feel at home. The Battery occupied the Tête du Pont barracks and Fort Henry. The Military College of Kingston had been established under Colonel Hewitt, R.E.

A proportion of commissions in the British Army are annually awarded to successful competitors, and in the annals of our late little wars and explorations, the Canadian cadet has writ his name large, which is not surprising, considering the solidity of the system there pursued compared with the hustle and cram of Woolwich and Sandhurst. The entrance to the Canadian College is not competitive. The standard is only sufficient to secure the competency of the candidate to profit by instruction. The young Canadian comes with a good physique and a fallow brain. There is a steady course of four years' training, as against eighteen months or two years at Woolwich or Sandhurst. It is unfortunate that Canada does not sufficiently utilise in her own service the scientifically trained cadets of the Military College.

We must not suppose the objection to their employment is similar to that I once heard against Westpoint cadets when inspecting that institution with visitors from Congress. A Western senator remarked, "This, sir, is a useless institution, for the manufacture of a shoulder-strap aristocracy we do not require on this continent." "But," I remarked,

“they do not all become soldiers, and, at any rate, they make good citizens.” “No, sir, they ain’t much account in civil life. You can’t get a Westpointer to tell a lie any way.”

But, alas ! my interest in military matters was about to receive a wrench, by my being placed under regulations which had not been in existence when I embarked for Canada, and which were made *retrospective*.

## CHAPTER III.

TOO OLD TO SOLDIER—START A RANCHE—BLACKFEET NEIGHBOURS—  
 LEGAL DIFFICULTIES—GENERAL JINGO'S HARDEST MARCH—CROW-  
 FOOT AND OLD SUN—HORSE-THIEVES, RED AND WHITE—A JUDAS  
 KISS—HOUSE BUILDING, WELL SINKING, ETC.—CATTLE KILLING—  
 ROUND-UPS — BRONCHO-BUSTING — FIRST WAR NOTE — INDIAN  
 STRENGTH — WHITE WEAKNESS — CALLED TO COMMAND — OLD  
 SOLDIERS TURN UP.

In 1881, after thirty years service in the Royal Artillery, in which I was Colonel, I became entitled to a pension, but was informed by the War Office that it would not be given to me unless I resigned the service of the Dominion of Canada, and further, should I do so and elect to return to England, I would, in a few years be compelled to retire under the new age clauses, with probably a less pension than that then offered. A soldier of 40 is considered too old to lead 100 men, but an octogenarian is not too old to run or ruin an Empire.

Under the circumstances, there was nothing for it but to resign both Imperial and Canadian service to enable me to draw my pension. Very much against the grain, and with many unavailing remonstrances, I became a civilian.

Leaving my family at Kingston, Ontario, where I had commanded, I started for the North-West to prospect for a site for a horse or cattle ranche in the, then little known, country near the base of the Rocky Mountains.

I had, as previously stated, passed through the ranche country of the United States with my friend, Major Hennell of the Bombay Army, when I was sent to report upon the best terminus for the Canadian Pacific Railway from a military point of view, and also to report on suitable coast defences. I then had my attention drawn to the subject of cattle and horse raising on the prairies.

There being, in 1881, no Canadian Pacific Railway, I had

to travel through the United States to Bismark, where I took the stern-wheel steamer up the Missouri River, on and off mudbanks, to Fort Benton in Montana. Meeting with a young Englishman, who had been on a sheep station in Australia, we joined forces and bought a prairie schooner (a covered waggon) and four horses, loaded up with provisions, and started North for Canada, along the base of the Rocky Mountains, fording half-a-dozen rivers, more or less difficult at that season of melting snows, and prospecting as we went for about 200 miles.

We fixed upon a suitable site in the "Great Lone Land." I applied to the Canadian Government for a grazing lease of 70,000 acres, north of the Bow River, about 50 miles south-east of where the town of Calgary now stands. It then consisted of four or five log huts, *i.e.*, The Hudson Bay Store, I. G. Baker's, the police pallisaded post, and the police officer, Captain Denny's house, where I was hospitably entertained, as at every post of the North West Mounted Police.

Seventy thousand acres was a large order even in the "Great Lone Land" and it was beyond my means, even combined with those of my Australian companion to run such a concern. But I had been in communication with friends, officers in Canada, in England, and in India, to form a Military Colonisation Ranche Company, to breed suitable horses for the army, and to settle there when kicked out of the service by new regulations.

It was necessary to secure the site by occupation. The young Australian and myself drew up our wagon, picketed our horses, and pitched our tent on the beautiful banks of the swiftly-flowing Bow River, where the wooded islands gave material for a log-hut. We started to cut down trees, but neither of us being skilled axemen, progress was slow. Though I had left Kingston before the snow was off the ground, we had spent so much time prospecting that Winter was again approaching. My Australian companion thought the cold climate would not suit his complaint, or perhaps—well! something else.

Just at this juncture came the ordinance of the Canadian Government, forbidding sheep to be raised north of the Bow River, which was to be reserved for cattle on the advice of a certain ranching senator, who subsequently changed his mind and took his cattle south, when this monstrous restriction was withdrawn—too late for me—but it decided my waver-

ing Australian companion to leave me, for he understood nothing but sheep. I paid him back his share of investment in waggon, team, and store of provisions, and found myself alone in the "Great Lone Land," with no nearer neighbours than the Blackfoot Indians, about ten miles off. I went to them, and with the aid of Mr. Leheureux, the interpreter, and by the kindness of the Indian agent, Mr. Pocklington, who interceded for me with the Blackfoot Chief, "Old Crowfoot," I squared matters with him.

After a present and a "pow-wow," he was very polite and friendly, and permitted two Indians, "Old Brass" and "Cut Face"—the latter so named because he had cut off his wife's nose for infidelity—to come and help me to build a log-hut. The Indians brought their "teepees" and squaws, but not the lady minus the nose, who had been divorced after that operation. The Indians were fair workers when humoured, and good axemen, and the women worked hard also, cutting light poles and grass for the roof and afterwards mudding it and the chinks between the logs. But, fortunately, I was not dependent on them, for I got the assistance of a white man, an excellent axeman and good fellow, who spoke a little Blackfoot. He was a young Canadian named Morris, the son of a former Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

We were a curious crowd, but got on famously. I had the good luck to shoot an antelope, and we had bacon, flour, tea, and tobacco—what more does a fellow want, with good company?

The log-hut built, we entered into occupation on my birthday, the 15th of September, thus securing a homestead right of settlement, and laid up provisions for the winter.

Unfortunately, nothing else was secure. My lawyer, who had been employed to obtain the necessary charter from Government for the formation of the Military Colonisation Company, informed me that the whole work had fallen through because the young Australian, whose name had been inserted with mine and others, in the application for a Charter, had left the country, and that I must therefore return at once to Canada, and start a fresh application, or lose the claim for seventy thousand acres.

There was nothing for it but to go back immediately—but how? There was no railroad nearer than 300 miles or thereabouts, and Canadian Winter was setting in. Just in the nick of time a couple of visitors arrived. Two friends,

young police officers, Perry and Provost, drove up in their waggon on their way East—one to be stationed at Cyprus Hills and the other going on leave. They offered me a seat for part of the way, which was thankfully accepted. I left the house, waggon, team, and provisions in charge of Morris, and a thoroughly trustworthy fellow he proved.

We had not gone far when a terrible blizzard set in, snow fell over a foot deep, in a few hours you could not see your hand before you. Our waggon broke down, and there would have been an end of the old officer and the young ones also, but that they were overtaken by a survey party with carts, also making their way East. Some of their horses had died of hardship, for under the snow, which the warm "chinook" wind soon melted, the country was found to be burnt ; not a blade of grass for a hundred miles.

The devastation caused by prairie fires, partly accidental but often deliberate on the part of Indians, as the best means of relieving their country of white men and their herds, is as hard to realise by dwellers in civilisation as is the heart-sickening sight to a settler of "the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night," that when started late in the Autumn means the slow death by starvation of thousands of ranche cattle.

The difficulty of campaigning in such a country can be understood. Fortunately, the Spring came soon after the outbreak in 1885, and the fresh grass, growing like magic as the snow melted, alone rendered possible the march across the prairie of columns with the long convoys of provisions necessary in a country which produces nothing but gophers, coyotes, and Indians. The coyote is a prairie wolf, and the gopher a sort of ground squirrel, which burrows and makes prairie galloping dangerous, especially when there has been a slight "flurry" of snow.

At last, after much hardship, we reached the terminus of the C.P.R. on our feet. Of the few remaining horses that dragged themselves and our supplies, (with, alas! much cruelty, many oaths, and a little assistance from the men of our party), there were more than one which had literally lost their feet—the hoofs had dropped off from a disease peculiar to the country, due to constant travelling in alkaline mud.

Next Spring the Military Colonisation Company was put on a proper footing by the assistance of Messrs. Gunn and Benson, Members of the Canadian Parliament, and the new Charter

duly secured. I had furnished the initial expenses, and taken the largest proportion of paid-up capital myself.

I started back in the early Spring again, before the snow had melted, taking with me my youngest son, Alec ; the son of a brother officer, Falk-Warren ; and also, as foreman, Mr. Hatton, an ex-Militia officer of ranche experience in Colorado. After leaving the C.P.R. we had about 300 miles to drive. We had purchased a waggon, teams, and supplies, and, joining forces with Lord Boyle and his brother, and Mr. Wilmot, for that part of our trail which was common to both, we plodded on day by day through alkaline swamps that the melting snows had left almost impassable.

We marched for near a month, and I do not remember a day when we did not stick in a swamp, necessitating generally the unloading of our waggon and the carriage of the contents on our backs to terra firma. As the foreman had sprained his arm by an upset, and the two lads, only sixteen years of age, were not game to shoulder sacks of oats and flour, this duty devolved on ex-General Jingo, who was supposed to be too old for military service, according to the wise warrants of the War Office, introduced by the gentlemen who ride hobbies and high stools.

This march also had an end. It was the hardest the ex-General had ever made. There was no blazing camp fire, no wood on the treeless plains. The monotonous tinned meats, and greasy bacon, and chips of ship biscuits, soaked in the fat of the latter, were gulped down with pannikins of hot milkless tea. When old Jingo rolled under the waggon, sharing the limited space with his son, the foreman, and the other boy, it was not often for deep sleep. His thoughts went back to those happier days when even the sultry marches of a hot-weather campaign in India could be lightened by genial comrades. But those were the times when hope and Jingo were young, when the laurel with the golden legend of his grandfather seemed within grasp. Now—hope was dead—Jingo had long since discovered that that tree *does* only grow on the shady side of Pall Mall. There was a grim consolation that though Royal Warrants considered him unfit to command men, he could at least manage wild horses.

As soon as the two boys were installed in the log hut, built the previous fall, and a field for potatoes fenced, ploughed,

and sown, the "Boss" and his foreman drove south into the United States, purchased a band of a hundred brood mares and three stallions, hired a few cowboys, and drove the horses back for 160 miles to Canada.

The rains had begun, and the buzz of the merry mosquito was heard in the land. We had no tents, and nothing but blankets and canvas sheets under and over for sleeping in. Not that there was much sleeping done. For many nights the mares had to be circled by mounted men to keep them from breaking back to the country whence they had been driven, where horse thieves abound, who would consider it smart to stampede on their back tracks a band of horses just bought by a "blarsted Britisher." And even after the mares were on the ranche they had to be closely guarded from the same gentry, who did succeed in running off a couple, by hiring themselves on the ranche as cowboys, and then disappearing with their mounts and one extra. It did not pay the "Boss" to leave the "ninety-and-nine in the wilderness" and go after "that which was lost," and to send anyone else was as equally futile as to apply to the police.

From time immemorial the beautiful valley of the Bow River has always been the home, the head-quarters of the powerful and once warlike Blackfoot nation. It was here that the election of their chiefs took place, a dignity for many generations hereditary in the family of "Crowfoot." The Sapo Mexico or Mecitlico is a strange compound of the old French voyageur—Sabot-Shoe, and Mexico (Mecitlico) great, an Aztec or Voltic word applied to Mexico, the Great or Big Land. The name was won by an ancestor of Crowfoot, who slew in battle the chief of the Crow tribe, a man of gigantic stature, and the shoe or mocassin of the slain warrior was long retained in the family of the conqueror as a trophy. Hence the name, originally "Big Crow Shoe," was corrupted to Crowfoot. Though they cherish the memory of their past wars they are now peacefully settling down on their Reserves. They are fed by the Canadian Government as there are no buffaloes to hunt. The nomadic teepee or lodge, originally of buffalo skin, became canvas, and is now rapidly giving place to the log-houses of cotton wood, built on their Reserves, where farms are established



under the superintendence of the Indian Department. But the braves do not take kindly to agriculture, they make the squaws work. It would have seemed a more natural step if, instead of farming, the Government had first given them cattle to herd, that being the natural step between the warrior-hunter stage and the agriculturist.

The Blackfoot braves are tall and handsome, their flowing blanket costume adding to their apparent height. They have not the muscular development of a white man, as they have never worked, and their buffalo hunting was done on horse-back. Their aquiline beardless faces shew intelligence, and their bearing is dignified and gentlemanly. The hair is left

long and tangled, only feathered upon the warpath. Crowfoot, their chief, was like a dark Duke of Wellington in feature, and he had something of the level-headedness and shrewdness of the Iron Warrior. He had the wisdom from the first to see that the

Cr. true interests of his people lay in friendliness to the white man. He would, had he been left more power, have checked the irregularities of his headstrong braves.

"OLD SUN"

"Old Sun," the second chief, a veteran warrior of heavier build and physique, had not the acute brain of Crowfoot, but had been a desperate fighter in his day. In his lodge were said to be concealed the scalps of white men and, slander added, longer and fairer tresses.

When my family came up to reside in the terra-cotta-coloured mansion, "Strangmuir," we were often surprised by uninvited guests. The mocassined feet would be across the threshold before a sound was heard, and the Indian would quietly seat himself beside the piano, where the girls were practising, ask for tobacco, light his pipe, and go on smoking placidly, and listening while the governess repeated the "one! two! three!" with equal stolidity, though the old warrior beside her had an ominous disc of parchment attached to his costume, from which still hung the now scanty tuft of a pale scalp-lock.

Crowfoot and Old Sun were our most frequent visitors. They would sit in the long room, which was school-room and dining-hall, until dinner came up, brought in with much

indignation by Debby, our Irish cook, a thorough aristocrat like all her race when "naygurs" are concerned; moreover, had not her uncle ousted Lord Listowel as member of Parlimint for the Kingdom of Kerry? To think that "the loikes of her should be cookin' Christian mate for durty hay-thins in paint and blankets." Crowfoot's table manners were those of the gentleman he was. He would gulp down gallons of hot tea, and then cool himself off with the fan provided by one of the ladies of the house.—Squaws and Indians whose rank did not entitle them to enter, uninvited, the house of the "white chief with one eye open," as they called Jingo (from his watchfulness and his eyeglass) would have to content themselves peering in at the windows of the lower story. At all hours the beady brown eyes of squaws might be upon you. The braves rarely condescended to let their curiosity get the better of their manners.

Old Crowfoot has passed away since the events recorded took place and is probably sleeping on a raised platform in the wooded islands of the Bow. The corpse is not buried until the dry air has dessicated it. It is startling to come upon the last lonely couch of a dead warrior, covered by his blanket, his rusty gun and his whip beside him. Of course one would never willingly disturb such repose as it may be, but the first one I saw, I raised (I hope with pardonable curiosity) the end of the blanket and the skull rolled at my feet. I carefully replaced it. I often again sought that resting place, it had a curious fascination for me, but I never found it. Had his tribesmen removed it for burial?

The squaws are not so good-featured as the men and do not do the same amount of dressing up. That peacock-like part is assumed by the brave, who naturally acquires and attracts the greatest number of squaws. The uncomely squaws are relegated to the hardest labour. Long ages of this natural selection and peacocking on the part of the men have perhaps led to the striking difference in facial beauty between the men and the women. Both sexes disfigure themselves with red and yellow paint.

The Blackfeet, through their chiefs Crowfoot and Old Sun, who had solemnly sworn

brotherhood with the white stranger, confirmed it over many sacks of flour, pounds of tea, and tobacco given by the latter. But their hearts were Indian all the same, or else their young braves were uncontrollable in their desire to steal horses, which, if they could not keep, they might be rewarded for bringing back. The Military Colonisation Rancho horses were closely herded. The Blackfeet started a prairie fire. They took good care always to do this with the wind in the direction to favour them, that is, *towards us*. The fire stampeded the horses. To arrest either the fire licking up the dried grass or the mad mob of frenzied horses flying before it, was like trying to stop a cyclone. On reaching the river the horses scattered through the bush along the fringe, and many dashed into the water and swam across to the Indian Reserve—as they were meant to do. The poor mares lingered with their little ones until their very tails were scorched. Some of the young colts perished before reaching the river, and we found their poor charred bodies on the blackened ground. We crossed the river and recovered most of the horses ourselves. A valuable mare was missing. The police will not allow settlers to deal with Indians, and unfortunately do very little in that line themselves.

Superintendent Steele was an exception. He sent a sergeant and an interpreter, and I went with them accompanied by a rancho hand, Sinclair. The missing mare was discovered, and given up by "Low-Horn," the minor chief of the delinquent's camp. The latter rejoiced in the name of "Dried-String-Meat." He certainly would have become dried *strung-up* meat if Judge Lynch had had him on the other side of the line; Mr. Dried-String-Meat resisted, but in less time than it takes to tell, the native gentleman found himself on the broad of his back with the sergeant's knee on his breast and a dainty pair of ruffles on his wrists, before he knew where he was. Another native, Mr. "Red-Meat," drew his knife on the sergeant, with the intention of converting *him* into red-meat, but an old and more benevolent Blackfoot arrested the hand of the would-be assassin and the prisoner was irresistibly persuaded to take his seat on the four-wheeled buckboard, to which he was secured by the quiet sergeant, who bore the inappropriate name of "Fury."

A crowd of excited Blackfeet had surrounded the waggon,

and the head Blackfoot soldier, a grenadier in a high goose-cap head-dress, seized the horses' heads, but had to relinquish them on a smart application of the whip across his face. Having secured the M.C.R. horses, we drove through the crowd of Indians. The prisoner was taken to the Ranche where, like St. Paul, he was chained to an ever-vigilant soldier, for the trusty sergeant had handcuffed him to himself. Thence he was conducted, with Red-Meat and the grenadier, to the police barracks, to be tried on a charge of horse-stealing and resisting the police, with the usual result of acquittal. I have no recollection of an Indian ever being punished for anything by the civil power until the rebellion broke out. I went to Calgary to give evidence, but the release had taken place before my arrival, and the amiable magistrate assured me that the prisoner was willing to give me the kiss of peace, which he did, taking me unawares ! I knew it was a Judas business, for my red friends are to this day killing my son's cattle whenever they can get a chance of doing so without detection.

The next year 350 head of cattle were bought in Idaho, and my boy and Bob Newbolt, the son of a brother officer, helped to drive them up. Timber was cut in the mountains, floated down the Bow, and thus corrals and stables were built. Subsequently 2,000 more head of cattle and 300 more mares were bought. The following Winter my eldest son, Harry, then on the Dominion Survey, now in the Royal Artillery, joined the M. C. C. Ranche with four other youngsters, sons of officers.

Nearly two years had passed, working with my men, sharing their meals and a corner of a log hut with a mud floor, but little more extensive than that shown at "Buffalo Bill's." Our costumes too, resembled that of his picturesque cowboys, but our occupations were rather more serious, our fare harder, and our pay less. When I came back to England after the North-West Campaign, I was surprised at the ovation accorded to Buffalo Bill by Princes and swells of sorts of both sexes.

A plan of a house had been sent east and the pieces for its erection were forwarded back, window sashes and doors complete, all rather like a Chinese puzzle to be put together. Fortunately, we got the foundations dug, a cellar excavated, and the baulks set up before the extreme cold began. Sitting on the rafters shingling the roof, with the

thermometer below the freezing point of mercury and four reflected suns in the sky, with halos round them, such as you see in pictures of Arctic regions, was extremely trying and provocative of profanity, especially when the hammer lands on the thumb. The house rested on a sill of squared logs, the outer walls of two-inch planks, upright, fitted in a groove in the sill. The outside had tarred paper and clap boarding over all. Inside there was an air space and an interior lining of paper and tongued and grooved lumber. It was two-storied, and contained ten rooms and a covered annex in the rear. The whole was painted pale terra-cotta, so soon as the weather permitted paint to remain liquid. As everything above ground freezes, and to five feet below it, root houses had to be excavated for the storage of potatoes, etc. In like manner, poultry houses had to be dug out from a bank in rear of the house. But the crowning terror was sinking a well, which suffered a partial collapse. No one was down there, fortunately, to suffer premature burial. As you cannot ask a man to do what you won't do yourself, the clearing, after the first slip, had to be begun by my son and myself. I began to think I'd almost as soon dig my grave as dig a well. Then stones had to be carted from the river and the well lined. A garden was ploughed, fenced, and planted. Words cannot describe the fantastic performances of a pair or four bronchos, when hitched into a plough to turn the primeval sod of cussed toughness. There are no earth-worms in the prairie country to permeate and lighten the soil, a subject Darwin has omitted in his treatise.

House-building operations were varied with cattle herding, for our amiable neighbours, the Indians, were ever on the alert to kill a cow or a calf, though they were abundantly supplied with beef by Government. The Bow River bounded our ranche on the south, and when frozen was used by the Indians as a highway in their journeys to Calgary, where they and their squaws go for periodical devilments, and returning hungry kill the settlers' cattle. On the opposite side of the river was their Reserve, and the boundary had to be ridden down the bank to watch for tracks of passing cattle over the frozen river. My son, Alec, when on his beat, saw a party of Indians dismounted on the high bluff above the river. This always means mischief. Withdrawing quietly to watch them, he found they were driving cattle down to the river, where another party of Indians were wait-

ing to receive them. Alec made them move on to their Reserve and leave the cattle. Following the trail to some distance, he came to pony tracks mingled with those of cattle and blood. The Indians had managed to drive off a couple of steers before his arrival. He found where they had killed, carried off the meat, and secured the hides with our brand upon them. It was nightfall. A blizzard had sprung up, and he had to make his way to Pruen's, one of our military colonists, and was lucky to get there. Next morning I followed the tracks, and informed the police, who found the stolen meat and arrested the delinquents. This time the trial was of a more formal character and, if possible, of a more unsatisfactory result, the verdict of the Judge being, "Not guilty, but don't do it again." Several years have passed, and my son writes that "Lake Raiser" (the original cattle thief), has just killed one of his best cows. The presence of the police has alone prevented these matters being squared by the settlers themselves, in the short and decisive way they manage it over the border.

I had secured as foreman an ex-Canadian gunner, subsequently in the North-West Mounted Police; when his term of police service had expired he had lived with the Indians. An adventurous fellow was Jim Christie, a well-educated Scotchman, a good shot and horsebreaker, and a kind-hearted, cheerful chap, who never had an enemy but himself.

On the great Canadian steppes, along the base of the Rocky Mountains, lie the cattle ranges, huge unfenced areas, leased from the Government at the rate of one cent. per acre per annum. They are covered with short, nutritious grass, which in the Winter cures into natural hay. The snow seldom lies for more than a few weeks at a time, owing to the warm Chinook wind of the Pacific, which licks it up. Some years the Chinook wind ceases to blow, the thermometer falls below zero, the snow accumulates, and in bad years the cattle die in considerable numbers. The horses do not so suffer, they paw themselves pasture, which the cattle cannot do. Snow freezes in the cleft hoof, and lames them. The helpless cattle drift before the blizzards, and finding no shelter on the treeless prairie, they smother in the snow-filled coulees.

The herds of the various ranches get mixed, and every Spring there is a "round-up" by the North-West Associa-

tion of Ranchers. Each sends representatives in proportion to the number of stock, and the commissariat is carried in prairie waggons. The cowboys scatter out and sweep the country in such fashion that few animals escape. At the conclusion when the scattered stock are assembled, comes the cutting and branding of calves. This cruel, but necessary, process is the only means of distinguishing one man's cattle from another. The huge herd, by gradual pressure of cowboys riding round the flanks, are made to circle. The calves stick to their mothers in a marvellous manner amid the turmoil of shout and trampling hoofs. As the different brands are recognised from the outside, a cowboy will dash in and drive from the rest a cow with her calf to a place allotted for a particular brand—a difficult matter, requiring as skilful turning as that of an expert polo player. And the cow ponies are something of the same style.

The cow does her level best, by twisting and dodging, to get back to the herd, and sometimes succeeds. Then it all has to begin over again, and so on until each brand has been separated into a distinct mob, kept apart by the owner's cowboys riding round.

Now comes the branding and castration of the calves. The neighbourhood of a corral is generally taken advantage of, but failing this, it has to be done on the open prairie. The calves are made to circle, and a couple of good hands with a lariat will almost simultaneously lasso hind and fore foot. The pony knows his work as well, or better, than his master, from whose hands the lariat is scarcely cast, before the pony throws himself on his haunches to receive the strain. When a full-grown beast has to be arrested, in full career, it takes the pony all he knows to keep his feet, but the weight of the rider is added, and the strain always taken at the proper angle—from the horn of the saddle. The calf, with his legs whipped from under him, is operated upon and branded with a hot iron. From daylight to dusk hundreds are branded, the men working in the choking dust of the corrals and the blazing heat of the sun. The scene becomes almost as exciting as the arena of a bull-fight. In the eagerness to get through the work quickly, men will tackle and throw a fairly grown bull-calf, perhaps lassoed by only one foot. Sometimes it is a toss-up which goes down. Should the cow throw herself into the strife, the odds are

*To face page 392*



badly against the man, who will have to clear the corral fence as lively as a torero.

In the case of sales, where grown cattle have to be re-branded or vented, to save time and labour, they are driven into a long shoot, at the end of which is a sort of swing fence hinged with raw hide to a post fastened horizontally on the ground and gradually drawn to the opposite side by a winch. It secures the animal during branding. The iron is inserted between the bars of the shoot. With an accompaniment of angry bellows and plaintive moans, frizzling of burnt flesh, and a smell of singed hair, the cruel operation is concluded. The branding of colts and horses is somewhat similar, but more exciting and a trifle dangerous. The broncho is handy with hoofs and teeth.

The bands of horses are reared on the prairie in perfect freedom, the foals running with their mothers. These bands are only approached on horseback; in early Spring the scattered groups are rounded-up and driven into the home pastures. Thence they are driven into the large corral, and selected mares into smaller corrals, one at a time, to the sires. The geldings are drafted out, and those chosen for breaking driven into the circular corral a few at a time, where they are circled round until the horse required is lassoed and a turn with the lariat taken round the snubbing post, in the centre of the corral. The rest of the geldings are then let out and the process of "Broncho-busting" commences. Brutal work it is. But time cannot be devoted to gentler methods, which would produce a more tractable animal, and Western men are wedded to their ways. The poor brute, having been first caught round the neck, nearly chokes himself in his efforts to break loose, while he plunges ineffectually. A second lariat takes the fore legs from under him, and down he comes. A cowboy sits on his head, while another brings all four feet together with the lariat, secures them, and a stout halter is slipped over his head, when the rough process mis-called "gentling" begins. The broncho is not naturally vicious, but terror makes him use teeth and hoofs in a dangerous fashion to those who are not accustomed to his little ways. The best hands use a species of magnetic influence, making passes and fixing the eye with your own, until the hand is allowed to play about the nostril and head and gradually over the neck. As long as you hold the

broncho's eye and don't lose your self-confidence, you are all right. But all men have not this mesmeric power, and those who have not had better keep clear. The poor animal is kept tied in the corral, he will not touch hay, nor will he drink out of a vessel. Twenty-four hours tames him somewhat, but he has to be thrown again before he can be saddled and bridled. The broncho-buster jumps on his back, and he is let go. But he does not want to go, and commences the buck furious and prolonged with all its variations of rearing and sometimes lying down to try and roll over his rider, who is off and on again and again. It is a case of which will tire first. Generally the horse gives in and breaks into a gallop across the prairie. Whip and spur are plied, and the poor animal comes back tired out, which passes for tamed. With some the process has to be oft repeated, and many horses become confirmed buck-jumpers. If sufficient time and patience were possible, and the colt taken up and handled younger, a gentle animal could be formed, but it is a question of time, which out West, more than elsewhere, is money.

The finest horse on the ranche was given up as incorrigible, and condemned to be sold by the foreman for what he would fetch. During the man's temporary absence I took the animal in hand, and with patience and gentle firmness, and lunging in the home fashion, I was riding a quiet animal when the foreman returned at the end of the week. "Sunbeam," a brilliant chestnut, was my second charger through the campaign, and eventually fetched a high figure in the New York market.

In breaking to draught on the prairie there are no lamp-posts, ditches to upset into, nor other vehicles to collide with, nevertheless, you have your incidents—smashed waggons and harness, if not damaged humanities.

Things were getting prosperous when the crash came—news that the Indians and Half-breeds had broken out, and had at Duck Lake successfully attacked the Police, who had fallen back to Fort Carleton, which was abandoned and burnt, and the Police shut up in Battleford and Prince Albert. Inspector Dowling and five policemen only were left to guard four prisoners and the Calgary Police Barracks. In the district there were perhaps 2,500 mounted Indians, armed for the most part with Winchester repeating rifles. There was not a Militia-man





within 800 miles. The settlers were unarmed, few in number, scattered over the country, and panic-stricken.

INDIANS IN THE DISTRICT, EXCLUSIVE OF HALF-BREEDS.

NO. ON PLAN.

79	Near	Gleichen-	-	-	-	-	-	2,158	Blackfeet.
82	,,	Calgary	-	-	-	-	-	436	Sarcees.
83	,,	Morley	-	-	-	-	-	597	Stoneys.
80	,,	McLeod	-	-	-	-	-	2,589	Bloods.
81	,,	McLeod	-	-	-	-	-	893	Piegans.
72	,,	Bear Hills	-	-	-	-	-	690	Crees.
73	,,	Edmonton	-	-	-	-	-	488	Crees.
	,,	Edmonton	-	-	-	-	-	558	Assinboine.
70	,,	Victoria	-	-	-	-	-	598	Crees.
	,,	Victoria	-	-	-	-	-	99	Chippewa.
69	,,	Lac la Biche	-	-	-	-	-	255	Crees.
Total - - - - -								9,361	

Over the United States border are kindred tribes requiring but little encouragement to join their kinsmen in a raid. The United States authorities did not prevent "Sitting Bull" and his tribe from crossing into our territory, and there was a lawless frontier element ready for a row of any sort.

The following telegram came to me from the Hon. Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia for the Dominion of Canada :

" March 29th, 1885.

" Ottawa.

" TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE,

" Gleichen.

" Can you get up corps ? Would like to see you to the front again. Trust you as ever. Arms and ammunition will be sent up upon a telegram from you.

" A. P. CARON."

In raising and organising a North-West force it was an immense advantage to me that so many officers, non-coms, and men who had been trained under my own hand were now scattered through Alberta.

During the ten years I had held command of the Gunnery Schools, not only Artillery, but Cavalry and Infantry officers

and men passed through them annually in considerable numbers. 2,700 had served in " B " Battery alone.

Officers from Gunnery Schools and R.M. College, Kingston, in Alberta force :

Major Steele, N.W.P., commanding Scouts' Cavalry.

Major Cotton, N.W.P., commanding Fort McLeod.

Captain Perry, N.W.P., commanding Artillery Detachment.

Major Walker, commanding Home Guards.

Lieutenant Coryell, Scouts.

Lieutenant H. B. Strange, A.D.C.

Major Hatton, Alberta Mounted Rifles.

Lieutenant Dunn, Alberta Mounted Rifles.

Lieutenant Valency, W.L.I.

Lieutenant Alec Strange, Frontenac Cavalry ; and many others.

While with General Middleton and Colonel Otter's Column, were both Gunnery Schools, " A " and " B " Batteries, under Colonel Montizambert.

When a permanent garrison was required for the Red River District, after Lord Wolseley's expedition, a detachment of officers and men volunteered for this service from the Gunnery Schools.

Subsequently, when Colonel French, R.A., raised the N.W. Police, he took many officers and men from the schools, and each year non-coms and men who had completed their term of one or two years' service, volunteered for the Mounted Police, and afterwards became settlers.

Wherever I went I found old soldiers, who, I am happy to say, kept a kindly recollection of me.

In crossing the Milk River from the United States, and entering Alberta for the first time, I was driving a waggon and four-horse team. We had passed no water during the day, and my leaders stopped dead to drink, the wheelers, equally eager, got their forefeet over the swingletrees of the leaders. I was in a fix. A man on the opposite side shouted :

" Howld on, Kurnel, and Oi'll be wid yez." He threw off his buckskin shirt and schapps and waded into the river, which was waist deep and running swiftly, with chunks of ice in it. He quieted the leaders, unhooked and rehooked the traces,

and shouted "Let 'em go, and welt the divil out of 'em, Kurnel. Oi'll jump up behind."

With a rush and a scramble they were through the river and up the opposite bank. I thanked my timely friend, and said, "You seem to know me, but I can't remember where I have met you."

"Know yez, is it, bedad? Sure, Oi knew yer voice from the other side of the river! Ye was shoutin' and swearin' at them horses, just loike ye'd do at us on parade, and ye ought to remember me, for, by the same token, ye gave me more solitary confinement and bread and water than Oi ever want again; but Oi don't begrudge yez, 'twas the best thing for me. Tip us yer fist, Kurnel, for old toimes, and God be wid the days Oi spint in "B" Battery."

I was only too glad to grip the honest hand of an old soldier, whose only fault was drink. Soldiers never resent just punishment from an officer they know. Bad discipline nowadays exists where officers don't live among their men, and are not known to them.

## CHAPTER IV.

STORM FORESEEN—CAUSES—PARTY POLITICS—AMNESTIED REBEL AND MURDERER—LAND CLAIMS UNADJUSTED—PRAIRIE INDIANS NO PRACTICAL GRIEVANCE—CATTLE KILLING IMPUNITY—DESTRUCTION OF BUFFALO—NORTHERN INDIANS—THE SQUAW AND THE AGENT'S DOG—ANNEXATION SCHEME.

The storm had been long brewing, the cloud in the West no bigger than a man's hand, that finally overspread Canada had been seen by those most concerned, *i.e.*, observers on the spot; but such men are never listened to by the political administrators of Government by a party for a party, especially if they have no votes, as was the case with settlers in the North-West.

It must not be supposed that I specially blame the party then in power; the Opposition would have done no better, probably worse, if we may judge by their subsequent conduct in trying to make political capital out of the just condemnation to death of a twice-convicted rebel and murderer, who had let loose the Indian on the war-path against defenceless settlers, priests and missionaries. That more atrocities were not committed cannot be placed to the credit of Louis Riel, who was no ignorant fanatic, but a well-educated man and a graduate of Montreal University.

His acts were the natural fruits of an amnestied rebel and political murderer, and the Canadian ex-political leader who moved a vote of censure against his execution has been elected a member of the Imperial Parliament, to assist Mr. Gladstone with his advice on Home Rule.

The first expedition which Riel instigated, with the help of Fenian emissaries from the United States, necessitated General Wolseley's Red River Expedition. It is scarcely denied that Sir John Macdonald's Government winked at, if they did not provide funds for Riel's escape, and his subsequent residence in the United States, though he had,

after a mock trial, ordered Mr. Scott, a loyal subject, to be shot under atrocious circumstances. No man suffered for that crime. About a dozen years later, Riel was practically amnestied by Sir John Macdonald's Government and allowed to return to Canada, where he openly held seditious meetings among the discontented Half-breeds and white settlers north of the Saskatchewan.

Both Half-breeds and white settlers had grievances connected with the amazing dilatoriness of the Government to settle their claims to a few insignificant acres in a territory as vast as the Steppes of Russia, and about as valuable. On the other hand, the Indians, and especially those on the prairies, had no tangible grounds of complaint beyond their natural dislike to seeing the white man occupy their country. Ample Reserves were kept for them ; through the liberality of the Canadian Government, 1lb. of beef and  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour were daily supplied for every man, woman, and child, besides an annual allowance of blankets and a small sum of money.

The evil was that they were not restricted to their Reserves, but allowed to wander armed over the country, and as they could not be followed by their ration issuers, they killed the ranchers' cattle with comparative impunity. It was difficult to catch them in the act, and still more difficult to get them punished by the Police, whose presence, fortunately, prevented the white men taking the law into their own hands.

With all savages, leniency has no meaning but cowardice, and is followed by contempt. Before the outbreak, cattle-killing became common from impunity and the facility with which it could be managed among the vast herds scattered over wide tracts. Where fire-arms would be heard, my men found cattle shot with arrows, the Indians having decamped at their approach, before they could remove the beef. On the other hand, the Indians suffered most in their contact with the white men, through their women, who became utterly depraved ; disease and unspeakable evils were brought upon both races. From the first I had implored the Government to appoint doctors as Indian agents instead of the poor relations of Members of Parliament.

The enormous expense of feeding the prairie Indians was forced upon the Canadian Government by the

systematic destruction of the buffalo, merely for its skin, by the frontier white men of the United States. I have seen miles of territory just south of the line, dotted with carcasses, from which nothing but the skin, and sometimes the tongue, had been removed. Our Indians in their day had been reckless, but never to the same extent as the white American, who exterminated the buffalo for the sake of his skin, and deprived the Canadian Indian of his food, by systematically burning some hundreds of miles of our frontier every year to prevent the buffalo's return to Canada after it had gone south. We hear a great deal of Canadian fishermen destroying seals—nothing is said of the systematic destruction of the buffalo by the frontier men of the United States.

The Northern Indians, Wood Crees, Chipwayans, and others, mostly live on fish and game, and are not so dependent on Government. Among them the revolt broke out. They are said to have had some reasons for discontent in the character of some subordinate Indian agents. In Canada, all appointments are political, and a large proportion of subordinates were of the Irish persuasion, for the Anglo-Saxon does not usually strive for an ill-paid Government billet.

The first outbreak of Indians was at Frog Lake. An Indian had been imprisoned for stealing beef, said to have been put in his way by an agent. While undergoing imprisonment, his squaw became intimate with the prosecutor. When the Indian had served his term of imprisonment he returned, and the agent was shot. So the massacre began. After the last fight the squaw was found hung in our line of march, also the dog of the agent, and all white prisoners were released. So it ended, as far as the Indians were concerned.

Riel was allowed to remain for months among the Half-breeds, fanning the flame of discontent. He had Fenian assistance in his first rebellion, and during his long residence in the United States, had been led by Celtic eloquence to believe that, could he maintain a revolt for some months, which was quite on the cards (the C.P. Railway not being completed, it was thought that troops could not be sent from Canada), the United States might be got to acknowledge the Western States of Canada as belligerents and accede to their request for admission into the Union,

with a debt to be paid out of the United States treasury, to those who had brought about the happy result, either by maintaining a *status belli* in the territory or by manœuvring the matter through Congress. Among Half-breeds and Indians these wild projects obtained credence.

## CHAPTER V.

TELEGRAM OF FIGHT AT DUCK LAKE—BURNING OF FORT CARLTON AND RETIREMENT OF POLICE TO PRINCE ALBERT—BLACKFOOT SCARE AT CALGARY—RAISING MOUNTED CORPS—HIGH AND BOW RIVER AND MILITARY COLONIZATION RANCHE PATROLS—ORDERED TO MARCH TO JOIN GENERAL MIDDLETON—WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF—DANCING, RAIDING, AND PATROLLING—"NON POSSUMUS"—RED MEN ON THE WAR PATH—WHITE MEN DENOUNCING EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING—AS I CAN GET NO ARMS, AMMUNITION, NOR AUTHORITY, PROPOSE TO DISBAND TROOPS I HAVE RAISED—EXCELLENT RESULTS, BACKED BY FROG LAKE MASSACRE.

Scarcely had the echo of the first shots, fired at Duck Lake, died away, ere the news was flashed to Ottawa that Fort Carlton was burnt and the Police were retiring on Prince Albert. The Government realised that the Civil Power was unable to cope with the situation. The Minister of Militia, Adolphe Caron,\* a French-Canadian gentleman, young and energetic, did not dread responsibility. He wisely confided the executive to General Middleton, commanding Canadian Militia, who acted with extreme promptness and decision.

Meanwhile a flood of telegrams reached me, mostly by the hands of mounted Indians, who never failed to carry them faithfully if paid half in advance and the remainder on delivery.

In reply to that already quoted, in which the Minister of Militia did me the honour to call for my services in flattering terms, I put my fastest team into my buck-board (a light prairie contrivance on four wheels, in which you can make a bee-line anywhere, without reference to trails or coulées), and drove to the nearest telegraph office, Gleichen, about 13 miles off.

Thence I wired that my services were at the disposal of the Government, despite the knowledge that I was liable to forfeiture of Her Majesty's pension for answering the call to

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\* Now Sir Adolphe Caron, K.C.M.G.

arms in support of Her Majesty's Government. But I had already committed myself ere I left home, for as my half-broken bronchos were plunging to be off, the foreman, Jim Christie, making a long-forgotten military salute, put a paper into my hand. Glancing at it I saw it was a list of volunteer troopers for the Alberta Mounted Rifles, to furnish their own horses, arms, and appointments. Heading the list were both my boys, one of whom sat by me on the buck-board.

With a twinkle of a merry brown eye he said :

"It's all right, governor! The boys will stick to you. Every man on the ranche is down." He let go the horses and I shouted back :

"All right, boys! Sergeant Christie, take charge."

On my way I was met by an Indian, who handed me the following telegram :

"Gleichen, March 30th.

"TO GENERAL STRANGE.

"Latest report. Fort Carlton burnt. Crozier retiring to Prince Albert. Slight skirmish. Two mounted police killed, ten wounded, seven civilians, not known how many Breeds. Great fright in Calgary, Sunday night. Report, Blackfeet going to take the town. People all assembled in Hall. Great excitement. Women very much frightened. There will be a train going west to-night or early a.m.

"J. E. FLAHERTY,

"Station Master."

While waiting for the train to Calgary, to try to raise troops of Scout Cavalry, came the following :

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE.

"Proceed with mounted corps organised by you to Qu'Appelle and report yourself to Major-General Middleton.

"A. P. CARON."

I answered thus :

"P.O., Gleichen.

"TO A. P. CARON, Minister of Militia, Ottawa.

"No corps yet organised. Not sufficient arms or ammunition or service equipment. Enrolment of men offered for local service only, to protect this district, left destitute of Police. Bands of cattle and horses liable to be run off by Indian emissaries of rebels."

I wrote to General Middleton, with whom I had served in India, explaining the situation ; that the Cowboys, the only

armed men in the district, could not be withdrawn from the cattle country (which is in the heart of the Indian Reserves) as that proceeding would offer to Indian raiders, horses and cattle, both transport and supply, which would enable an Indian rising to be prolonged indefinitely ; that the Canadian Pacific Railway and Telegraph also required protection where they passed through the Indian Reserve, otherwise the transport of troops' equipment and supplies would be interrupted by the burning of a few wooden bridges or culverts. And I stated my requirements of arms and ammunition, saddlery and equipment.

He wrote in reply :

" April 6th, 1885,  
" Fort Qu'Appelle.

" MY DEAR STRANGE.

" Just received your letter, which explains a great deal I wanted to know.

" I quite agree with you that you can do better service where you are, and that I can take care of myself here.

" The fact is, everybody is scared and is losing their senses. I do not believe I shall fire a shot, though I intend being cautious. There has been an awful lot of mismanagement somewhere. They are sending me 2,000 more men, and 2 Gatlings, besides the 1,000 I shall soon have, (at present I have only 350 and no Cavalry). I have ordered saddlery to be sent to you, so cannot authorise Mr. Cottingham,\* but if there is any hitch I will telegraph authority to you to get saddlery from Cottingham. I shall be at Touchwood to-morrow.

" Ever yours sincerely,

" FRED MIDDLETON."

As regards the telegram from the station-master at Gleichen, reporting the panic in Calgary, and dread of the Blackfeet sacking the place, I never anticipated danger on that score, though experience of the Indian Mutiny had taught me to expect the unexpected. The noble red man is not fond of fighting in the open, and never attacks a large

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\* I had asked authority to purchase the small stock of saddlery in the hands of the only local saddler in Calgary, and to start him making more.

settlement, or at a disadvantage. Anyway, my ranche lay right on the trail to Calgary, between it and the Blackfoot Reserve, and distant from the latter about seven miles. My wife, three little girls, and a lady cousin were under the protection of my youngest son, only eighteen years of age, (my eldest son was with me), and Jim Christie, the foreman, an old hand with Indians.

I left directions with him to put things in a state of defence, as well as he could, without alarming the family or letting the Indians imagine we were afraid of them. He had six well-armed men on the ranche, a host in themselves. He judiciously loop-holed the cellar about the level of the ground, under the plea of giving increased ventilation, for the upper part of our dwelling house, being of plank lumber, was not bullet-proof. The mens' quarters, being in two log houses detached from ours, were more defensible. A band of Indians having camped in the brush near the river, without women or impedimenta, an attack was anticipated, or at least an effort to run off our horses and cattle. The wily Jim got the ladies and women-servants down to the mens' quarters under the plea of a dance and a supper afterwards, while the patrols sneaked out at intervals. My wife, an extremely nervous woman, who, with an access of terror induced by a horse cocking an ear or his tail, would irreverently compare me to the son of Nimshi, was aware of the situation and took it with perfect *sang froid*, even when she heard the shots exchanged by our men with the Indians who, a quarter of a mile from the house, were trying to run off with our horses. They did not succeed, however. One of our men, named Cole, dropped the leading Indian from his horse; his companions stopped to pick him up and carry him away, and our horses were left—being used to the place they were difficult to drive away. The Indians subsequently made another effort, by driving them into a slough where thirteen were smothered. It is a common device with Indians to drive wild horses into a slough where, being exhausted with their struggles, they can be caught and mounted.

Before marching North, I removed Mrs. Strange and the children from the ranche, and took a house for them in Calgary, as soon as a garrison arrived. There they remained until the close of the rebellion, while Jim Christie and his men, including my boy, Alec, and Bob Newbolt, protected the

cattle and horses. Thanks to their vigilance we only lost about forty head during the disturbance.

On reaching Calgary, I was cordially received by the citizens, but the Mayor \* and others did their best to prevent the enrolment of men, telling them they would be forced to march with me, while the town, left unprotected, would be plundered and burnt by the Indians. But "in the multitude of (town) councillors was no wisdom found." A public meeting was called, and after a few words from me the Western men began to enrol freely. Excellent stuff they were, some of them young English gentlemen, who, if they don't succeed as settlers, invariably make first-rate soldiers. The majority were cowboys out of a job; unfortunately the long Winter had obliged many of them to sell their horses and saddles, though most of them had stuck to their Winchester and six-shooters.

I was implored by some citizens not to enlist such "rowdies" as they were pleased to call them. I was informed that they would never submit to discipline, etc., but I had lived too long among them not to know their good qualities as well as their little weaknesses. From start to finish they never gave me the slightest trouble, and were the best-behaved men of the Force, always to the front yet never grumbling. They were not all British subjects, some being citizens of the United States, and here I anticipated a difficulty which never arose, for they took the oath of allegiance to her Majesty without flinching, and served her faithfully.

I found that the Minister of Militia had appointed Mr. Hatton, formerly my foreman, and an ex-Captain of Canadian Militia, to the command of the Alberta Mounted Rifles, and I was fortunate enough to enrol Mr. Corryell, a land surveyor and *ci-devant* cadet of the R.M. College of Kingston, who subsequently became a Lieutenant of Steele's Scouts, together with Captain Oswald, another ex-Militia officer. Sergeants Dunn and Lauder, formerly of the Mounted Police, were appointed Lieutenants, and my eldest son (who, like Corryell, was a graduate of the Kingston Military College, and *ipso facto* held a commission in the Canadian Militia) I made my A.D.C. and General Staff

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\* Exactly six months later this gentleman, presiding at another public meeting, said "at an early date of the events referred to he had misunderstood the General, and had been in the wrong—he took it all back."—"Calgary Herald," Oct. 10th, 1885.

Officer, as there was at the time no other person of military education and experience available in the district. His comrade volunteer troopers, who all knew him as a good cowboy and good fellow, had previously petitioned to have him appointed Lieutenant of the troop. I had myself received a telegraphic order from General Middleton to assume command of the Alberta District, and was re-gazetted into the Canadian Militia. An infantry home guard for Calgary was enrolled under Major Walker, formerly of the Gunnery School and Mounted Police. The ranche men all came forward. Stimson, Manager of N.W. Cattle Company, Jenkins (late Rifle Brigade), Smith, and others. The Pine Creek settlers were represented by Godsell, Pruen, Newbolt, Goldfinch, and Gabbet, and the men of the Military Colonisation Ranche, under the foreman, Christie, as before stated, together with the Bow River settlers, formed a chain of mounted patrols. Major Stewart, formerly of Princess Louise's Ottawa Dragoon Guards, raised the Rocky Mountain Rangers in the McLeod district and patrolled the frontier.

The Alberta district is largely devoted to horse-raising. Every ranche had its herd, but they were unbroken bronchos, with the exception of a few in daily use. It was difficult to suitably mount the Alberta Rifles and the Scouts. The ranche companies did not like at first to supply horses on trust, but the Military Colonisation Ranche came forward and met the want on the written agreement of the troopers to repay the amount from their pay as it became due. And in no instance were they defrauded.

In the meantime, I had received neither arms, ammunition, nor saddles, but had had intimation from the station master at Gleichen that a large quantity of ammunition was consigned to a Half-breed trader on the Blackfoot Indian Reserve. The Mayor and others were still opposing me in raising troops, probably on the strength of the telegram from the Minister of Militia ordering me to march, with what troops I could raise, to the assistance of General Middleton, which not being in cipher had leaked out, for nothing that will create a panic or a scandal is sacred to a Transatlantic telegraphist. A meeting of settlers at Fish Creek had expressed resolutions in very strong Western terms against the Government, and threatened a White Rebellion in addition to a Red one. I had written to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West

Territory, asking him to assist me in these matters, and complaining of a telegram he had sent the Mayor, as one likely to encourage him in the line of opposition he had adopted.

Here is the Governor's reply :

" Regina, 2nd April, 1885.

" MY DEAR STRANGE.

" I have your letter of the 28th March. I presume you refer to my telegram to Mayor ———, of Calgary.

" You are aware that I have no power to authorise Militia Companies. It must be done through the Militia Department. I presume by this time you and others interested in raising Cavalry Corps have obtained from Ottawa the necessary authority.

" I note what you say about——, I will communicate with the C. P. Railway and ask that no fixed ammunition be forwarded to him, *if they have the power to stop it, which I doubt.*

" The messages we have from Crowfoot are of a very friendly nature, and if we should require assistance from him in the shape of men for scouts we can get them.

" I hope your family are well, and have not been frightened, although the rumours reported to have been circulated have been enough to frighten anybody. However, we shall soon be in a position to handle matters here, and bring the trouble to a speedy ending I trust.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Yours very sincerely,

" E. DEWDNEY."

About the same time I received the above, the following was brought to me by a courier, who at considerable risk, had pushed through 200 miles from Edmonton to Calgary—the mail waggon had been intercepted, and had ceased running.

" Edmonton, 7th April, 1885.

" TO GENERAL STRANGE.

" Have wired Sir John, Indians on the war path. Send us men and arms immediately. Can't you help us at once ?

" J. McDOUGALL, J.P., Chief Factor, H. B. C.

" GEO. A. SIMPSON, J.P.

" DONALD ROSS, Chairman,

" Committee of Defence."

The settlers from the Red Deer River, about 100 miles north, under the Rev. Mr. Gertz and Mr. Beatty, brought in their families to Calgary, reporting their horses and stores raided by Indians. I also had authentic information that the Indians had destroyed farms, plundered the Hudson Bay Stores, Indian Department officials and missionaries at Bear Hills, Battle River, Peace Hills, and Beaver Lake, and I received messages from all these quarters imploring assistance, and yet another from the station master at Gleichen, which is on the Blackfoot Reserve.

“Gleichen, 6th April, 1885.

“TO GENERAL STRANGE.

“You were speaking to me of sending some of your men here, do you still intend doing so? Employés are getting very uneasy and threaten to leave. No arms or ammunition have arrived for us yet. Accommodation for your men can be had as I told you, the only fear employés have is of Crees coming—so many absurd rumours—cannot quiet them any longer, please reply.

“J. E. FLAHERTY.”

As the only consignment of ammunition yet notified was for the Half-breed trader to sell to Indians, which the Lieutenant-Governor doubted his power to intercept, while the only arms were those in the hands of the Blackfeet, (Winchester repeaters) there was a little excuse for the station master's anxiety, though the Church of England missionary, the Reverend Mr. Tims, stuck to his post on the Blackfoot Reserve, and said nothing—officially, though privately I knew he expected bad times.

Under the circumstances I was surprised (being a mere soldier) at the “*non possumus*” of the Lieutenant-Governor, whose authority I had looked upon as reflected from the Crown, and still more disagreeably surprised at the following from the Minister :—

“Ottawa, April 8th, 1885.

“TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

“If these troops you are raising are for general service I feel disposed to authorise and provide arms as soon as possible.

“A. P. CARON.”

I wired :—

“ To Hon. A. P. CARON, Minister of Militia,  
“ Ottawa.

“ One troop is enrolled for local service, another is being enrolled for general service.\* The conditions for both being those you sanctioned to Captain Stewart. If you decline to furnish arms and equipment, please let me know at once and authorise payment of expenses already incurred and I will disband corps. Part are now guarding railroad at Gleichen, rest at Calgary.

“ T. B. STRANGE.”

I sent copies of the Minister's telegram and my reply to General Middleton. The threat to disband troops had the desired result. It fetched them all round, backed as it was by the Frog Lake massacre (nothing like a massacre for the official mind).

The following was announced to me in cipher, which being translated ran thus :—

“ Touch Wood Hills, April 9th, 1885.

“ To GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

“ Terrible massacre at Frog Lake, near Fort Pitt. Consult Lieutenant-Governor, and take what steps you consider necessary.

“ FRED MIDDLETON, Major-General.”

I had been doing my best in both directions, without much result.

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\* As soon as a Militia garrison was sent for the district, both troops volunteered for general service and marched with me.

## CHAPTER VI.

LETTER TO LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR—ALARM OF C.P.R. EMPLOYÉS—  
 STRIKE OF C.P.R. WORKMEN—APPOINTED TO COMMAND IN ALBERTA—  
 ITS SIZE—GENERAL MIDDLETON ORDERS UP MILITIA—FIELD  
 FORCE ORDER—TWO RAW MILITIA BATTALIONS—300 MILES  
 FRONTIER PATROLLED—COLONEL OUMET'S TRIP EAST—AMMUNI-  
 TION FACTORIES—EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES TAKE TIME—A  
 PRINCESS'S GIFT—"OWRE MONY MAISTERS"—POLICE PLACED  
 UNDER MILITARY LAW—EXPENSE OF EXTEMPORISING TRANSPORT.

On receipt of order to confer with Lieutenant-Governor  
 I went for him thus :

"April 9th, 1885, Calgary.

"TO HIS HONOUR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR DEWDNEY.

"Sir,

"Having been placed in command of the troops in this  
 district by Major-General Middleton, and directed to confer  
 with you,

"I have to inform you that there are no troops in this  
 district except 35 men raised by myself, part of whom are  
 holding the railroad at Gleichen, the remainder at the police  
 post here, where there are only five policemen and four  
 prisoners.

"The only rifles supplied me are fifty long Snider rifles,  
 no use to mounted men.

"You saw the dubious telegram of the Minister of Militia in  
 reply to my repeated requests to obtain rifles.

"You should be aware of the open declaration at a public  
 meeting of white men to join the rebellion.

"It is in my opinion necessary to proclaim martial law in  
 this district, the conditions of which are different from the  
 rest of the North-West.

"It may be necessary for me to move a force North (when  
 I get one). I cannot move without supplies, transport, and

an assured base. You will explain to General Middleton the condition of things.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"T. B. STRANGE, Major-General."

On the same day that I got the station master's telegram that the railway employes were likely to abandon their posts unless protected, I sent a detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles to Gleichen to reassure them, and without further discussion of powers I ordered the officer commanding the detachment to seize the consignment of ammunition previously referred to, as also that in the store of the Half-breed trader at Gleichen on the Indian Reserve. Having had considerable experience of Blackfoot scouting in the direction of stealing cattle and horses I did not accept the Governor's proposed addition to the force.

The difficulties of the situation were increased by the strike of the workmen who were building the C.P. Railway through the mountains of British Columbia. The small police force under Inspector Steele, an excellent officer, trained in the Gunnery School, and whom I wished to accompany the Force, could not be withdrawn, as they were required to protect the C.P.R. stores. Public necessity is the noble working man's opportunity, he knows no country and no law but his own temporary advantage.

The following telegrams sufficiently defined my command for present purposes. It was afterwards extended over the whole district of Alberta, a country rather larger than England and Wales. The Alberta Field Force subsequently marched 700 miles from its southern base, McLeod, to nearly the 60th parallel of northern latitude, *i.e.*, farther north than the southern end of Hudson's Bay, and about the same latitude as the South of Greenland.

Telegrams :—

"Camp, *via* Qu'Appelle,

"April 8th, 1885.

"To MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

"Have ordered Militia to Calgary and McLeod. Authorise you to assume command of all troops between Calgary and McLeod and Gleichen. Report to me all movements.

"FRED MIDDLETON,

"Major-General."

The Minister's answer to my suggestion to disband troops ran thus :

" Ottawa, April 10th, 1885.

" To MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE,

" I authorise employ of troops you have raised. Will send on arms.

" A. P. CARON."

And the Lieutenant-Governor at my request sent the following in cipher :

" From Calgary,

" April 10th, 1885.

" To GENERAL MIDDLETON,

" General STRANGE powerless until Militia and arms are here. He can act from here on Edmonton District. Strong force should also work direct from Swift Current to Battleford in connection with your troops, which will, I presume, concentrate at Clark's Crossing.

" E. DEWDNEY."

" Camp, *via* Qu'Appelle,

" April 9th, 1885.

" To MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE,

" Have ordered Colonel Ouimet with his Battalion to proceed to Calgary and report to you. Please arrange conjointly with Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney as to the best point at which to place the troops.

" FRED MIDDLETON,

" Major-General."

At this juncture telegrams were uncertain in reaching me, as I had run down for a day or two to the Military Colonisation Ranche to say good-bye to my family, and to make final arrangements for their safety and that of the cattle and horses, as well as to select horses to be sent up as mounts for the Alberta Rifles and Scouts.

My second son I ordered to be put on scout duty near the M.C.C. Ranche, and, with the other cowboys, he became a home guard to look after the womenfolk until they were taken to a place of safety.

I did not think it advisable to have all the family eggs in one basket, as in the opinion of many, a "Custer" affair was on the cards.

arranged with White (Controller North-West Police) to patrol east of your position to prevent Riel escaping South.

"FRED MIDDLETON."

"Touchwood, April 10th.

"TO GENERAL STRANGE,

"Have ordered Colonel Ouimet and his Battalion to push on with all possible speed to Calgary, and have instructed Colonel Jackson to send 250 stand of arms for distribution as required, also 20,000 more rounds ammunition.

"FRED MIDDLETON."

"Brandon, April 10th.

"TO GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

"Please get billets for our corps (65th Montreal Voltigeurs) 27 officers, 298 men, two horses. Is it expedient that I should provide a pilot engine for the safety of our train ?

"OUIMET, Lieut.-Colonel."

As this was the first train which had come West through Indian territory, there were doubts as to its safe arrival.

The Canadian Militia Companies were only 40 strong, an organisation which suits rural districts where 40 men are about as many able-bodied volunteers as can be obtained in a village. The officers and men are known to each other and the battalion strength is only about one German or French company. In large towns this organisation might advantageously be modified, but the Canadian Militia are organised on the principle followed by the classic scoundrel who cut his men down to fit his bed.

The majority of the 65th Battalion were raw recruits, who had never fired a rifle, as it had been found that the trained men could not be taken from civil employ, and substitutes had to be hastily recruited and clothed. How many men of the London Post Office Volunteer Battalions could be made to march on emergency without dislocating the postal service—more important than that even of the men in the field ?

On the 11th of April came a telegram from Colonel Ouimet to say that part of their camp equipment had been lost on Lake Portage, so I had to get them billeted by the

Mayor and rationed by the Hudson Bay Company. In orthodox war there are depots for everything and matters run in a groove. Out West there was nothing but brick-making without straw, and before even a soldier had reached me, came a telegram from Middleton :—" Move at once on Edmonton with whatever force you can command. The two regiments being hurried up with all possible speed. Do you want more infantry, etc. ? Have no Toronto Field Battery, only A. and B., one with me, the other with Otter. Will send you a gun as soon as Battleford is relieved. Concur in your proposed arrangements."

On the arrival of the 65th, I met them on the railway platform. Colonel Ouimet, M.P., was commanding. After explaining the situation and my intention to push forward as soon as possible, he suggested that I should attempt negotiations through the Catholic Bishop at Edmonton. My reply was that I was a soldier with orders to advance, negotiating was the province of the civil authorities. He said he wished leave to return East for the following reasons :—1st, To look after the camp equipment, part of which had been left behind, also that he could explain to the authorities the absolute necessity for immediately forwarding the arms, ammunition, and supplies, so often asked for but not yet sent, and without which I could not advance ; that he would be of more use to me at the base of supply than at the front ; and 2nd, that his presence was required in Parliament, which was assembling, and that it was the custom of the English army to give leave to an officer to attend legislative duties ; and 3rd, that he was very ill, to which the medical officer would certify.

With the first reason I certainly concurred—as to the second, I admitted the custom of the British army—the third plea I left in the hands of the medical officer, who duly reported Colonel Ouimet's unfitness for active service, and I could see for myself that it was so. I gave him leave to go East. I have given these details and cipher telegram in justice to Colonel Ouimet and myself.

" Ottawa, April 16th.

" TO GENERAL STRANGE,

" Papers discussing Ouimet's trip to Winnipeg. I take it for granted he was on leave. Please let me know.

" A. P. CARON."

E E—2

"Ottawa, April 20th.

"To GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

"Saw Minister. All right. Must I go back at once, or will you grant me leave to remain? Please answer.

"J. A. OUIMET."

I was obliged to recall Colonel Ouimet as directed, and I had the following communication from him :

"Montreal, April 21st.

"To MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

"Ill with internal hemorrhage, but going immediately as ordered.

"J. A. OUIMET."

He followed the Column to Fort Edmonton, where I left him in command. He rendered great assistance in maintaining the line of communication and supply at Edmonton, as well as providing for the safety of the Lac la Biche District, by sending fifty mounted men, under Captain des Georges, 65th.

His amicable relations with the Roman Catholic Bishop were doubtless of advantage in keeping the French Half-breeds of St. Albert on our side. But I did not concur with his action of arming them before the English settlers, who had previously garrisoned Edmonton, a course which he subsequently explained.

The 9th Battalion, also French-Canadian, was subsequently sent up under Colonel Amyot, and garrisoned the Calgary District.

General Middleton wrote later to this effect :

"You will think me very selfish in sending you all the French Battalions, . . . . . If anyone can manage them you can."

The sequel shewed that they were entirely reliable.

General Middleton had done all in his power to assist me but the Military stores in Canada, as in all Anglo-Saxon parliamentary-governed countries, were kept at the lowest possible figure. The Snider ammunition sent to my Force, was eleven years old, and would have been rejected by any commander taking the field under ordinary circumstances. Having myself been an Inspector of war stores, I was quite aware of the situation, but "faute de mieux," said nothing.

My subordinates, as will be seen, were not so reticent. When Inspector of Artillery for Canada, I had succeeded in getting the support of Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia, for the establishment of a cartridge factory at Quebec. By working day and night, this factory now supplied the wants of the Eastern Columns. Mine they did not reach. What would have been the result had this factory not been established may be left to the imagination. For, since the introduction of quick-firing arms a reserve of ammunition in Europe for military operations in America had not yet been tried. When in Australasia, I urged on the Colonial Governments the necessity of an ammunition factory on the spot. General Edwards, of course, did the same. I don't know if one has been established. Military reports are waste paper to Governments carried on by oratory and votes.

The want of serviceable ammunition was, however, the least part of the difficulty. The country about Calgary produced nothing but horses and beef on the hoof. Further north there were no food supplies, but the small quantities stored at the Hudson Bay posts, which had been for the most part already looted. I put myself in communication with Mr. Hardisty, the H.B.C. Factor, who was willing to help me, but wanted authority for disbursements. This was subsequently given by Mr. Caron, who never hesitated when he saw his way.

It is almost impossible for me to explain, or for the denizens in civilised countries to understand, the difficulty of disentangling a red tape knot 2,000 miles away. Before I could touch a single policeman four departments had to be tackled, as a selection of a few sample telegrams from the piles I received will shew.

"Ottawa, April 12th, 1885.

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE.

"You can take Steele with you.

"A. P. CARON."

"Regina, April 18th.

"TO GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

". . . "With regard to moving the whole of Police from the mountains, you must settle that with Government and C. P. Railway. You will be responsible for arrangements made there.

"E. DEWDNEY."

"Humboldt, April 15th.

"TO GENERAL STRANGE,

"I concur with you about disposition of Police and Cotton. Can't understand delay of Osborne Smith, and Winchester rifles. Both ordered long ago.

"FRED MIDDLETON."

"Ottawa, 11th April.

"TO GENERAL STRANGE,

"Have already transferred to Militia 150 Winchesters we had at Winnipeg. I believe these are to be sent to Calgary.

"F. WHITE, Controller of Police."

The cry was, "Still they come!" But they didn't.

The transport question was helped by my taking over the carts and horses of the Government Survey, which had wintered west of my ranche, under the "Boss," Mr. Lynham. He and his men were willing, but permission had to be obtained through many departments. Finally, from the Lieutenant-Governor, came authority.

"Regina, April 13th.

"TO GENERAL STRANGE,

"Caron informs, horses and carts at Lynham's to be held for use at his department. You are authorised to use them for transport north if necessary.

"E. DEWDNEY."

There were no ambulances, medical stores, or comforts, but the senior Regimental Medical Officer, Surgeon-Major Pennefather (retired), on his arrival with W. L. Infantry, extemporised them, and they were supplemented in accordance with the following :—

"Park Argassa, April 16th, 1885.

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

"Proposed to furnish your column with field hospital. What staff and appliances have you available so we can supplement and not duplicate. Reply immediately. Swift Current.

"J. W. LAURIE, Major-General."

In this connection it is not forgotten in Canada that the Marchioness of Lorne, then in England, equipped from her

private purse an ambulance with its staff of doctors, hospital dressers, medical comforts, etc. She also provided, through the Minister of Militia, a pipe and a plug of tobacco for every soldier in the Force. Not only Canadian ladies, but an American, Mrs. Perry, sent warm clothing, etc. These luxuries, however, did not reach the Alberta Force, but the goodwill was appreciated all the same.

"Much of the material collected after great labour and cost never reached the poor fellows for whom it was intended. It was stolen by the way, plundered, I am ashamed to say, by the teamsters, and some we are informed, fell into the hands of 'Poundmaker' and his braves, who captured a convoy, and for days feasted gloriously upon potted meats, preserved fruits, marmalade, jellies, and held high carnival with fine brandies and luscious wines intended for the brave fellows shut up in Battleford." (Canadian Blue Book, 1886.)

This was the only convoy captured by the Indians during the campaign. The Alberta Field Force, whose communications were protected, lost none. When once the difficulty of organising a military expedition to a wilderness 2,000 miles away from any populated country was realised, everyone was willing to help. But "'Owre mony maisters,' as the taed said, when every tooth in the harrow made a tag in his back." The experiment of rendering homogeneous a Force composed of Police, Militia Volunteers, Scouts, Home Guards and teamsters, was, I should say, entirely novel in the annals of administration.

Notwithstanding that total prohibition of liquor is the law in the North-West, the evils of drunkenness were greater than in any community among which it has been my lot to live. A few days after the arrival of the Militia, a mounted policeman, who was drunk, created a disturbance in 65th camp, and when arrested threatened to shoot the officer of the guard. I applied to General Middleton to have mounted police put under Militia Act, and the following correspondence resulted :—

" Clarke's Crossing, April 19th.

" TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE, Calgary.

" Have telegraphed Caron about putting Police under Militia Act. Remember you have no power to assemble Court Martial, *as you know*. Must arrange about that if

necessary. Have no troops for Crowfoot until affairs develop, and if I had, have no officer to command transport and commissary, no officer available just now. Don't believe half the reports I hear. You have not reported how it is that Colonel Ouimet had left you. Can hand Police over to Civil power.

"F. MIDDLETON."

But the Minister of Militia differed, and seemed as ignorant as I was that I had "no power to assemble Court Martial" after being re-gazetted into the Service and placed in command of a District 1,000 miles from everybody. He telegraphed:—

"Ottawa, April 18th.

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE,

"Every man on active service must be under military discipline. You will be supported.

"A. P. CARON."

(Cipher telegram).

"Calgary, April 19th.

"TO GENERAL MIDDLETON, Clarke's Crossing.

"Please give me power for Courts Martial. Policeman threatened to shoot officer 65th. Handed over to Civil power. Shall be beyond Civil power to-morrow, when I march for Edmonton with 160 men, 65th Battalion, 20 Mounted Police, 40 Scout corps. Advanced scouts at 'Lone Pine,' no obstacle but snow. Remainder of 65th, 160 men follow (as soon as carriage can be got) with 20 Mounted Police and field gun from McLeod. I have left orders for Osborne Smith to follow with remaining four companies of his Battalion, one was left at McLeod, one at Calgary, one at Gleichen, with detachment at Crowfoot. C.P.R. handcart supplied to enable officer to run down his whole Company by rail to support detachment at Crowfoot. I hope you will not allow detachments to be removed from Calgary, McLeod, and Gleichen during my absence. Osborne Smith's advance, to follow me, delayed by want of saddlery for Mounted Rifles, telegraphed for to Jackson and sanctioned, not sent yet. Osborne Smith anxious to go on his own hook to 'Sounding Lake.' I have no objection, if you think fit, but I fear I should not be able to work East by Saddle Lake with only 65th, after leaving garrison at Edmonton and securing communications from Calgary."

General Middleton objected to my second in command going on his "own hook."

Meanwhile I had been fortunate in securing as supply officer, Sergeant Hamilton, North-West Mounted Police. In conjunction with the Hudson Bay Company, he secured sufficient supplies and waggon, in addition to the Government survey carts before alluded to. But a heavy rate of wages had to be paid, for settlers hiring teams for the campaign would have to forego all hope of a crop, as ploughing was just commencing, and few had more than one team. This, with waggon, they would not hire for less than five to eight dollars per diem. Moreover there was the risk.

## CHAPTER VII.

BURNT PRAIRIE AND SEVERE SNOWSTORMS—65TH VOLTIGEURS—SCOUT CAVALRY—LIGHT KIT AND MAGAZINE RIFLE MAKE DR. JOHNSON'S DRAGOON—POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN—REVISED VERSION—BUFFALO BILL PARADE—A PROTECTIVE TARIFF ON SADDLES—FIRST ADVANCE—SNOW-BLIND SCOUTS—AND REV. SCOUTS—AMALGAMATED POLICE AND MILITARY CODE—A BRIGADE MAJOR'S FRICTIONAL ELECTRICITY—NO CLIMATE—SLOUGHS OF DESPOND—WINNIPEG LIGHT INFANTRY—THREE SUCCESSIVE CONVOY COLUMNS—CAMP ORDERS—SPORTING MEDICOS—CANADIAN PIONEERS—INDIAN SIGNALLING—PECCANT AND PENITENT INDIANS—KING GEORGE'S MEN—FORT EDMONTON—H.B.C.

During the week which elapsed before sufficient transport, supplies, ammunition, and forage could be collected, (for the prairie had been burnt by the Indians for many miles along the line of march, and a severe snowstorm had since covered the country,) the 65th Voltigeurs were encamped and drilled incessantly. Musketry instruction and target practice, skirmishing and outpost instruction were carried on, and their arms, which were in bad order, were overhauled by an armourer. The officers and men were cheerful and active, as French-Canadian soldiers always are. They were armed with Sniders and uniformed like the Rifle Brigade, except that I got them supplied with the Western broad felt hat, looped up to the left with the regimental button. It could thus be worn to the sunny side at will, and had a smart appearance, like the Bersiglieri without plume.

In Colonel Ouimet's absence, the command devolved on Major Hughes, while Lieutenant Starnes, a smart young officer, was Acting-Adjutant. A troop of Scout Cavalry, the nucleus of which were 20 Mounted Police drawn from the mountains, under Inspector Steele, was rapidly got into shape by him, he instituted a simple system of single rank drill by fours—every fourth man a horse-holder. But as the horses steadied with work, horse-holders became unnecessary. The men on dis-

mounting would throw the reins over the horse's head. A severe Mexican bit, with a long whip-end to the bridle, was used. If a horse in attempting to move trod on this he would give his mouth a wrench, thus they soon learned to stand still to let a man fire over the saddle. In fact, most cowboys' horses will do this.

The arms of the men were a short Winchester magazine rifle and a six-shot revolver, and the only "arme blanche" carried by my Cavalry was the doctor's case of instruments. (The lance is the queen of weapons for close pursuit, as I have seen it used in India, but for the North-West Campaign it was an impossible weapon.)\* The rifles were very effective up to 600 yards, and as Indians never showed themselves in the open, but waited until we were in the wooded country, the range was sufficient. I am aware that it is heresy to express the opinion that mounted Infantry do not require a long-range cumbersome weapon, yet I don't know many countries where one can often see further than 600 yards, certainly not in England, and even on the bald-headed prairie there are undulations which will conceal an Indian when he means mischief. The Indians also are armed with Winchester repeaters, which they get from the States, and they will sell anything, from medicine-pipes to wives, for Winchesters and ammunition.

The cowboy, like the Indian, habitually carries his rifle across the saddle, slipped through a leather loop on the projecting horn of the Mexican saddle, from which his lariat, serving as a picket-rope, also hangs; even the Mounted Police, though provided with a carbine bucket, preferred to carry the rifle cowboy fashion, and as there were no narrow gates on the prairie I did not interfere. The cartridges were carried in the only reasonable fashion for a fighting man—in belts—the 2nd reserve in holster-bags, the 3rd in waggon.

Their kit, composed of a change of under-clothing, was rolled in a blanket behind, with an extra blanket under the saddle, while the waterproof coat was rolled in front, and a tin pannikin was tied to the saddle-horn. It is a great mistake to fuss about changing clothes when wet in the open, and a man generally gets chilled through doing it in a wet tent. Keep moving until you

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\* A proportion of N.M.W.P. had been at one time armed with them.

can dry yourself at a camp-fire, for the warmth of your body acts like the wet pack in hydropathic treatment. Of course, this is always supposing there be woollen under-clothing, which may even when damp be slept in with impunity, provided one is wrapt round with a good blanket, lined with supper, and consoled with a pipe and a tough conscience. The uniform of the Scouts was the usual prairie outfit—a broad hat looped at the side, woollen under-clothes, buckskin shirt, and schapps, “chaparejos,” long leather leggings, a sort of trousers without a seat, as described by Pope in his “Essay on Man,” (revised version):

“Lo! The poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Covers him in front, but leaves him bare behind!”

Only, the cowboy wears tweed trousers under his schapps, instead of a breech-clout supplemented by leggings.

These details become a question of Cavalry efficiency. If a dragoon of the Johnsonian type\* is to carry a trousseau on his horse, besides yellow, black, and white dirt (chrome, pipeclay, and blacking), he must ride an elephant, and then go at a walk.

I had left the Ranche in my everyday clothes, buckskin shirt and schapps, for I had no uniform, and could get none had I so desired. When we joined the Eastern Militia Force, under General Middleton, I heard the men remark:

“Hullo! Who's that fellow? Guess that's the 'Buckskin Brigadier.'”

So I fished out an old stable-jacket and a pea-coat, garnished with police buttons and shoulder-straps, and boots and breeches. The Police were only too glad to leave their white pipeclayed helmets in store, and the whole Force, Infantry and all, were supplied with soft felt hats looped up at the side, instead of the “coup de soleil,” face-blistering, frost-biting forage-caps they had arrived in. This, with the scarlet uniform of the Winnipeg Light Infantry, gave them a “devil-may-care” aspect, more in accordance with the regimental character than the spiked pot we have copied from the Prussians. The soft hat is also infinitely more com-

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\* “A soldier who fights indifferently on foot or horseback.”

fortable, for a man can sleep in it, and tie a handkerchief or muffler over it when the thermometer gets down about zero.

Some dress distinctions of rank being necessary, these were adopted—a twist of gold cord round the hat for Captains, two for Commanders of Corps, and three for the General. The police stores supplied these necessary adornments. The scarlet tunics of the Mounted Police, against the green, used to make my eyes ache when out scouting, so my good friend, Steele, put them away under the tents in the waggon, and the men wore serviceable brown Montana canvas fatigue dress. He himself, a splendid-looking fellow and a good soldier, could not give up the swagger of his scarlet tunic, and I did not ask him to make the sacrifice, though it would have cost him his life in the first skirmish at close quarters, had he not been handy with his six-shooter. His Scouts, about 40 Western men (no tenderfeet), with their own horses, Mexican saddles, and arms, were ready to start North with me, but the much-telegraphed-for, long-promised saddles for the Alberta Mounted Rifles had not arrived when I marched North, so, in despair, I ordered fifty from the United States. The Canadian Customs authorities detained them at Winnipeg until the campaign was over.

I did not know the cause of delay until the 19th of May, when I wrote :

“Victoria, May 19th, 1885.

“TO THE HON. THE MINISTER OF CUSTOMS, Ottawa.

“Sir,

“I have the honour to bring to your notice the conduct of some of your officials in Winnipeg in delaying the transmission of a supply of saddles urgently required by the Cavalry under my command, by declining to forward them to Calgary on the grounds that I was not authorised to order supplies for the Government.

“In the first place I submit they might have been sent to Calgary in bond.

“In the second place, military equipment for the Government should not be charged duty.

“The action of your subordinate has seriously crippled my advance, which has been delayed waiting for saddles, not anticipating such monstrous conduct on the part of an

official employed by the Government, at a crisis like the present.

"Such an individual is evidently unfit to occupy the position he holds.

"I have to request the saddles be forwarded forthwith, if it has not been already done.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"T. B. STRANGE, Major-General,

"Commanding Alberta Field Force."

Meantime, those provided by the Militia Store Department arrived after I left, and the Alberta Rifles, about 80, were at last completely equipped. One hundred and fifty Winchesters also arrived, with 15,000 rounds and 208,000 rounds Snider.

It is admitted that Buffalo Bill's circus as an exhibition of "broncho-busting" was nowhere compared to the first few parades of the Alberta Mounted Rifles, with the new saddles supplied by the Militia Department—flimsy affairs, put together with tin-tacks, which the bronchos bust up with lightness of heart. The Mexican saddle is the only one in use out West, and is the most suitable. I should not care to ride across English country in one, nor to ride a broncho in a hunting saddle—"autre pays, autre mœurs."

The men were good riders, but to sit a bucking broncho is one thing, and to hold on the saddle also when the girths give way is quite another. Consequently the prairie was in a few minutes strewn with men, rifles, revolvers, and relics of saddles, in which some horses were tangled up, while others careered around until they were lassoed by the men with reliable saddles. The broken ones were patched up, and after some severe marching and patrolling there was no more equine exuberance. The Alberta Mounted Rifles were uniformed in the same serviceable brown canvas suits and slouch hats as the Police fatigue dress.

Three days after the arrival of the first detachment of Militia at Calgary, the first advance was made, by pushing forward an officer, Lieutenant Corryell, and 15 of Steele's Scouts, with the Rev. Messrs. Gertz and Beatty, and settlers from the Red Deer, who had taken refuge in Calgary. I had armed them with the first lot of Snider rifles

received, and had transformed Mr. Beatty into Sergeant-in-Charge.

## FIRST ADVANCE.

## Memo. of Instructions.

Calgary, April 15th, 1885.

TO LIEUTENANT CORRYELL, Steele's Scouts.

(1) You will proceed as soon as you get the order from Major Steele, in the direction of Edmonton, in advance of a party of Red Deer settlers, armed as Home Guards. Sergeant Beatty is in charge of them. They are supposed to defend themselves in case of attack. Your first duty is to scout for them. They have *your* rations and supplies.

(2) Their destination and yours, for the present, is Red Deer Crossing. Make arrangements to secure yourself. Place the buildings in a state of defence as quickly as may be, doing as little damage as possible. Knocking chinks out between the logs will give you loop-holes.\*

(3) Should you be attacked before reaching Red Deer, or on arrival, you may conclude that the homesteads of the settlers are occupied by the enemy, and your small force would probably not be able to dislodge them. You will in that case retire steadily, sending back word to Calgary, which you would do in any case of armed resistance.

(4) If you cannot find two reliable men at MacPherson's Coulée, to act as couriers you will have to use two of your own men, sending one back to me to report arrival at MacPherson's Coulée, and leaving the other there, if it can be managed, to forward dispatches from Red Deer River to me.

(5) I hope that the whole or part of my force will be able to move to MacPherson's Coulée on Monday morning.

Mr. G. B. Elliott had volunteered his services as office clerk, but having had his feet frozen, he could not march, and I was reluctantly obliged to dispense with his services.

Inspector Dowling, N.W.M. Police, left in charge of

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\*If you saw across logs making loop-holes you will have the house about your ears.

Police Barracks and Stores at Calgary, established a line of couriers to follow my advance, but I felt a sense of relief when I crossed the Bow River and left the telegraph behind. Now there was no string holding me, to be jerked day and night. I had cast myself loose at last !

As all the Mounted Police in the District had been placed under my command, and put under the Militia Act and Articles of War, *though I was not delegated authority to hold Courts Martial*, I was made a Justice of the Peace, notwithstanding that I had not the Shakespearean qualification, "a fair round belly with fat capon lined." The Police Inspectors, at my request, were given local rank of Captains in the Militia to enable them to act with troops, and Steele that of Major, and with this thoroughly illogical Anglo-Saxon compromise, we had to get along, and did so, because all hands were anxious to do their duty. I have no recollection of having to inflict any but minor punishments, from the day we marched and left the transport officer dead drunk on the bank of the first river—the Bow. The punishment in this case was a bucket of cold water over his head, but "he lay like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him."

A pathetic telegram came from an old Indian comrade, formerly Madras Fusiliers, asking to join my Force. I had completely lost sight of and, I fear, forgotten him. He had become a "Mossback," or Manitoban farmer. He made his way up from Winnipeg, and as I rode out at the head of my command, an elderly man, with a worn face, whom I did not recognise, though wearing the Indian medal, took hold of my horse's mane, and conjured me by the day we captured the Black Horse Battery, to give him one more chance of a fight before he died. Made him baggage "boss" on the spot, vice the transport officer, left drunk by the river. As he performed the distressful duties of baggage and transport officer satisfactorily, and as the only officer I had on the Staff was my son, who was A.D.C., I appointed my veteran friend, Captain Dale, Major of Brigade. During the campaign he shewed unwearying assiduity and pluck, though his thoroughly old-time British-officer manner of damning Militiamen in general and Frenchmen in particular was productive of a good deal of frictional electricity, which required all my best French, and most oleaginous manner, to neutralise.

The Head-Quarter Staff was completed by my standard-

bearer and teamster, Wheeler Mickle, who carried in the front of his waggon the only battle flag with the Force. It was a sixpenny cotton pocket handkerchief printed with the Union Jack. The excellent fellow carried it under fire at Frenchman's Butte, having no weapon but his whip. But the most important personage of the staff was the cook ; with a collapsible sheet-iron stove, the chimney of which went through a tinned hole in the tent, and telescoped for carriage ; he performed miracles of culinary art out of pork fat, tinned meat, and hard tack. Had any decorations been awarded to my Force I should have recommended him for D.S.C. (Damn Smart Cook).

Obtained for Mr. Hamilton, Quartermaster of Police, the relative rank of Captain and Supply Officer, and as an army really walks on its belly and not on its feet, he worked miracles in this respect, with the assistance of Mr. Hardisty, of the Hudson's Bay Company, who were my paymasters. Colonel Forrest, the Paymaster to General Middleton's force, not being Sir Boyle Roche's bird, could not be in two places at once. During the campaign I drew no pay for my son or myself. We had each selected two excellent chargers from the M.C.C. Ranche and our personal wants were supplied by the soldiers' rations of tinned beef and biscuit, without grog, of which there was none, except in the form of hospital comforts, upon which neither of us had occasion to draw.

The men complained that a long course of tinned Chicago beef, from which Liebig's extract had previously been made, produced only the results of chewing blanket. The entire absence of vegetables, the hard tack washed down by the tannin of boiled tea, caused weakness of physique and irritability of temper. It was said that the General even suffered from the latter, but as the Staff complained that their horses and themselves were worn out following him incessantly from tail to head of the Column and *vice versa*, both accounts can't be correct.

The hundred miles of country to Red Deer, through which the advance had to work, is the last and highest steppe of the prairie country before reaching the foot hills of the Rockies. It is about 4,000 feet above sea level, and the land gradually rises until the great divide at Lac la Biche is reached, where the waters of the Arthabaska and many mighty rivers, unloosed by the short Summer,

flow into the Arctic Seas. The physical character of the country, I have been told by the ubiquitous Russian officer, exactly resembles that of the Siberian steppes. As to climate, the southern steppes of Alberta have none, only a wind—the Chinook.\* When that blows from the Pacific it is temperate, irrespective of the season, and even warm in Winter for a few days at a time. When that wind ceases, the temperature will fall 30 below zero. In Summer the sun is very powerful, but from the lightness of the air, due to altitude, never oppressive.

The early Spring of 1885 was most unfavourable to the advance. A few days warm Chinook wind melted the snows, flooded the rivers and coulées, and made swamps and Sloughs of Despond as bad as Bunyan's, in every depression on the prairie, in which the men sank to the saddle-girths, and waggons above the axle-trees. Then the Chinook wind ceased, the thermometer suddenly fell, and severe snowstorms of a blizzard type prevailed. The glare of the sun on the snow produced snow blindness, and Lieutenant Corryell and seven of his troopers were so smitten. But, with a courage and devotion that deserved recognition, he had a leading rein attached to his horse and was led by a trooper, whose sight was not affected, and so continued his advance. He however, did not go to his death, like the blind King of Bohemia between his faithful knights, for the marauding Indians had retired, and he occupied the log houses at the crossing of the Red Deer River, where he was ordered to halt until overtaken by the first Column a few days after.

The Rev. John McDougall—a Methodist missionary, who could ride and shoot as well as speak the truth, was born among the Stoney Indians, among whom his father had also lived and died—offered, with four Stonies, to push through to Edmonton and assure the settlers that I was advancing with all possible speed to their assistance.

To him I wrote thus :

“Calgary, April 15th.

“TO THE REV. JOHN MCDUGALL,

“Sir,—

“I accept with satisfaction your loyal offer of assistance to act eyes and ears to our forces with your faithful Stonies.

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\* “What sort of weather is it?” as the hunting man said to his groom. “Open the shutters and see.”—“Bedad, sorr! the devil a climate at all, at all, have they in this benighted land. Shure, its black dark and smells of onions and cheeze, sorr!”

"You will be good enough to report to Lieutenant Corryell, who commands detachment of settlers and Scouts, and he will transmit information to me. You are at liberty to push on as far as you like, keeping communication with Lieutenant Corryell as far as practicable. You are aware settlers are returning to Red Deer. I have armed them. Lieutenant Corryell will move in advance of them, and establish an outpost at Red Deer, so that you can fall back on his party if pressed.

"You will not fail to communicate to Lieutenant Corryell and Major Steele the distinctive mark the Stonies will wear, to prevent our men firing on them by mistake.\* You are at liberty to start as soon as you are ready. It would be best not to be seen starting with Lieutenant Corryell or settlers."

On 17th April, Colonel Osborne Smith, with his Provisional Battalion, Winnipeg Light Infantry, 326 of all ranks, arrived at Gleichen on C. P. R. ; left Major Lewis and a company to relieve the detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles, guarding the railroad and watching the trails from the North, which centre at Crowfoot, near Gleichen. Battalion reached Calgary the same evening, and were put under canvas. Next morning a company of W. L. I., under Captain Valency, were ordered to march a hundred miles South, to garrison Fort McLeod, from which a detachment of twenty Mounted Police, with field-gun, under Inspector Perry, N. W. M. P., had been withdrawn to accompany my Column to the North. An officer's detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles scouted for the Infantry as far as High River, where they were met by Mounted Police Scouts.

On the 18th April, left Colonel Osborne Smith, commanding Winnipeg Light Infantry, at Calgary, where he would remain until such time as transport could be obtained for the W. L. I. In my absence he was to assume command of all troops south of my position, and endeavour to maintain communication until re-united.

And on the 20th, I started with the first Column, composed as follows :

SCOUT CAVALRY (under Major Steele).  
20 Mounted North-West Police.  
40 Mounted Steele's Scouts—Captain Oswald.

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\* A white scarf.

Right wing of 65th Voltigeurs.  
 Four Companies (160 men)—Colonel Hughes.  
 Capt. Wright, 43rd Regiment, Supply and Transport Officer.  
 Medical Officer and outfit, Surgeon Paré.  
 Six stretchers.

SECOND COLUMN—

When transport is available, under Captain and Inspector  
 Perry, North-West Mounted Police.  
 20 Mounted North-West Police, with field-gun.  
 Left wing of 65th Voltigeurs.  
 Four Companies.  
 Supply and Transport Officer, Mr. Desbrisay.  
 Medical Officer and outfit.  
 Six stretchers.

THIRD COLUMN—

Under Colonel Osborne Smith, C.M.G., as soon as transport  
 is available.  
 Alberta Mounted Rifles, Major Hatton, who will, after the  
 passage of the last Column, leave a detachment under Lieut.  
 Dunn to patrol the trail between Edmonton and Calgary.  
 Four Companies W. L. I.  
 Supply and Transport Officer, Captain Hamilton, N.W.M.P.  
 Medical Officer, Surgeon-Major Pennefather.  
 And outfit with 12 stretchers.

Orders had been given to fit up two waggons as  
 ambulances, but pressure on the Supply Officer prevented  
 its being done. The never-bare bone of contention—  
 officer's baggage—came up, but the limited transport  
 rendered it necessary to reduce it to a minimum. Of course  
 the orders were evaded with the usual artifice. As for the  
 men, knapsacks and blankets (light kit limited to one change  
 of underclothing and two blankets) were carried in  
 the company waggons, in which a certain proportion of the  
 officers and men were allowed to drive by reliefs  
 towards the end of each day's march, to get along as quickly  
 as possible. Each company had three 2-wheeled survey  
 carts, drawn by cayuses (prairie ponies), to carry tents,

baggage and cooking outfit. The latter was carried separately in charge of the company's cook.

The Column marched the first 200 miles at the rate of 20 miles a day, through swamp and difficult country without roads, and towards the close of the campaign, when toughened with work, the 65th Voltigeurs did 35 miles in one day. Inspector Perry conducted the march of his Column and the crossing of the Red Deer River with complete success, re-establishing the ferry at that place. He proved a very able officer, as he knew the country well. He was a graduate of the Canadian R. M. College, with a year's service in the Royal Engineers.

And here I must correct an error in General Middleton's report, which states the Column left Calgary on April 20th, and reached Edmonton on May 5th, having made the march of 194 miles in 15 days. My Order Book shews I reached Edmonton on April 30th, having marched from Calgary in 10 days.

As we were entering a wilderness from which no supplies could be drawn—the first 60 miles burnt prairie without a blade of grass or a stick of firewood, the last 100 to Edmonton with the trail running through hostile Indian territory, a woody and swampy country of soft black soil—it was necessary to carry fifteen days' provisions and forage, as well as a reserve of ammunition, a condition of things that compelled an enormous convoy. Out of all proportion to the protecting force of 160 Infantry and 60 Cavalry Scouts were the 175 waggons and carts, which at times, from intervening swamps and creeks, unavoidably extended a distance of one and a half or two miles. The troops were raw and required detailed instructions and constant watching by the Brigade-Major and myself, the only two men with the Force who had seen war, hence the minutiae of the few sample orders quoted, and the issue of diagrams for the order of march. The 65th was a French-Canadian Battalion, new to the work, and not familiar with English.

The melting of the winter's snow had flooded the rivers. The first obstacle was the Bow River, which in those days boasted neither bridge nor ferry, and had to be forded. It was three feet deep, with a very strong, icy-cold current. Nose Creek, a tributary, was a second obstacle. Thus the first was enforcedly a short march, but in any case, old hands know that it is never advisable to make the first a long march.

On April 20th we encamped shortly after crossing "Nose Creek."

MEMO. OF ORDERS.

- 1.—The march of waggons will be regulated according to contents.
- 2.—A bugler will be detailed from the rear guard for the rear waggon to sound halt by order of the Transport Officer, should the rear of the Column be delayed and the front required to halt. These sounds will be passed to the front by the other buglers. A bugler will also be detailed with the advanced guard to sound halt from the front. He will travel on the Staff waggon in rear of the advance guard and receive his orders from Major Steele to sound halt or advance. The sound to close up, in a similar way, will be sounded from the front and passed to the rear.
- 3.—The waggons with reserve ammunition will be in charge of the rear guard of Infantry.
- 4.—The non-commissioned officer in charge of rear guard of Scout Cavalry will be responsible that no waggons, carts, nor stragglers are left behind.
- 5.—The head of the Column will halt occasionally to allow the rear to close up.
- 6.—Whenever the country admits of waggons and carts leaving the trail, they will advance six abreast to shorten column of route.
- 7.—Major Steele will make his own arrangements for advance and flanking scouts, and the selection of a suitable camping-ground, with water, about four p.m.
- 8.—As there is no wood for a distance of 60 miles in our front, the Supply Officer will be responsible that no wood is wasted. Sentries will be ordered to allow no fires after supper.
- 9.—The grass being burnt in our front, hay must be economised, also oats, of which the supply will be limited. (As it was necessary to allow teamsters to carry oats for their horses, restriction was difficult.)

- 10.—As the Column will not halt at noon to cook, each man will carry a couple of "hard tacks"\* in his haversack.
- 11.—The Supply Officer will be responsible that nothing is left on the ground after marching off. From overweighted teams or breakdowns the loads may be distributed in the knapsack waggons intended to assist the Infantry.
- 12.—The tents, cooking utensils, and rations for immediate issue on arrival in camp, will march at the head of the supply column.
- 13.—Quartermaster-Sergeant Benn (late R.A.) will be at the head of the Column at the time of halting, to issue rations, and will direct the bugler to sound the ration call for cooks' mates. When the issue for troops is completed, a second call will be sounded for teamsters, who should by this time have attended to their horses.
- 14.—On arriving at camp ground, the teams will circle until a complete corral is formed. No fires allowed inside, and a sentry put on the ammunition waggons.
- 15.—The Cavalry outposts and videttes will remain out until relieved, and Infantry guards mounted immediately on arrival in camp. Major Steele will make arrangements every night for patrols to herd and guard his horses, as well as those of the teamsters.
- 16.—Troops and teamsters will be specially careful that unburnt prairie is not fired either in cooking or lighting pipes, and throwing away a lighted match. The officer of rear guard will be responsible that no fires are left burning.

On the 21st of April the Column marched to and camped at McPherson's Coulée. A very heavy snowstorm came on, which continued next day, but marching was not delayed. The tents were frozen stiff, the ropes like rods, making them

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\* With the usual perversion of the Transatlantic tongue, a sailor's biscuit is called "hard tack" and doughy, little, digestion-destroying buns are called "biscuits." Just as the grouse is called "partridge," the deer an "elk," or an "antelope," the elk a "deer," in contradiction to naturalists of all nations.

difficult to pack, and the pegs had to be chopped out of the frozen ground with axes. No Infantry reliefs could drive in the waggons on account of the cold. The force halted at noon for forty minutes while teamsters fed their horses, and the troops ate their "hard tack" from their haversacks. No cooking could be allowed. Steele selected some good Scouts who were sure of the trail, notwithstanding that it was obliterated by snow.

The 22nd found the Column at Camp Scarlett, where there was a halt of two hours from the time the head of the column halted. Fires were lighted and dinner cooked. As we came into a brushwood country a number of white hares appeared. In those regions

"The wild hare and the crow,  
Whiten 'mid surrounding snow."

Our volunteer medical officers were the principal sporting offenders. Their ardour had to be restrained, as indiscriminate discharge of firearms might create a false alarm, or the firing of the Scouts as alarm might be disregarded, under the impression that it was a fusilade from the sporting medicos of the column. The regimental officers were looking after their men and imparting what instruction was possible, even on the march. At every halt, when the men lay down tired, I had the officers, instructing them in judging distance, and adjusting sights upon our own flanking Scouts, or learning to aim at the officer's eye in the old-established Hythe fashion.

Many of the men had never fired a shot until they joined my Force. Most country-born Canadians are axemen; can build a house or make a toothpick with an axe. The 65th were splendid bridge-builders—Sergeant Borrowdaile of the Scouts led the advance. We shall hear more of him anon. They did excellent service, bridging creeks, corderoying and bushing muskegs, and in some places, cutting fresh roads through the woods.

A party of six pioneer axemen (65th—a Sergeant and three Scouts) started at 4 a.m., under command of Captain Wright, for this work. They took firewood to last until timber was reached, tools, arms, blankets, one tent, and two days' provisions, with a few cooking utensils, oats, etc., all packed into two waggons to enable them to push on quickly.

It was a service of danger, but had to be undertaken. The heavy swamps through which the waggons had in some cases to be partially unloaded and dragged by the men, as the horses could find no footing, severely taxed the energies of the 65th, cheerful workers as they were. The Indians were watching our movements. Their signal fires by night and smoke signals by day were constantly visible. The latter are produced by throwing green stuff on fires, the thick smoke hence arising is manipulated by a blanket in such a manner as to send up short and long clouds at intervals, much as a steamer signals by long and short puffs of steam, representing the dot and dash of the Morse military system of telegraphy. There is nothing new under the sun!

An Indian brave generally carries a looking-glass. I had put his vanity down at the same level as that of Tommy Atkins walking with his best housemaid, but the Indian also uses his mirror for flashing signals, as we do the heliograph. When reconnoitering with the advance scouts, I have, to my surprise, had the flashes turned upon me, as from a distance, they probably mistook me for one of their own scouts. I could not, of course, read the message, but I could realise that the flashes were on the long and short, or dot and dash system of our own service. I have seen their videttes, on a rising ground, signalling our advance by circling right or left, increasing or diminishing the pace, etc., just as laid down in the Red Book.

The cooks of the 65th left their fires burning on leaving camp on the 23rd, so they were made to march on foot under escort, and their carts were given to others to drive. It was found necessary to issue the following

#### AFTER ORDER.

The Major-General Commanding receives with regret from the Supply Officer a report that sugar has been stolen from the Stores. A repetition of the offence will cause the sugar ration to be stopped from teamsters and soldiers until such time as the amount stolen has been made good. The Major-General Commanding trusts that it will not be necessary to punish the whole for the misconduct of a few sneak thieves. He does not desire to increase the

night duties of the troops by posting extra sentries, but will be compelled to do so if stealing continue.

By Order,

T. BLAND STRANGE, Lieutenant Field Force Staff.

Camp. "The Forks." April 24th.

Reveillé sounded at 4.30 a.m.

The proximity of the enemy rendered it necessary for the rifles of the sentries to be loaded, yet teamsters and others going to look after their horses, preferred the risk of being shot to learning the countersign.

As we were passing through wooded country, the officers had to keep the men on the alert.

On the 25th the Column reached Red Deer River, which was much swollen by melting snows and the current was strong. There had formerly been a ferry run across by a wire rope, but this had been cut adrift in the recent troubles.

We had at first passed through open rolling prairie, intersected with coulees and sloughs in every depression, but as we neared the Red Deer, poplar bluffs, or dense clumps of poplar and alder, appeared. On the north side of the river the bank was wooded and the bush too dense for Cavalry to scout with any effect. The 65th Voltigeurs were sent across in waggons, which had to be raised on their axles by blocks of wood, the river being from three to four feet deep at the ford, which, as usual, crossed diagonally from point to point of an elbow.

The 65th advanced in extended order searching the woods. They were not opposed, though the Indian signal smokes showed our movements were closely watched. The Cavalry, under Steele, forded next, then the baggage waggons. A few carts only were swept away by the strength and depth of the stream, but all were subsequently recovered, though the provisions they contained were damaged. It is curious that flour in sacks only wets to a depth of about an inch, the interior, from the caking or pasting of the outside layer, remaining dry. No men nor horses were drowned. One company was detailed as an armed working party, in addition to the six pioneers already selected for road repairing. They passed the river in waggons, carrying tents, blankets, cooking utensils, and two days' rations. Two companies were extended as right and left covering parties, and the fourth company as a rear-guard

and camp-guard. The covering companies carried their day's rations and ten extra rounds of ammunition per man. During my absence with the advance, Colonel Hughes was left in charge of camp and guards. Quartermaster-Sergeant Benn examined the stock in hand, calculating the amount absolutely necessary for ten days' rations, so as to leave the rest behind. The consumption of supplies had left many of the waggons empty, and as the grass was now appearing, it was no longer necessary to carry forage. And here, too, we managed to get rid of some of the officers' smuggled baggage, and all the teams not required returned to Calgary for the use of the second Column.

April 26th. Camp.—Red Deer River. The two companies of 65th, ordered as covering party, packed tents and baggage, which were crossed in the course of the day. A detachment of 10 Scout Cavalry, under Lieutenant Corryell, led that advance, and showed them where to camp on completion of work. A ferry-boat was on the alert up stream all the time in case of accident. An officer and detachment of 65th were left in charge of stores and ferry at Red Deer, when the left wing of the Regiment passed.

On the 27th the camp was on the south bank of Blindman's River. It is a deep but somewhat sluggish stream; the bridge across had been partially burnt by hostiles, but repaired by the pioneer party. The men were divided into three reliefs and rode in special waggons in turn. But the marching was severe on the Infantry, wading through mud, and the flanking parties struggling through bush and swamps full of fallen trees and tangled brushwood. I had to forbid men slinging their arms on the waggons. A man of the 65th did this, and the rifle dropped into about three feet of water. I happened to see this incident and stood by while the man took off his trousers and waded in, felt for his rifle with his feet, and eventually picked it up. The water had a thin coat of ice on it, and it was thought the punishment was sufficient. It must be borne in mind that the 65th were almost entirely recruits, but they were rapidly becoming hard and disciplined soldiers.

On the 29th of April, Battle River was reached, where we camped, and where Fathers Lacombe and Scullen met us. They presented the peccant chiefs, Ermineskin and Bobtail, who said they were repentant and wanted to shake hands.

I declined to receive them, and had them informed that I would shake hands on my return, provided they behaved themselves in the interim—otherwise—I left a blank for their imagination to fill in ; but I was told the Indians were not much impressed with my little Canadian soldiers, who, they were quite sure, were not King George's men, as they did not wear red coats and talked French like the Half-breeds. But when the Winnipeg Light Infantry in scarlet marched through their Reserves they began to be convinced that "the long arm of the White Queen could reach them."

Mr. and Mrs. Glass and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, connected with the Protestant Mission, came into camp, the latter reporting their property had been plundered by Indians. The H.B.C. reported the same.

The Rev. J. McDougall, who had pushed through to Edmonton, was also heard of here, but the dispatch alluded to in the following letter did not turn up.

"Edmonton, April 25th.

"TO LIEUTENANT CORRYELL, Commanding Advance Scouts.

"Dear Sir,

"I am sending the accompanying dispatch to the General, please forward it by first opportunity.

"The hostiles are still at Frog Lake. The white women are in their hands worse than murdered. This is the latest Indian report. Sixteen days since, Fort Pitt was still all right, our (Mission) Indians at White Fish Lake and Saddle Lake loyal, and this has influenced others to be so also. I hope the advance will be quick to relieve Fort Pitt, and also rescue prisoners. There is still a feeling of insecurity about here. My regards to the boys.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN McDOUGALL.

"P.S.—If a freighter (Half-breed) should come for H.B. Coy., freight, bacon, and flour, better let him have it ; there is a scarcity here, and I apprehend no danger between you and here."

The freighter had not turned up either, but I received a communication from Inspector Grisbach, N.W.M.P., that Fort Saskatchewan, about 20 miles east of Edmonton, which he held with 10 Police, required assistance, that the settlers from Beaver Lake, Captain Butler, formerly of the

British Army, with his wife and family, and a number of others, had taken refuge within the stockade of the fort. This, with his few men, was indefensible. I sent a company of the 65th to garrison it before crossing the Saskatchewan, as the fort was on the south side of the river.

As we neared Edmonton the settlers came out to meet us, driving teams to assist the Column, but the 65th Voltigeurs were, after their 200 miles of wilderness march, becoming toughened. That the Force reached its destination in safety, was, I believe, due to the precautions taken, but especially to the careful scouting of Major Steele's force, as a handful of Indians could have easily stampeded horses not carefully guarded. The horses were not picketted, but allowed to graze all night, being herded by mounted patrols, otherwise they could not have stood the work. Only hay enough to cover the distance of the burnt prairie was carried. The Indians could also have inflicted a heavy loss on a force of 160 Infantry, who were trying to guard a convoy of 175 waggons and carts, which often stuck in the black mud or broke down, and at times extended a distance of one or two miles through the swamps and forests north of the Red Deer River.

The scattered little town of Edmonton, peeping through clumps of pine and poplar, the blue sky and brilliant sunshine gilding the grey old stockades of the Hudson Bay Fort, with its quaint bastions and buildings crowning the steep bank over the broad swift sweep of the Saskatchewan, navigable by the H.B.C. boats and steamers for 800 miles to Lake Winnipeg, where it feeds the Nelson River on its desolate way to the Arctic Ocean, made a picture that lingers in the memory.

As I neared the opposite bank in the big scow that serves as ferry, the white puffs of smoke wreathed from the little guns of the Fort and the echoes of a salute reverberated across the river. The dear old ensign floated out over the grim citadel of the far North, its folds displaying the wondrous letters "H.B.C.," which are a whole history of 200 years of British pluck and trading energy.

"Hullo! What's them letters 'H.B.C.' on the flag?" asked a young English scout near me.

"Why! I guess that's 'Here Before Christ,'" was the ready reply of his Canadian comrade.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**FORT EDMONTON PUT INTO A STATE OF DEFENCE—INCESSANT DRILL AND TARGET PRACTICE.—ELASTIC BOAT BUILDING.—ANTICIPATED FAMINE IN THE NORTH—TEAMSTERS' STRIKE—SCOUT CAVALRY AND 65TH ADVANCE TO VICTORIA LEAVING DETACHMENTS—COLLECTING SUPPLIES—REAR COLUMN CLOSE UP—NEWSPAPER NEWS—FISH CREEK—FORT PITT—HALF-BREED SCARE—FLOUR-CLADS NOT APPRECIATED—SUGGESTED EXPERIMENTS RELEGATED TO THE ENEMY—PLAN OF CAMPAIGN—"MA BOULÉ ROULANT"—EDMONTON FOLK—MY OWN AFFAIRS.**

The Force took time, but found no difficulty in crossing the Saskatchewan by the large scow, used as a ferry. They encamped under the Fort on May 1st, and orders were issued to ascertain the different distances of conspicuous objects from various parts of the Fort, making lists of the same to be posted in each bastion, or other convenient places, for the information of the non-coms and men. By this means a very accurate fire could be obtained in case of attack. The Scout Cavalry and one company of the 65th paraded for target practice, the remaining two companies for skirmishing drill. All sorts of expedients had to be adopted to steady my wild horses and men. The Cavalry horses were brought up gradually close to the firing, until the men could fire over their backs. A pistol was fired as a signal for feed, with the same object. I appointed Inspector Grisbach, N.W.M.P., late of H.M. army, Major in the Militia. He commanded the troops in the Edmonton District on my departure, and was responsible that communication was maintained with the Column advancing, as also with Red Deer, and that supplies were forwarded.

No sooner had the Edmonton Home Guards, who were English, been disbanded at their own request, than, finding only French-Canadian troops were to be left to garrison Edmonton, they requested to be re-enrolled, and were promised Sniders on the arrival of the first lot. Colonel

Ouimet, however, having thought it more desirable, first armed some of the St. Albert French Half-breeds, of whom he had formed a troop under Captain de Georges, 65th, and they subsequently marched to Lac la Biche.

On the 2nd, the flat-boats which had been built were inspected. One large Hudson Bay boat, about 100 feet long and 25 feet beam, built the previous summer, and four smaller scows were completed, for no time had been lost. Extra hands were secured through the H.B.C. Factor, and the work went on. To an Englishman's eye, the boats certainly looked cranky. They had not the stiff construction of a British barge, and hardly appeared fit to carry a 9-pounder gun and ammunition, to say nothing of the lives of men. But the H.B.C. men explained that the construction was made elastic with a certain amount of give and take, for, as the boats constantly ran aground on the shifting sandbanks of the Saskatchewan, their double planks served better than thicker single timbers, and wooden pins were mainly used instead of nails.

The supplies, which had arrived by waggons, were unloaded and placed in H.B.C. mill by the bank of the river for transhipment to scows when ready. Extra supplies and forage were obtained by Captain Wright, Supply Officer, as speedily as possible, but there was a very small stock of provisions in Edmonton, H.B.C. Factor, McDougall, reporting that he anticipated a famine in the district and also far North, as so many H.B.C. Stores had been raided, and communication with northern points interrupted. Orders were therefore sent to H.B.C., Calgary, for further supplies.

Transport was reorganised, part being sent back to assist the second Column on the march and the remainder prepared for forward march of Major Steele's Scout Cavalry and two companies, 65th, under Captain Prévost, towards Victoria.

Considerable delay was caused on the evening of the 5th, when Major Steele's Column was preparing to move, by the teamsters refusing to advance without arms—they knew that General Middleton's teamsters had been supplied with rifles. The difficulty was eventually overcome by the promise of some on arrival at Victoria, beyond which place the teamsters positively declined to go unarmed. Arms were expected, having been telegraphed for before leaving

Calgary. The Staff at Ottawa, Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia, the Deputy Minister, Colonel Panet, Colonel Macpherson, Store Department, and Colonel Powell, A.G., were doubtless doing their best to help me, but Parliamentary Governments never leave a margin for military emergencies.

Colonel Osborne Smith lost no time in pushing forward the march of the two remaining Columns, which were on the road simultaneously. The bridging and road-repairing by pioneers of the first column facilitated the advance of the remainder.

Inspector Perry arrived on the 5th, with the remainder of the left wing, 65th Regiment, having left half a company at Red Deer, where he had stretched a wire rope and repaired sufficiently the scow of the ferry to transport 9-pounder gun he had brought from Fort McLeod. As the Artillery ammunition had been twelve years in store it was necessary to try it, as well as to give the gunners some practice. It proved serviceable, but the quantity of case-shot being very limited, bags full of trade bullets were filled from H. B. C. Stores as a substitute. And they were found superior to the Woolwich pattern.

After the transport teams had unloaded on the bank, ready for transhipment to the boats, part was sent back to assist the third Column, while the balance proceeded with the remainder of the 65th to Victoria.

On the 7th, one company of the 65th marched to Battle River, and half a company to Peace Hill Farm, to watch the Indians and guard the communications. Inspector Dowling N.W.M.P., had established regular couriers as the Columns advanced, and arrangements were made for the completion of the defence of Fort Edmonton, caulkers and boat builders being attached to the garrison.

On the 8th, Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes, with the remainder of the 65th, marched towards Victoria, having been preceded by Major Steele's Scout Cavalry. On that day and the following the defences of Fort Edmonton were completed, shelter trenches dug, and the balance of supplies and forage drawn in, but as the grass was getting green, a few oats only had to be carried, for the hardy bronchos get along with what grass they can pick up at night while herded.

It is a proof of the astonishing rapidity with which news is conveyed by Indians that before hearing from General Middleton of his engagement at Fish Creek, my Scouts

captured a Half-breed upon whom a letter was found, written from Fish Creek by a Half-breed engaged there. He detailed the position of Half-breeds and Indians, and in boastful terms claimed a victory, declaring that fighting white men was like shooting buffaloes. This, of course, I discounted, but sent the letter to General Middleton, as the details and method of their fighting would be useful to know.

Subsequently I received a cipher telegram from General Middleton.

“ Fish Creek, 20th April.

“ I had a ————— (words unintelligible) and held my own but had 6 killed and 50 wounded.”

Papers also reached us which gave the situation from the outside, thus :—

*Montreal Daily Citizen.* April 29th, 1885.—“ The situation in the North West does not appear to be very satisfactory at the present moment. When the battle was fought at Fish Creek, 15 miles from Batoche, on Friday last, General Middleton supposed apparently that the rebels were without the means of crossing the river at a point below Batoche's Crossing, and that they would therefore be compelled to retreat upon that place. He then felt that it would be safe to follow them up and intended doing so. It appears, however, that the rebels, seeing that General Middleton had brought across all the troops from the west bank of the river, determined to embarrass him and they found the means of crossing over to that side a few miles below where the fight occurred. He cannot, therefore, with his whole force move upon Batoche, as that would expose his base and enable the rebels to cut him off from his supplies. He had calculated upon the steamers *Northcote* and *Minnow* arriving at Clarke's Crossing on Sunday morning, with the Midland Battalion, which would have guarded the base and protected the transports. The steamers have not arrived, having, it is feared, grounded at some point on the river, and perhaps met with trouble from rebels who are said to line the river banks at places where the brush is thick. At any rate they had not arrived this morning, and, therefore General Middleton is still tethered at Fish Creek. He might send across the river the Second Division of his little Force, but after the encounter of Friday, and in the face of the enemy open as it would be to surprises from behind, this would be dangerous. Probably, too, failing the arrival of the steamers, supplies are

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not too plentiful. Colonel Otter's Column is still at Battleford, awaiting orders to march upon Poundmaker's Reserve. In view of the indecisive result of the Fish Creek battle, and with the rebels across the river, it would be dangerous to leave Battleford, which would be on the rebels' line of retreat, probably, without strong protection. General Strange, with the right wing of his brigade, had arrived at Red Deer River, 90 miles from Calgary, and about half way to Edmonton on Saturday last. He will probably arrive there to-morrow or the next day. News of his arrival will not be received, however, until the end of this week or the beginning of next, as it will have to come by courier all the way."

*Winnipeg Times*, May 1st.—"On to Batoche. General Middleton decides to advance at once. Severe engagement expected within next few days. Colonel Otter not yet started against Indians. Indians boldly stealing horses round Medicine Hat. An uprising in the Edmonton district prevented. There is no doubt, whatever, that Major-General Strange's expedition to Edmonton has saved the district from a serious Indian as well as Half-breed uprising, the troops arriving in the nick of time. At McLeod all the Indian prisoners have been given their liberty. They have killed cattle there and the authorities are afraid to prosecute them. Indians have crossed over the border, it is said, for the purpose of trying to induce their American brethren to take up arms and come over and join them in helping Riel. From Calgary, May 1st. Colonel Ouimet of the 65th arrived here by train yesterday afternoon. He started to join his battalion by special conveyance this morning, accompanied by escort of Alberta Mounted Rifles. They expect to overtake Colonel Smith's force at Red Deer. Colonel Amyot, commanding 9th Battalion from Quebec in garrison here, constantly drilling, relieved detachments of 92nd W. L. I. at McLeod and Gleichen, and Crowfoot. A portion of Captain Stewart's corps are watching the Cyprus Hills' trails. They expect the refugees from the North, rendered desperate by defeat, will make for the wooded country of the Cyprus Hills. Captain Cotton, North-West Mounted Police, at Fort McLeod, is now in command of all troops south of Colonel Smith's position. Posts are being formed along the line towards Wood Mountain."

*Edmonton Bulletin*, May 2nd, 1885. — "'Blue Quill,' Wood Cree Chief of Victoria, partially corroborates the story of the taking of Fort Pitt. The Fort was surprised by the Indians on the night of the 15th or 16th. Two Police were killed, one wounded, and one taken

prisoner. No Indians were killed. Two persons who were in the Fort, names unknown, made their escape by land. The remaining policemen, partially clothed, succeeded in escaping to the boats and got away under fire from the Indians, but the latter thought they would perish from cold before reaching Battleford. The Indians secured a large amount of plunder in the Fort, and 30 rifles, which were broken, and were probably the number over the amount in use by the Police. J. McLean factor, and Jas. Simpson, clerk to H. B. C., and their families are prisoners in the Indian Camp, also a Half-breed from Victoria, named Rabiscan; John Prichard and family, and a number of Half-breeds, probably traders. There has been no murdering since the taking of the Fort. Mrs. — is being terribly used, being traded round among the Indians, and cannot live long.\* The buildings were not destroyed, but were wrecked, and a great value in furs destroyed. Twelve days ago 'Big Bear' was camped on the east side of Frog Lake, with 40 tents, awaiting the return of his scouts, four of whom went to White Fish lake, six to Lac la Biche, and fifteen southward. Unless he can largely increase his band he will probably join Poundmaker.† Scouts from Poundmaker's band arrived at Abram Sylva's settlement on Battle River, on Tuesday of last week, driving a span of Police horses and a buckboard. Their mission was to induce the Indians from Bear's Hill to go East to join Poundmaker. They reported that Poundmaker was camped thirty miles west of Battleford, with 200 head of cattle and 700 head of horses, and that they had not seen a policeman outside of Battleford for a month, and were elated at the general situation. The news of the near approach of soldiers had a most quieting effect on Bear's Hill band, butter would not melt in their mouths. One of the ringleaders in raiding the H. B. Store was busy fixing his whiffle trees to a plough to start ploughing. He wanted to know if he would be interfered with by the soldiers if they saw him at work as they passed along. Most of the former hostiles had gone eastward, probably to join Poundmaker, the leading Cree Chief of Battleford, who is putative son of Crow-foot, head chief of the Blackfeet. It is through this relationship that Riel hopes to unite the Crees and Blackfeet in a common cause, wherein our great danger lies."

Lieut.-Colonel Osborne Smith and the Winnipeg Light Infantry with the Alberta Mounted Rifles, and a further convoy of

\* This statement was happily not true. When released, the lady prisoners said they had been well treated and protected by the Indian Chiefs.

† Fortunately he did not do so, probably the rough handling Poundmaker got from Colonel Otter's Column decided him not to cast in his lot with him. He preferred to wait for my weaker Force in a more inaccessible country.

stores arrived on May 10th, at Edmonton, and on the following day, the W.L.I. and Alberta Mounted Rifles carried on target practice.

The whole of the troops under my command being recruits, and the horses of the Cavalry unused to fire, it was necessary to utilize any spare time by target practice and drill, while boats were being built and supplies collected.

Chief Factor McDougall, H.B.C., rendered me every assistance, but it was difficult to obtain reliable boatmen and pilots.

I was compelled to discharge the first set hired, as they allowed the boats to sink for want of baling. Half-breeds were the only men acquainted with the river, but their friends had established such a scare as to the certainty of the boats and the men in them being destroyed by the fire of Indians from the commanding wooded banks, that it was difficult to obtain boatmen. Indeed, it was evident that in parts where the river was narrow, a few trees felled into the water and carried down by the current to some of the numerous sandbanks and shallows, would effectually detain the flotilla under fire. But the excellent scouting and the march of the land Column along the north bank of the river, with which they were kept in continual touch by Steele, prevented any attack of the sort from that bank on which the Indians were.

On one night only, when in the neighbourhood of Saddle Lake, were the boats fired upon. The 65th landed to repulse the attack, but as no "good Indians," *i.e.*, dead ones, were found next morning, and none of our men were hit, the attack was not a determined one.

I had made the best provision I could against plunging fire from the banks. The boats were not decked, but had a narrow platform running round. Barrels of salt pork and beef, and sacks of flour were arranged along the sides, above and below the gunwale, giving a double tier of fire, loop holes being formed by intervals between the sacks, and holes cut under the gunwale. A high traverse of the same materials was constructed along the centre of the boat.

*Section of pork & flour - clad for Infantry*

The gunboat to carry the 9-pounder was more solidly built, with a platform of stout timber in the centre, and bales of hay formed a musket-proof parapet. As there was not space to allow full recoil, the gun was lashed, the whole boat taking the recoil, the gun being traversed by pointing the boat's head in the direction the gun was to fire. As I had fired a 110-pounder gun at Shoeburyness off a raft constructed of casks, with a superstructure of planks, I had no doubts about the boat bearing the recoil without injury. The horse boat was also more solidly built than those for Infantry.

*Section of Flour-clad Gun-boat*

*Section of Hay-clad Horse-boat*

Unfortunately my flour-clads, which were mainly carried along by the current and steered by sweeps, did not inspire the same confidence as did the steam flotilla of General Middleton. To add to the difficulties of the situation, the officer commanding W.L.I. forwarded to me an official letter, condemning the construction of the boats, together with a request for a Board to try experiments on the penetration of flour sacks by rifle bullets, and finally a request to be allowed to condemn a large proportion of the ammunition issued to the troops, the defects of which had been brought to light by target practice.



Cavalry, keep communication with the boats, which carried the bulk of the provisions, land transport being difficult. I meant to effect a junction within striking distance of the enemy, yet not so near as to jeopardise the disembarkation. My force was to proceed eastward, and the Battleford column, supplemented by steamers which could go up stream from General Middleton's Force, to come westward, until we should open communication, and attack from both sides, either Poundmaker, or Big Bear, or both united, as the case might be. This plan I had submitted to General Middleton, and obtained his approval; but the Hudson Bay officials, who were undoubtedly the best judges of Indian habits of thought, assured me that the Indians would inevitably attack the French-Canadian column, whether it went by land or by water. I had no intention of giving them the chance, and, as I had ascertained by my advanced Scouts that there were no hostiles in any numbers west of Victoria, I ordered the land Column to halt at Victoria, to effect a junction with the boats there.

My intention was to land the English troops (W.L.I.) at that place, and embark the French-Canadians. But I kept this to myself, knowing that my every movement was reported by Half-breed sympathisers, and would be published by Press correspondents in my own Force, if they got the chance. Both were deceived by the manner in which the Force left Edmonton.

The reasons given by the Hudson Bay officials for their belief that the French-Canadians would be attacked in preference was the belief before expressed: that the little soldiers who spoke French like Half-breeds and did not wear red coats (for even the Police wore scarlet), could not be the Queen's men, and might possibly, from sympathy with them, be half-hearted.

The result showed that they were mightily mistaken, as I felt sure they would be.

As there was an openly-expressed opinion that the flotilla would never reach its destination without disaster, I embarked in it myself with the Staff. But I had no intention of being caught in the boats while my Force was engaged on shore.

On the 14th, we dropped down the river with the Winnipeg Light Infantry and the 9-pounder gun and horses in five scows, Scouts in canoes leading the advance.

The weather cleared, the tall pines rustled overhead, and the swift, yellow, gold-bearing waters of the Saskatchewan swirled beneath us for many a mile, for it was 300 to Fort Pitt. There was a certain luxury in enjoying the "dolce far niente" after our hard marching, though a sharp lookout had to be kept, and the Winnipeg men pulled lustily at the sweeps, cheered by the lively boat songs of the French-Canadian pilots, with which one had become familiar in many a lumber camp in days gone by. I had not the heart to stop them, though they might have attracted the attention of a prowling Indian scout; still it cut both ways, raising the confidence of my men, while it showed the Indians we had no dread of what they could do. But it had to stop towards dusk, in fact it died down of itself when the men knew it was dangerous.

#### BOATMAN'S SONG.

"C'est l'aviron, qui nous monte, qui nous mene,  
C'est l'aviron, qui nous monte en haut.

A la claire fontaine  
M'en allant promener  
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle  
Que je m'y suis baigné.  
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Vive la Canadienne !  
Vole, mon cœur, vole !  
Vive la Canadienne !  
Et ses jolis yeux doux,  
Et ses jolis yeux, doux, doux, doux,  
Et ses jolis yeux doux !

Derrier chez nous, y a-t'un étang  
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,  
Roulé, roulant, ma boulé roulant,  
En roulant ma boulé !"

*Da Capo.*

Before leaving Edmonton, I received a deputation from the inhabitants requesting that a larger garrison should be left there, and wherever I went it was the same story of alarmed citizens begging that I should still further reduce a Force already inadequate to the task before it.

To bear this statement out, I give an extract from the *Edmonton Bulletin*, of May 15th.

“On Wednesday afternoon last, a deputation, consisting of Messrs. J. Brown, J. Cameron, and J. A. McDougall, presented a petition to Major-General Strange, in command of the Alberta Field Force.

‘We, the undersigned inhabitants of Edmonton District, having heard of your determination to remove all the troops stationed in Edmonton, except one company of the 65th Battalion, beg to state for your consideration the following facts :—

‘1st.—That this, the most important place, is the only point along the whole North Saskatchewan River which has not yet suffered attack; 2nd.—That we are surrounded on every side by numerous Indians, some of them already hostile and others restive; 3rd.—That, the Indians being accustomed to a method of transmitting intelligence, marvellous for its accuracy and rapidity, your departure and our defenceless position will be at once known among them: it is therefore necessary, as a precautionary measure that more troops should be left with us, and that we ourselves should be properly armed and liberally supplied with fixed ammunition; and this not only for the protection of our lives and properties, but that we may be auxiliary to such garrison as may be left here. You, yourself, must be aware that the preservation of private property means not only benefit to the owners thereof, but also the cutting off of supplies from the enemy, and tends to the more speedy crushing of the Rebellion. We, therefore, beg earnestly to request (1) that, until the present troubles are past, at least three companies of troops be left with us as a garrison; (2) and that we ourselves may be forthwith furnished with proper arms and be liberally supplied with the necessary ammunition therefor.

‘For the people of Edmonton

(Signed) ‘JOHN BROWN.

‘JOHN CAMERON.

‘J. A. McDOUGALL, J.P.’

"The deputation was well received by Major-General Strange, and the following reply was received next day :—

' Gentlemen,

' I cannot cripple the expedition which I am ordered to carry through, by leaving more troops at Edmonton. You will bear in mind that, besides the company of the 65th and the Edmonton Volunteer Company left in Hudson Bay Fort, Edmonton, there is also another company of the 65th, with a small detachment of Police at Fort Saskatchewan, as well as a half company of the 65th at Government Farm. I have ordered a detachment of Alberta Rifles, under Lieutenant Dunne, to patrol in your neighbourhood until the arrival of the 4th company, W.L.I., which are reported to have left Calgary on the 7th, and they cannot now be very far from Edmonton, and they are being followed by two companies of W.L.I., to leave Calgary with convoy of provisions to-morrow. Since my arrival I have not ceased to telegraph, pointing out the necessity of supplying arms to the citizens to protect themselves. I have this day received by telegram from General Middleton information that he has ordered 100 stand of arms for the Edmonton Home Guards. I have improved, and given directions for still further improvement of the defences of Fort Edmonton, which I hope you will assist in carrying out. *I notice with surprise and regret that few of the names appended to this petition appear on the roll of the Home Guard, as it exists at present.* There are a few stand of rifles still unappropriated, besides two cannon, which require gun detachments, and for which Volunteers should offer and be drilled. Those willing to assist in the construction of the extra defences will, I trust, send their names to Major Grisbach, N.W.M.P., an experienced officer, of local knowledge, to whom is entrusted the command of the District in my absence.

' I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

' Your obedient servant,

' T. B. STRANGE, Major-General,

' Commanding Alberta District.' "

Subsequently Colonel Ouimet arrived, and was in command. Captain Hamilton, Supply Officer, also remained at Edmonton. While attending to other people's affairs I was

by no means at ease about my own, and wrote to my wife from Edmonton :

“———,

“The Butlers are fugitives at Fort Saskatchewan, their house gutted, ours may be next.

“I have information that there are eight lodges of Crees camped and watching our place. I suppose Major —— has not energy enough to make them leave. The first blow I strike they will burn our house. I am glad you and the children are safe in Calgary, though it will cost us a fortune. Send the family papers in right-hand drawer of my writing-table at Ranche House to be kept in Federal Bank vaults, Kingston. . . .

“Yours, etc., T. B. STRANGE.”

## CHAPTER IX.

ORDERS FOR FLOTILLA — CANOE SCOUTS — FORT SASKATCHEWAN  
 REFUGEES—5,000 DOLLAR PRISONER—MISCELLANEOUS VOLUNTEER AIDS  
 —AN EX-HUSSAR—THE CHURCH MILITANT—FORT VICTORIA—PROTECTED  
 COMMUNICATIONS—POW-WOW—A PRESS CORRESPONDENT IN THE RANKS  
 —SCOUT REPORTS—COMMUNICATION OPENED WITH GENERAL MIDDLE-  
 TON—A LETTER TO BIG BEAR—AN AUDACIOUS SCOUT.

The following order was issued for the flotilla, which was composed of eight large flat-bottomed boats with a Hudson Bay pilot and assistant on each.

“Five Infantry boats, each containing a company with camp equipage, ammunition, and food supplies.

“One gunboat, containing an Artillery detachment, N.W.M.P., 9-pounder gun, and ammunition.

“One horse barge, with forage, and carrying the gun team.

“One ferry-boat scow, carrying stores and a coil of wire rope, sufficient to span the river, thus creating, in a few hours, a ferry enabling the troops to act on either side of the river.”

The flotilla was preceded by river scouts, men of the type one finds on all wilderness waterways of the West, Half-breeds mostly, who can balance on a log going down a swift stream, the only way to do which is, balance pole in hand, to give the log a regular rotation with the feet, dancing in fact, keeping time to their own wild chansons. In a birch-bark canoe they will balance a portly Englishman playing a salmon.

Whenever the boats were made fast to the banks by night or day, pickets and sentries were of course posted, but landing was seldom found necessary, as even the cooking was done on board, stones being placed in the barges to support the

stoves. Officers and men were divided into watches, as on board ship, and there was no bugle-sounding, except on an emergency, our object being to slip down the river attracting as little notice as possible. In the event of being fired upon the orders were—the flotilla was to keep on never minding, without returning fire except by special order. Incessant pumping and bailing were necessary, as the boats were newly constructed, on the elastic plan of the Hudson Bay Company's boats already alluded to, and leaked considerably.

Passed Fort Saskatchewan on the morning of the 15th, where prisoners were landed \* and the Fort inspected. There had been a heavy snowstorm the previous night and early morning, and the snow lodged on our blankets while we slept. The refugees within the pallisades of the Fort were in tents, and, as may be supposed, far from comfortable. Amongst them I found Major Butler, his wife and children, and governess, the latter the daughter of an old brother officer. These delicately-nurtured ladies bore their hardships like "thoroughbred 'uns" with *gaieté de cœur*, in spite of the deplorable fact that all their finery and adornments had been thrown down a well for concealment, when their house was looted by the Indians ; but they retained natural beauties which compensated. Another lady, a bride, when told in the hour of peril to secure what she valued most, promptly threw her wedding dress out of the window into the waggon which stood ready to start with the fugitives. She clung to that garment through hurried flight by day and stealthy bivouac by night, until she reached the shelter of the pallisades of Fort Saskatchewan, where it was spread upon her lowly bed to make up for the blankets she had left to the

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\* The Half-breed prisoners before mentioned, who had been in communication with Riel, and whom I had brought down the river with me, I handed over to Grisbach, with the suggestion not to hurry the trial until the present troubles were over. These gentlemen, on being amnestied, brought an action against me for false imprisonment, and claimed 5,000 dollars damages, which, as the Imperial Government had deprived me of my pension for taking up arms, I was scarcely in a position to pay, but as I had given the prisoners over to the civil power, I was relieved of the responsibility. I never heard whether these rebels were compensated by the Government for the sake of the Half-breed vote, which brought in their candidate. But I do know that while rebels were paid large sums for losses, the consequence of their own misconduct, many loyal men were not paid for services rendered. But this is a constantly recurring phase of Government by votes. Among others I have just received a letter from Archdeacon (then Canon) McKay, who states he had not yet received the pay of 360 dollars which I sanctioned for his services as Chaplain, let alone interpreter and scout. But if the Canadian Government were neglectful, the Church was not. The late Bishop of Saskatchewan assured in reply to a letter of recommendation, that he would take the Canon's war service into account by promoting him to the rank of Archdeacon.

Indians. Possibly she had had an idea that the garment might soon come in handy again in those troubled days.

Major Butler begged to accompany my Force, and as he had some years' experience as a settler in the country, I put him in charge of the road-repairing party, while the ladies volunteered as hospital nurses to the Force; in vain I informed them that there were no becoming caps or aprons amongst the medical comforts, and they only abandoned their purpose when I assured them they were much too attractive for the position.

The composite character of volunteer service offered to me, was added to by the subjoined telegram from an ex-Hussar, my old friend Captain Palliser, of the 7th, who wired thus :

"Ottawa,

"Minister consents, am off to join you as captain, but will serve with pleasure as full private.

(Signed) "PALLISER."

He made his way to the front, sometimes riding couriers' horses, which was rough on both parties, for he stood about six and a half feet, and rode over fourteen stone. Finally, he paddled down the Saskatchewan in a dug-out canoe, with a Half-breed guide, and restored my communications, which had been interrupted, thus rendering important service.

The church militant was strong in the force; with the leading Scouts, acting as interpreter, was Canon McKay, of the Anglican Church. He, like the Rev. J. McDougall, who had preceded me to Edmonton, and still accompanied me, was born in the North-West. The son of an old Hudson Bay official, he had a University education and the gift of tongues Indian. The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, a young Presbyterian minister, marched from Fort McLeod with the Mounted Police, and the 65th had their faithful chaplain, whose name I have forgotten. All these reverend gentlemen were well armed and mounted, except the latter, who rode in an ambulance and carried no weapon but a crucifix, with which he went under fire to administer the rites of his Church to the mortally wounded.

Exception has been taken to the warlike character of my reverend scouts, but it must be borne in mind that they were men as well as missionaries, and, like others, eagerly desired to rescue the Englishwomen from the hands of the Indians.

Canon, now the Venerable Archdeacon, McKay often went alone in advance of my Scouts, and in the fight at Loon Lake, he exposed himself recklessly with a white flag of truce, seeking to obtain a parley for the surrender of the captives, who, as we advanced, were carried further by Big Bear, through swamp and muskeg to the impenetrable forests in his rear. All attempts at truce or parley were vain, Canon McKay's Indian neophytes would have none of him or his white flag, except trying to shoot him.

On reaching Victoria, May 16th, I found an old Hudson Bay Post, which I ordered to be put in a state of defence, and a detachment of the 65th left as garrison. Settlers coming in, having abandoned their farms, were enrolled as a Home Guard under the Rev. Mr. McLachlan, Methodist minister. The situation is best described by an extract from a letter I wrote at the time.

“ Victoria, May 18th, 1885.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ This is a very lovely place, an old H. B. C. Fort I am trying to repair and garrison with settlers ; poor people, who have been hiding in the woods, return when they see the troops. The young children look especially miserable, and many have died. I shall try and get food for them, and get them all into the Fort. The country is in a terrible state—no food—and ravaged by Indians and Riel emissaries. I can't be everywhere at once. If the ——— Government would only send arms for settlers they could defend themselves. General Middleton seems to be well supplied with regular troops, artillery, and a steam flotilla. I wish you saw my flotilla of flour-clads floating down the Saskatchewan. If it were not for the amazing delay of the Militia Store Department in sending arms, etc., and opposition from almost every source, except the enemy, I would have been through this business a fortnight ago, or at any rate, a good way through it.”

I have been blamed for weakening my Force by leaving too many detachments to protect my communications and secondary base, but I was justified by the results. My long line of communication, of about 500 miles by trail and river, was never seriously interrupted, I never lost a supply train, and in the end, Big Bear's band was dispersed, the white captives set at liberty, and Big Bear himself and his sub-

chiefs, surrendered. And this was accomplished with a minimum of casualties to my Force. On the other hand, the loss of any of the ground which I had covered, would have caused more serious panic to the settlers and encouragement to the Indians than even the abandonment of Fort Carlton and the loss of Fort Pitt and the captives there taken. Moreover, I had expected that the remaining companies of W. L. I., the first of which should have reached Edmonton the day after I left, would have been pushed on more quickly than they were, followed by the 9th Battalion Voltigeurs, Colonel Oswald, to be replaced by the Montreal Garrison Artillery, Colonel Amyot, an excellent battalion of blue-coated Infantry, who had formerly been under my command, and were anxious to join me; they, however, were kept at Regina.

But to return to the flotilla. The horseboat unfortunately sank when starting from Fort Saskatchewan. The Artillery drivers crossed in a small boat, towed the leading horse by his picket cord, the rest followed, were secured by the drivers, and, marching by land, joined the Force. The boat having sunk near the shore, was raised by pumping out the water, and was then towed in rear.

On the 17th, messengers came into my camp from "Peccan," a chief of the Crees, who had resisted both the intimidation and persuasions of Big Bear to make him join the rebellion. As one of Peccan's men had killed one of Big Bear's, he dreaded reprisals. Through my interpreter, the Rev. J. McDougall, I enquired if any of his men would join us as scouts. He assured me that these Indians, being under Methodist influence could be trusted. It is a fact, explain it how you may, that though Protestant missionaries were plundered, Roman priests only were murdered. The same day Steele, with Scout Cavalry, moved out to Saddle Lake.

On the 18th, Peccan himself came into camp, and after a "Pow Wow," replied that he must consult his band, if he should actively assist us. Whilst awaiting his answer, troops were instructed in attack formation, and a detachment of W. L. I., under Lieutenant Alexander, in constructing kedge anchors for boats (a framework of stout wood filled with stones). Though the delay was irritating, I thought it important to secure the assistance of Peccan's Indians, who knew every step of the country, whereas my cowboys

were now on new ground, and in wooded country very different from their own.

Heavy rain fell on the 19th, and the black mud was churned up on the soft trails. Report came from Steele that the advanced party of Scouts, under Corryell, had not been heard of, and must be short of provisions. There was also a report of their capture (not authentic), and no news of Hatton's advance.

The dilatory Peccan came into camp on the 20th, and said that his people would not consent to act as scouts. Hatton's Cavalry being reported close, I therefore marched from Victoria with the Winnipeg Light Infantry and 9-pdr. gun. The 65th, under Colonel Hughes, I ordered to embark in the flotilla and drop down the river, touch being maintained between the land and river Columns by means of the Mounted Scouts.

In pursuance of my plan for keeping dark my arrangement as to which party should go by the boats, I allowed the English-Canadians to remain where they were, camped close to the boats, and the French-Canadians in the camp which terminated their march from Edmonton. At the last moment the French Regiment was marched down to the boats and the English remained with me.

I had in my camp what Lord Wolseley has called the "curse of modern armies,"—Correspondents, but in one instance only did I find them so. They were anxious to send back by the last courier the final arrangements for my advance and were very importunate for information. The duty of misleading them I delegated to my Brigade-Major, a task he performed *con amore*. But vials of concentrated wrath were poured upon me by next mail. I was denounced as a madman, who did not know his own mind for twenty-four hours, fatigue and responsibility having reduced me to this deplorable condition ! The fact being, I did know my own mind, but took care no one else did, as I had reason to believe that information in the Winnipeg Press was conveyed to Half-breeds by sympathisers.

The Methodist minister was utilised as a Captain of the Home Guards (*i.e.* the enrolled settlers) and entrusted with maintaining communication. The stores also were placed in his charge, and he had to issue rations to the settlers and their families while they were unable to procure food for themselves. He was shown how to construct a stockade bastion

for an unprotected angle. A half company of the 65th was left to garrison the Fort.

May 20th.—Marched to camp, Vermilion Creek, and issued the following orders:—

Countersign—"JERICHO."

- 1.—No bugles will sound in camp except Reveillé.
- 2.—In the event of an attack, the men will extend, take the best cover at hand, and open fire. Remaining in compact bodies under fire is to be avoided.
- 3.—The outlying pickets will march in at Reveillé, leaving the sentries standing. The pickets having had their breakfasts, the sentries will be relieved from their pickets to enable them to obtain theirs. The sentries will be finally withdrawn when the Column leaves the camp, the outlying pickets forming the rear-guard.

I have come upon one of Steele's reports, which shows the thorough way he did his work. He had previously reported that the hostile Indians had left their Reserves near Saddle Lake, and cached supplies, which he discovered.

"Camp, Saddle Lake,

"20th May, 1885, 6 p.m.

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE, Commanding A.F.F.,

"Vermilion Creek.

"Sir,

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your dispatch per Trooper McQuarry.

"I have received no news from the front so far. The men who went out have still rations for one day. The scouting party went out seven miles to-day to the front, E. and S.E., and have nothing to report.

"The working party of the 65th arrived here yesterday. Sergeant Borrowdaile, of Scouts, who has been directing them, reports the trail has been put in good order. They are repairing the crossing of the creek in our front to-day and for 10 miles east the trail is good.

"As the boats have orders to go on to St. Pauls by to-morrow evening, I will have the country thoroughly examined by scouts along their flank.

"We have collected the remainder of the barley to-day,

about 550 bushels in all. The potatoes we have not touched, not having bags to put them in.

"The old trail is impassable, the road which has been repaired is the south fork, *via* the Indian Farm.

"There is excellent camping ground here for the whole Column, water and wood convenient, and country pretty open.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. B. STEELE, Major,

"Commanding Cavalry."

Having camped at Vermilion Creek on the night of the 21st, Saddle Lake was reached next day. That evening Corryell returned with Scouts and party of Cavalry sent to get communication with the boats, and reported that 65th outposts had opened fire on some Indian scouts near the bank.

One of my couriers carrying dispatches, (a brother of Steele) also reported being fired upon, and he had a bullet hole in his hat.

As I was anxious to open communication with Colonel Otter's column at Battleford, and thus with General Middleton, who had arranged to send the first steamer available, with troops up the river, to take Big Bear in reverse, while I advanced from the west, I called for volunteers for this hazardous service. Sergeant Borrowdaile and Scout Scott volunteered to go in a canoe down the Saskatchewan to Battleford, hiding themselves and the canoe by day in the bush, and paddling at night. Sent by them a dispatch, detailing my present strength and position, and saying that it was my intention to push on to Fort Pitt as fast as possible.

The following long-delayed telegram in cipher came round by Calgary and reached me by courier.

"Fish Creek, May 1st.

"To MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE, Commanding A.F.F.,

"Calgary.

"Carry out your original plan, release the poor women if possible. Go to Fort Pitt and restore confidence. Until you hear further do not move on Battleford. These — raw soldiers require whipping up at first when the fracas begins — attack surround flying. (*sic*) We have 10 killed, and 40

to 45 wounded. The wounded are doing well. Steamer *Northcote* with some supplies stuck, shall move in a day or two.

“FRED MIDDLETON.”

Meanwhile, Fort Pitt had been abandoned by the Police and burnt by the Indians.

My messengers duly reached General Middleton, without mishap, except that Sergeant Borrowdaile had lost his pistol.

General Middleton sent them back to me with a letter from him to Big Bear, demanding his immediate surrender. On Borrowdaile asking for a pistol to be issued to him out of the store for the return journey, the General told him it was not necessary, as he himself would go through the country with a stick. When he did come, however, he arrived with steamers, carrying a Battalion of Infantry, Gatling guns, and Cavalry.

General Middleton's letter, addressed to Big Bear, for various reasons—among others the deficiency of pillar post-boxes—failed to reach that gentleman. As for that audacious young scout, Borrowdaile, he was not crushed by the General's joke about his walking-stick. He came back to his comrades with the turned-up leaf of his broad hat bearing the inscription: “I was not at Fish Creek—I was not at Batoche.” I told him of General Middleton's letter to Big Bear, and the Sergeant certainly did his best to deliver the message—*from his rifle*—at Loon Lake.

## CHAPTER IX.

ORDER OF MARCH—QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT FROG LAKE—MASSACRE—  
FORT PITT—COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL—SCOUTS ON THE WRONG  
TRAIL—STEELE'S FIRST SKIRMISH—FRENCHMAN'S BUTTE.

On May 22nd, the column, after dinner at 11 a.m., struck tents and marched at noon. We could not get off before, as the grain and potatoes, abandoned by the Indians, and for which there were no bags, had to be collected, stowed in the waggon-boxes, and all other articles piled on top. The pioneer detachment (65th) accompanied the advance guard, carried provisions for three days, and had instructions to go ahead whenever opportunity offered. Major Butler had charge of this road-repairing party. The Winnipeg Light Infantry formed advance guard, one company, without flankers; scouting and flanking being done by Steele's Scouts, who kept connection with Infantry advance by connecting files as usual. The Infantry advance guard was followed by the gun, with ammunition waggons—as per diagram.

## ORDER OF MARCH.

	”		
	”	”	”
”	”	”	”
Major Steele's	††	Cavalry.	
„ Major Hatton's	††	Cavalry.	”
	”		
Pioneers	□	65th Regiment.	
Waggons		to carry pioneers and tools.	
”			”
	”		

Advance Guard		W. L. Infantry.
Empty Waggon		to carry Infantry.
9-pounder gun.		
"	††	"
Artillery		ammunition waggon.
Head Quarter Staff		waggon.
Steele's		waggon.
Hatton's		waggon.
Infantry ammunition		waggon.
"		"
Main body W. L. Infantry		under Colonel Smith.
Empty waggon		to carry Infantry.
" Hospital		waggon. "
Infantry tent and cooking		waggon.
" Supply		waggon. "
	"	

W. L. Infantry		rear guard.
Empty Waggon		to carry Infantry.
"		"
Cavalry	††††	rear guard.
"	"	"

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„ Mounted Scouts.*	□ Pioneers.
†† Cavalry.	Waggon.
Advance and Rear Guards.	Main Body.

## ORDERS.

As usual the waggon will be corralled as nearly as possible in a circle. No waggon will be allowed out of the circle, except the Gun, unlimbered, in a position to obtain fire, but then as near as possible to Artillery waggon. No tents for cooking or truck of any kind allowed within the corral.

The different corps, Head Quarter Staff, etc., will pitch tents in single line round the corrals, as near as practicable to their own waggon. These orders to be carried out as far as the nature of the ground will permit. Herders will take charge of the horses.\*

In the event of attack on line of march, the waggon will, if ground permit, drive into a circular corral under Captain Wright, assisted by Mr. Allan, waggon boss. Teamsters will defend the corral.

The long-expected rifles having arrived, the teamsters, who were all Western men and mostly accustomed to handle a rifle, were issued arms as I had promised them.

When the supply waggon became empty, as they could not return to Edmonton without escort and a certain amount of food for teamsters and horses, they were used to carry infantry, which enabled the Force to move with greater rapidity along the trails, now deep in mud from incessant rain.

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\* Herders were well-armed cowboys.

The character of the country continued the same from Victoria, undulating and intersected by creeks, lakes, and swamps draining into the Saskatchewan, varied by thickly-wooded poplar bluffs, interspersed with open patches of prairie. The soil was a rich black vegetable mould, doubtless very fertile if cultivated, but there were no signs of such since leaving Victoria, except the patch of farm cultivated for the Indians near Saddle and Frog Lake Reserves.

On the 23rd, we camped east of Dog Rump Creek, and the Alberta Mounted Rifles rejoined the Force. In consequence of there being a scarcity of biscuits, they were retained for emergencies, and the troops were warned to have bread baked in anticipation of their requirements. The Western cook with his collapsible sheet iron stove performs miracles of baking, even on the march and under all sorts of difficulties.

Camped at Moose Hill Creek, near Frog Lake, on the 24th.

The following is from an unknown correspondent to the Press :—

“The Queen's birthday at Frog Lake. The Winnipeg Light Infantry spent a unique Queen's birthday this year. It dawned cold and rainy on them at Dogberry Creek, 45 miles west of Fort Pitt. Breakfast was taken in the rain at 5 o'clock, after which General Strange made the following address :

“He said: ‘Colonel Smith, officers, and men of the Light Infantry. You have marched admirably, and I am proud of the stuff I command. This is the Queen's birthday, without the Queen's weather. We cannot have any fireworks to-day, Mr. Big Bear won't give us the chance, but from information I have, we are close behind him, and when the chance does come, I know you are the stuff to take it. As this is the Queen's birthday, let us give her three cheers.’

“The cheers were given and then, it being Sunday, the first verse of the ‘Old Hundredth’ was sung, and the march resumed. The rain came down steadily till noon. At about that hour it commenced to clear up, and by three o'clock it was quite fine, and the sun shining brightly. The column camped for the night one mile from Frog Creek, where the massacre occurred, strong pickets

and guards being on duty. After supper, several of the officers and men walked to Frog Lake Settlement, and there a terrible sight was seen. The settlement consisted of the Roman Catholic Mission, a mill, and some eight or nine settlers' houses. The Church, parsonage, mill, and every settler's house was burnt and levelled to the ground, and their contents strewn around. In the cellar of the parsonage, and guided there by the terrible smell, one of the most awful sights I ever beheld was witnessed. Four headless bodies were found huddled together in a corner. Two of the bodies had been Father Fafard and Father Marchand, another was that of the lay brother, and the fourth, some one unknown. The corpses were horribly mangled, all four heads were charred with fire beyond recognition. The bodies of the priests were recognised by their beads found in their pockets. The remains of Delaney, Quinn, and Gilchrist were discovered in the woods near by. A body, supposed to be that of Mrs. Gowanlock, was found in a well, both legs were severed near the thigh, and the arms above the elbows."

A report was made to me by W. B. Cameron, H. B. C., on his release after the action at Frenchman's Butte. He had been taken prisoner by Big Bear's Indians, April 2nd, at Frog Lake, and related thus :

"At Frog Lake, Indian Agent Quinn, was killed by 'Travelling Spirit.' He fired the first shot. Next man to fall was Charles Gouin, carpenter, standing beside Quinn ; he was an American Half-breed, thought to have been killed by 'Manit-choose' (the Worm). Delaney and Father Fafard were first shot by 'Pass-koo-gu-yoo' (Bare Neck), being only wounded then, but afterwards killed by 'Pas-kea-ka-wean's' son, (the man who wins). Gowanlock was killed by the Worm, Gilchrist and Dill tried to run, and 'Apis-chis-koose,' (Little Bear), after shooting Williscraft, shot Gilchrist and fired at Dill three times. The last named was on horse-back, the others on foot. Dill was finally shot by 'Ka-we-chat-way-mat,' (the man talking to another). Father Marchand from Onion Lake, was killed by Travelling Spirit. When news of Duck Lake reached the place, the Big Bear Indians were loud in their assurances of friendship, but before daylight they came in a body to Quinn's house, and two of them went up into his bedroom, Big Bear's son, (Bad Child), or King Bird, and another Indian, intending to shoot him, as he lay in bed. He was married to a Cree woman. His brother-

in-law, 'Lone Man,' followed Bad Child upstairs and prevented them. Meantime the Indians below had taken the three guns from the office, and Travelling Spirit called out to Quinn to come down, but Lone Man told him not to go. He went down, however, with the others. The Indians took him over to Delaney's house, threatening him. Before going into Quinn's house, the Indians had taken all the Government horses, and Lone Man and Travelling Spirit quarrelled over the horses, and Travelling Spirit and the others then went to Hudson's Bay store-keeper, Mr. Cameron, and made him give them what ammunition there was in stock. Big Bear now appeared, and said: 'Don't take the things out of store, Cameron will give you what you want.' After getting a few things they went out. Cameron was ordered by Travelling Spirit to go to Quinn's house, and had to obey. The other white men had been brought there, with Pritchard the Half-breed interpreter, and the priests were there also. The Indians demanded beef. Travelling Spirit afterwards took Mr. Cameron to the Roman Catholic Church, saying 'all the white people are there.' It was Good Friday and the priests were celebrating mass. Big Bear and 'Miserable Man' were standing near the door, while all the others were kneeling. While service was going on, Travelling Spirit entered, and knelt in mockery in the centre of the church, rifle in hand, war hat on, and face painted yellow. The priest finished service, and the people went to Delaney's house. Mr. Cameron went to his own house, but Travelling Spirit again came for him, ordering him to go to Delaney's house."

Here the narrative was broken off as we had to march, and it was never again resumed.

Camp Frog Lake, 25th May.—While the bodies of the murdered were being hastily buried, a report came in from Captain Oswald, commanding advanced Scouts, that the Indians were in force near Fort Pitt, the ruins of which were still smoking, and that he required immediate assistance. I pushed on at once with Major Steele's Cavalry, Captain Perry's detachment N.W.M.P., horsed 9-pounder gun and one company W.L. Infantry in waggons, leaving Colonel Smith to follow with the remainder W.L.I. and supply train. At the same time I sent orders to Colonel Hughes. 65th, to drop down in their boats parallel to us. Having

CHOOSE.

## KING BIRD

THE WORM.

OR BAD CHILD. THE BOY CREE CHIEF.

started after noon, we reached Pitt (30 miles) the same evening, finding Captain Oswald's party of Scouts posted in a poplar bluff,\* where they could observe the enemy without being themselves discovered. Major Butler's pioneer party were also fortunately undiscovered. The ruins of Fort Pitt were still smoking, but the enemy had retired, leaving only a small part of the buildings comparatively intact. The Force camped for the night on the plateau above the remains of Fort Pitt, throwing out pickets as strong as the small force with me would permit.

## ORDERS.

Fort Pitt, May 26th, 1885.

- 1.—A fatigue party, W.L.I., with its officers, will parade at once to clean out those buildings of Fort Pitt still left standing, preparatory to their being put in a condition of defence, in accordance with plans which will be supplied to the officer in charge.

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\* Clumps of poplar trees are called bluffs in Western parlance.

2.—Threequarter rations will be issued from this date. Any person detected stealing rations, at a juncture like the present, when it is desired to rescue women and children from the Indians, is not worthy of the name of man. He will therefore be considered a brute, and will be flogged. The issue of rations to Headquarters, Staff, and officers will be the same in quantity and quality as that issued to the men.

By order, C. H. DALE,  
Major of Brigade.

Though I had been denied authority to hold Court Martial, I had no notion of allowing disorder, and the above order stopped thefts of provisions from the carts and waggons, which had hitherto been difficult to prevent.

The neighbourhood of the fort was littered with the débris of broken furniture and articles for which the Indian has no use, with a mass of religious books and tracts, some of which were in the sign language made for their use by the missionaries—among them a curious commentary on the Gospels. It was the mutilated body of a N.W. policeman ; his heart had been taken out and stuck on a pole close by !

Next day, after my Scouts had had a skirmish with the Indians, I found another commentary written, this time by a white man on a red one. It was the body of an Indian Chief bereft of his scalp-lock. "*A la guerre comme à la guerre.*" None of my ecclesiastical scouts were with me at this time. They had all betaken themselves to Battleford, for, not knowing in what direction Big Bear had gone with the lady prisoners, whose whereabouts was my first anxiety, I had sent the Rev. J. McDougall across the river with Captain Perry and 20 Mounted Police, with whom was the Rev. Mackenzie, to search for traces of the white women. None had as yet been found on this side, except the body of the murdered woman at Frog Lake, supposed to be Mrs. Gowanlock, though there were tracks of the late crossing of the river at Pitt, and a raft was found concealed in the bushes. I knew that on the opposite bank three trails diverged about ten miles from the river : one East to Battleford and Poundmaker's Reserve, the second South-West to Sounding Lake and Crowfoot on the Blackfoot Reserve, and the third West, along the south bank of the river towards the La Boucan Half-breed Settlement, and the

Indian Reserves, where Big Bear's emissaries had already been. The country, quite different from that on the North, is fairly open on the south of the North Saskatchewan at this part of its course. But Indians, moving in bodies, habitually follow their old trails.

European ideas of strategy would presuppose that Big Bear and Poundmaker would unite their forces rather than allow themselves to be attacked in detail. It was not then known that Poundmaker had been so severely handled by Colonel Otter's column, and that he had subsequently surrendered to General Middleton, after the action at Batoche and Riel's capture. The question of supplies would also have come in. The wooded north bank of the Saskatchewan is not a cattle country, but Poundmaker was reported to be well supplied with cattle, while Big Bear was mainly dependent on the provisions taken at Fort Pitt and Hudson Bay Stores for keeping his men together. They were Plain Crees, Wood Crees, and Chippeways, with a mixture of a few Half-breeds and malcontents of all sorts from the South. The Wood Crees and Chippeways could always subsist in their own country, but would be helpless on the plains, where the mounted Plain Crees would be quite happy raiding the southern ranche country, were it only unprotected.

As the whereabouts of Big Bear's band was unknown, nor whether a junction had been formed with Poundmaker, scouts were sent in every direction. Captain Perry, with his detachment of 20 Mounted Police, accompanied by Canon McKay and the Rev. J. McDougall as scouts, who having been born in the country could both track like Red men, were ferried across the Saskatchewan. They reported a trail which shewed the recent passage of the river and tracks of Cree carts opposite Fort Pitt, and they found the prints of white women's feet and slippers, and what appeared evident signs of the McLean family having been taken across.

Immediate steps were taken to stretch across the Saskatchewan the wire cable we had brought with us, and to arrange the ferry boat with block and tackle to run on it, so as to enable the whole or portion of the Force to cross, should it be ascertained with any degree of certainty that Big Bear had crossed with his captives. A severe storm delayed the operations: Captain Perry was ordered to follow the tracks he had found as far as the meeting of the three

trails, to make sure which trail the party had taken, what force accompanied it, and then to return as soon as possible with the information.

A party of Half-breed scouts were also sent across the river, with orders to strike the trail running west and see if any considerable force had recently followed it along the south bank with a view to fall on our communications. A third party, Major Steele's Cavalry, were sent on our side of the river to reconnoitre West and North.

The Half-breed scouts returned at nightfall and reported there were no fresh tracks on the western trail. Unfortunately, Captain Perry took it upon himself to ride into Battleford (90 miles), with his whole detachment, without sending me any information and I neither saw nor heard anything of him for nine days. He had become a nine days' wonder to me! When he turned up, it was with General Middleton and the steamers. Possibly he had some vision of "Kudos," for opening communication with General Middleton by his daring ride, but Sergeant Borrowdaile had been before him, and if I had any power of bestowing "Kudos," I should have been thankful to anyone coming the other way. There were 300 well-mounted Police at Battleford, any of whom, I am sure, would have been glad of the job if they had been allowed to undertake it. As it was, Captain Perry's absence deprived me of my Horse Artillery detachment for the 9-pounder gun at Frenchman's Butte, but luckily my A. D. C., Lieutenant Strange, proved very competent to take his place, assisted by Sergeant O'Connor, North-West Mounted Police, and a volunteer detachment of Winnipeg Light Infantry, who were hastily drilled to work the gun.

Major Steele and his party came upon a heavy recent trail which first ran West, then North, and finally, after circling for about thirty miles, they found themselves, after nightfall, in thick brushwood on the river bank, within three miles of Pitt.

Steele, six-shooter in hand, was himself leading, followed close by one of his men, and so silent was the advance that the Indians were uncertain as to the cause of the occasional rustle of leaves. For there is no silly jingle about the accoutrements of a Western scout; no clattering of steel scabbard, he has no sword, even his horse's feet seem muffled in the soft soil, and to use a Hibernicism, his very



2017.

stirrup-irons are wood, and his head collar chain a hair-rope or raw hide. The movements of the Indians are equally noiseless, only more so.

Both parties had closed to within a few feet, when an Indian softly challenged, not knowing friend from foe in the gathering darkness.

The white Scout with Steele (Sergt. Butlin) answered as quietly, in Cree, "Keeka!" (wait). But the native gentleman would not wait, fired at Steele, missed him, and received Major Steele's bullet and the Scout's through his body. Some scattering shots were exchanged, probably without effect in the twilight and gloom of the bush, and the Indians retired. Two of their ponies were captured, not a difficult task, as the Indian cayoose, beau ideal for a mounted foot-fighting man, always browses while his master fights; any other sort of rest only makes him tired, as an American officer put it.

The fallen Indian was the Chief who had started the outbreak at Saddle Lake. Upon his breast he wore the Queen's medal, supplied by the Canadian Government, an ornament about the size of an agricultural trophy for a prize pig. These medals are solid silver, and naturally much valued by the Chiefs, who hand them down from father to son as proofs of loyalty. One often sees them bearing the image and superscription of good King George III.

Next morning, on passing the spot where he fell, I was struck by the tall athletic figure of the dusky warrior as he lay, like a bronze statue overthrown by some iconoclastic hand, and clothed only with a grim smile and a breech clout, the usual summer fighting full dress uniform of the Red man. He had lost his medal and his scalp!

On receiving intelligence of this skirmish from Major Steele, on the 27th, that the enemy were in his front, and that the Scouts had counted 187 lodges, I immediately marched with all the troops at my disposal, leaving a company of the 65th under Captain Giroux to fortify and protect what remained of Fort Pitt. Camp equipage and stores I left behind, dispensing with tents. I had only three days' rations, no supplies having reached me since I left Edmonton. The Force was already on reduced allowance. A proportion of the supplies had to be left in the boats for the 65th Regiment. There had not been time to bring the beef casks ashore.

My Force consisted of :—

197 Infantry—rank and file ;

27 Cavalry ; deducting the detachment taken to Battleford by Captain Perry, and the Scouts with Major Steele ;

One 9-pr. M.L.R. Gun, under Lieutenant Strange, with volunteer detachment W.L.I.

Wishing to advance quickly, I used all available waggons to carry the W. L. Infantry detachment, and sent 65th detachment, under Colonel Hughes, down the river in the boats, with orders to effect junction with me when within striking distance of the enemy.

On reaching Major Steele, the waggons were corralled under Captain Wright. I could not spare a guard to leave with them, but the teamsters were mostly armed. Advancing about four miles, through somewhat difficult country, I found the enemy occupying a very advantageous position on the slopes of a thickly-wooded ridge, interspersed with ravines.

The summit of the ridge away to our left was bare ; upon this I could plainly see a considerable number of their mounted men moving about. Some were circling exactly as laid down in the Red Book, evidently signalling our approach to those below, at the same time displaying themselves in a way very unusual with the Indians, but perhaps with the intention of drawing us off the main trail of their line of retirement, which I was following with the directing centre of my Force.

Lieutenant Strange quickly brought his gun into action, and with a few admirably-directed rounds of shrapnel shell, cleared the ridge.

Major Steele, with N.W.M. Police and Scouts, and one company of the W.L.I. extended to the left, advanced and cleared the wood, without loss on our part.

The remainder of the W.L.I, under Colonel Osborne Smith, were extended to the right, and also advanced through thick woods without encountering any serious opposition.

It was very difficult to maintain connection in so small and widely-extended a Force, in the dense bush in which we found ourselves. Small trees, not much thicker than a man's wrist, grew close together, making it difficult for a man on foot, and more so for a mounted man to make his way.

I fear I should have lost my small army in this very big country, had it not been for the exertions of Captain Constan-

tine, Adjutant of the W.L.I., who managed to keep touch with both wings of his regiment and with me.

At the commencement of this, our first engagement, I had told him I should be found, not as Dundee said, "where the dead are lying thickest," but where the tracks of the "travois"\* were thickest.

My A.D.C. had become Commandant of Artillery, and fortunately, he was an excellent shot, having won the Dominion Artillery Association prize, and my only other Staff Officer, the Brigade-Major, like an old sleuth-hound, had followed the firing to the extreme left.

The 9-pounder gun was the only portion of my army which could not break away from me. It had to follow the travois trail.

As it was late in the day before the enemy showed themselves, I was not able to wait for the junction of the 65th, under Colonel Hughes, who had left their boats and advanced with alacrity on the first sound of the firing, leaving their uneaten dinners behind them.

I followed the enemy's trail until darkness was approaching, through very dense wood and difficult country, where we could scarcely find space to corral the waggons, which had been brought up by Captain Wright. After scouting a short distance in advance, the Force bivouacked round the corral, under arms; extinguishing fires after cooking, posting a circle of sentries, and picketting the horses. The 65th had neither blankets, greatcoats, nor rations, having left everything in their boats, and their comrades of the W.L.I. had but short rations to share with them.

The darkness of the night, and the black shadows of the forest which surrounded the corral to within a few feet of its circumference, rendered objects invisible at a short dis-

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\* In travelling, the Indians always carry their impedimenta on "travois." The teepee or lodge poles, are divided into two bundles, one on either side the horse, like shafts, the butt-ends trailing on the ground, and the small ends joined on the horse's withers, in front of the saddle, where the squaw sits, perhaps with comfort, but not with dignity. Armed in peace time with a quirt, a thong of platted hide, used as a whip; on the war-path she carries the primitive weapon of pre-Adamite man, a kelt: a split stick, in which is inserted and secured an axe-shaped stone. This is occasionally used to batter the head of a wounded enemy, when she is mercifully disposed. The ends of the "travois" are kept from spreading by two pieces of transverse wood lashed across, between which the covering of the tent forms a bag. Here her household gods are carried, including papooses and dried meat and puppies. The transport is further increased by miniature "travois," drawn by dogs. But the Crees, with whom we were fighting, were also supplied with two-wheeled Red River carts, which will go anywhere, being elastically kept together by raw-hide lashings instead of nails.

tance, except at the bivouac fires, and these were promptly extinguished after cooking.

Frenchman's Butte, May 27th.—The men extended in single file to cover the whole circumference of the corral, lay under the waggon, so as not to be trodden upon by the horses. Sentries were posted by corps to cover their own front inside the corral, and horses were turned into the corral about midnight, and tied up to the waggon. In the event of attack the men were cautioned against wasting their ammunition. Night firing is not effective, except occasionally on friends. Scouts patrolled during the night round the camp.

On the morning of the 28th, the Force was roused without sound of bugle, and at daybreak, after a scanty breakfast, again moved forward towards Frenchman's Butte, the Winnipeg Light Infantry sharing their half rations with their comrades of the 65th. The advance was led by Major Steele's Scouts, dismounted, extended in front, and flanking each side of the trail. The Infantry advanced guard, under Colonel Hughes, of the 65th, the pioneer bridge party was in rear of the 65th; they and W.L.I., under Colonel Osborne Smith, formed the main body.

Lieutenant Strange, with the 9-pounder, followed the Infantry; the rear half-company was told off as an escort to the gun, and after them came the inevitable train of waggon, gun, and Infantry ammunition reserves, etc. The absence of tents and baggage, and the scant supplies, reduced now to two days' rations for half the Force, considerably diminished what had been an unwieldy length of wheeled column, which was of course absolutely confined to the narrow trail, where a single breakdown would, in most places necessitate cutting a fresh track through the bush to enable the remaining waggon to pass.

Suddenly we came to a comparatively open space, to which numerous trails converged from every direction. It was the encampment where the braves had held their last sun-dance; the poles of the great Sacred Lodge still stood, with the leafy garlands hanging from the central one, showing how lately a batch of young warriors had been made, under the usual circumstances of self-torture, to prove manly endurance, while the old warriors had recounted their prowess, mostly in horse-stealing and murder. I was once present at a sun-dance of the Black-

feet, where the most applauded warrior wore a policeman's old tunic, on the back of which was chalked a representation of himself firing into a teepee of sleeping enemies. The horses also were depicted in convenient proximity for removal after this glorious feat of arms. Youths and veterans worked themselves into war frenzy with dances and incantations. A very limited number of squaws are allowed to be present on these occasions, and those chiefly old women who are there to supply tea and surgical appliances to the self-wounded.

The immense number of lodge circles, with the central mark of their fires, confirmed the report of the Scouts, that we would probably be opposed by about 700 braves. I had discounted their previous reports, as Steele informed me that the Half-breed Scouts had got a bad scare the day previously. The Indians had cut them off from the main body, and they had only escaped by hard-riding and good luck—one of the most advanced, John Whitford, barely saving his scalp, and losing his hat.

I was riding with the advanced Scouts, when we came upon a camp fire still alight, with an abandoned dough cake in the ashes. It was at the edge of an abrupt descent, down the wooded slope of which ran the trail, leading apparently to what seemed to be the proper left of their position. Streamers of red and white calico, the spoils of Fort Pitt, hung from the branches of trees on the opposite crest of a bare glacis slope. The valley, here about 500 yards across, was intersected by a sluggish creek, widening into a swamp, and fringed here and there with willows. The hill was salient and the swampy stream, a tributary of the little Red Deer River, followed (like a swamp ditch to a natural fortress), the outline of the foot of the slope, eventually to join the Saskatchewan, which I knew to be about five miles to the right. The crest of the hill was thickly wooded, and with field-glasses could be detected what appeared to be long lines of rifle pits along its edge. They were skilfully concealed, however, even the loose red earth dug out in their construction had been hidden by broken branches of trees stuck into it, to represent a living growth. There was not a sound nor sign of any movement, the very streamers drooped in the still morning air.

Steele and his men were close behind, but withdrawn from the brow to avoid observation; the ground on our side of the valley was hemmed in with thick bush, leaving little

room for formation, except a small space to the right rear, which was concealed from the enemy by bush. Here the waggons were subsequently corralled.

Nothing more was to be learnt from this side, so I descended to reconnoitre with Scout Patton. We had reached the bottom of the valley and were close to the little stream, when his horse suddenly sank to the girths. I reined back, and he scrambled with difficulty to solid ground, saying it was useless to proceed further, as it was evident our horses could not cross there. We returned to the crest of the hill without being fired upon. The enemy evidently wished to draw us into an ambushade, and calculated that I would go blundering on with my Force. I subsequently found that the attracting streamers, which I had distrusted as being so at variance with the usages of Indian war, would have enticed us into the re-entering angle made by their main line of rifle pits. A long and deep shelter trench, admirably constructed and concealed, gave a flanking fire on the left face of their position, into which the trail led.

The field gun was ordered up, and opened fire from the edge of the descent, which quickly drew a heavy response. I deployed the small Force at my disposal, ordered Major Steele's Police and Scouts to extend to the left, dismount and descend the hill to a fringe of willow bush along the edge of the creek. The 65th, under Colonel Hughes and Major Prevost, went down the hill at the double and extended along the creek on the right of the dismounted Cavalry, and the Winnipeg L.I., under Major Thibeaudeau, on their right again, took what cover they could get in the willow bushes at the edge of the swamp. Two companies W.L.I., under Colonel Osborne Smith, were held in support on the hill, while Major Hatton's Alberta Mounted Rifles were dismounted, and ordered to cover the right flank, where the wood was thickest.

As I rode along the ridge, an admirable view of the entire position was gained. No sooner had my men extended, than the whole line of rifle pits from the opposite summit opened fire for about a mile. But it was without much effect, as the range was about 400 yards and my men had taken all the cover they could get in the willows, and very steadily returned fire. Lieutenant Strange had got the exact range—600 yards—of the pits. with a few preliminary common shell and percussion fuzes,

He then tried shrapnel, evidently without much result, as the fire from the pits did not slack. The range was too short for time fuzes to be accurate and, in any case, the bullets seemed only to cut about the branches of the trees without reaching the occupants of the pits, who had also got the range of the gun with long-range Sharpe's rifles,—(A considerable quantity of empty cartridge cases from this weapon were found in the pits)—and the wicked "ping-ping" of the bullets made it desirable to order the gun detachment to lie down, No. 2 sponging and ramming home while kneeling.

The officer alone stood to watch the effect of his fire. There was no cover for the gun, and it could not be withdrawn without losing its coign of vantage, though its position was changed once, so as to enfilade in succession both faces of the salient line of the rifle pits. On the failure of shrapnel, a few rounds of the special case with leaden balls were tried, with no better result, and Lieutenant Strange again had recourse to common shell with percussion fuzes. These, bursting in the loose earth thrown up in front of the pits, exploded in them, and, as we afterwards ascertained from Indians who surrendered, killed one and severely mangled three others in one of the large pits, or shelter trenches. The Indians bolted from some of the pits thus enfiladed and retired to the woods, from which they kept up a desultory fire.

Meanwhile, I observed some of the Infantry endeavouring to cross the swamp and the creek. They sank waist high in black mud, and even had they succeeded in crossing, there was before them only the open slope of gradual glacis, swept by the fire from the pits.

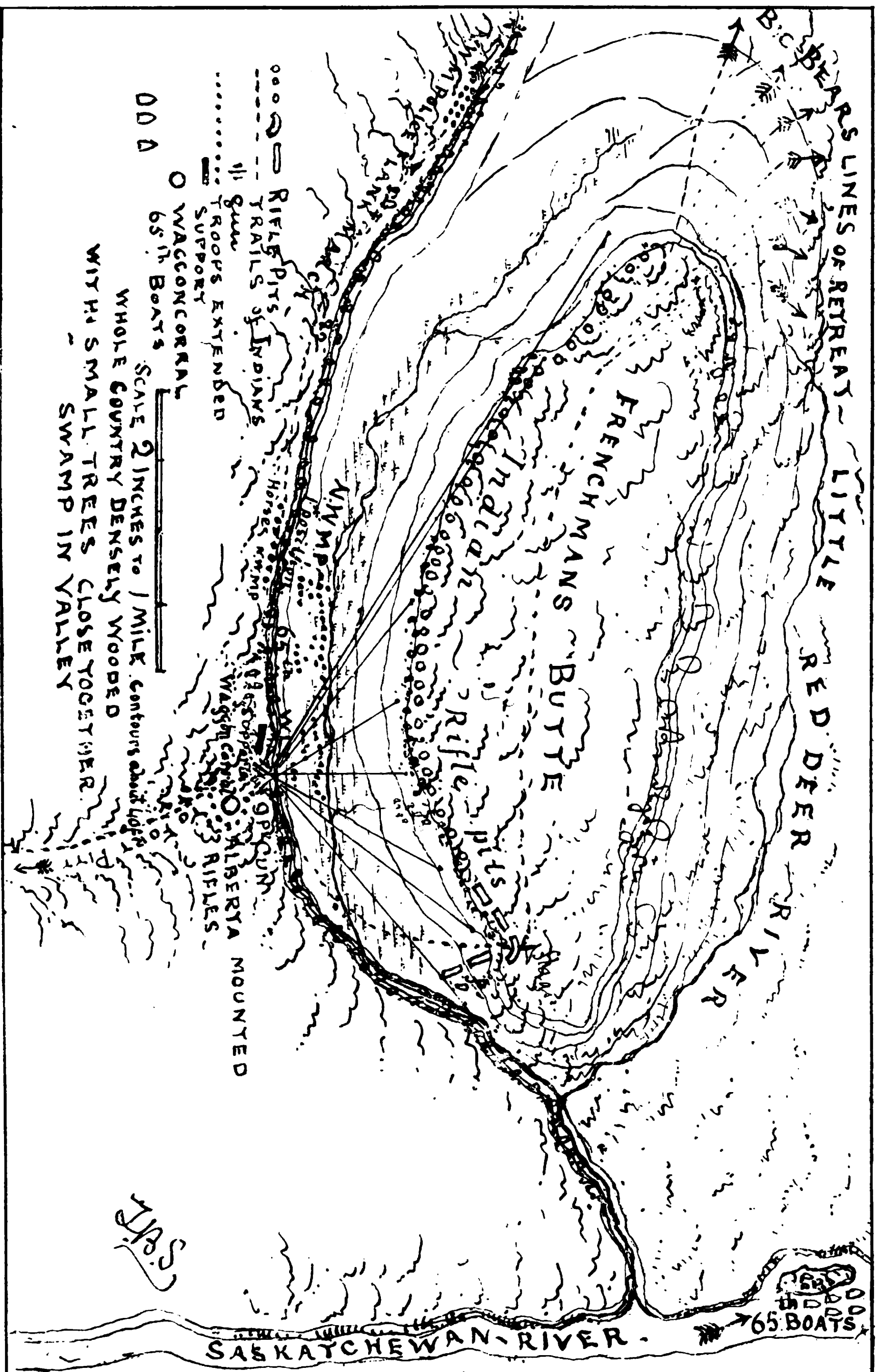
As I saw the advance checked, I rode along the ridge to the left, and descended to the position occupied by the 65th and Steele's Scouts. Being the only mounted man in the valley, the enemy honoured me with a special salute, and I dismounted, not wishing to draw fire, but also to test the situation for myself, which had to be done on foot. I found Steele and asked if he could get his men across. He said he thought it impracticable; several of them had tried and had sunk to the waist. Constable McRae was here wounded, receiving a bullet in the left leg. He objected to be removed until he had used up his cartridges on the "d—d Redskins."

I could see that my men were at a great disadvantage, being overlooked by the enemy, who could see almost every man as they lay, whereas mine could only judge of their whereabouts from the smoke of their rifles and so could produce very little effect on the enemy by their upward rifle fire on men in pits who were careful not to expose themselves. I determined to try a turning movement round the enemy's right. Direct frontal advance, even if practicable, would, I was sure, entail very severe loss while crossing the swamp and open glaxis, under the Winchester magazine-rifle fire of the enemy from their pits. An attack on their left flank, which they seemed to invite by their streamers and war-whoops, would, I judged, lead me into worse difficulties and a subsequent examination of the ground proved the truth of my supposition. Moreover, I wished, if it were possible with my small Force, to push the enemy towards the river, up which I was hourly expecting the advance of General Middleton's Force with steamers, rather than allow the Indians to break North, where, if he could only get food for his band, Big Bear might travel unmolested until he reached the Great Fish Lakes—or the pole for that matter.

I ordered Major Steele to retire his men to their horses on the ridge, mount, and make a *détour* under cover of the bush to our left, to see if he could find a place to cross the valley and turn the enemy's position, while their attention was occupied in front. For this purpose the 65th were further extended, to fill the space previously held by the dismounted Police and Scouts. The Infantry kept up a slow but steady fire, as had purposely been the fire of the 9-pounder gun, for only twenty-two rounds of common shell (the only projectile we had found effective) remained.

Major Steele, having been absent a considerable time without sending back a report, I told the Half-breed Scout, John Whitford, who had remained behind, to lead me on the trail of Steele's men. I thought I might, at no great distance, find an opening on the wooded ridge along which they had started, from which it could be seen if they had effected a crossing. But he led me in a circle through the wood, and I shortly found myself back again in the spot whence I had started. He said he had lost his way, a statement I did not credit, but I could waste no more time in the effort.

Shortly afterwards, Steele reported that the enemy's



LINE OF RETREAT  
LITTLE RED DEER RIVER  
FRENCHMAN'S BUTTE  
Rifle pits of Indians  
TRAILS of INDIANS  
TROOPS EXTENDED  
WAGGON CORRAL  
65th BOATS

SCALE 2 INCHES TO 1 MILE  
WHOLE COUNTRY DENSELY WOODED  
WITH SMALL TREES CLOSE TOGETHER  
SWAMP IN VALLEY

J. S. 1880

SASKATCHEWAN RIVER

65 BOATS



position extended about a mile and a half, \* that he could find no way of turning it, and that their strength was six or seven hundred. I therefore sent an order for him to return. After the event, he informed me that he might have crossed his men on foot, if he had had a company of Infantry to guard his horses, but there was not force available to have detached any for such a purpose.

By this time, Major Hatton reported the enemy on our right, circling round our rear, and firing into the corral. The thick bush which stretched from the enemy's left round to our right and rear, formed an impenetrable screen for their movements. I ordered the corral to be retired out of fire. This was steadily done by the teamsters under Captain Wright ; Major Dale directed Hatton, with the Alberta Mounted Rifles, to cover the retirement in front, rear, and exposed flank.

Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith came to me, and expressed his opinion as to the hopelessness of further advance—there being no open space on the opposite side to maintain ourselves for the night, should we succeed in reaching it—and plunging into the dense forest with the handful of men at our disposal. We could neither abandon our waggons nor cross them to the other side. The Force had eaten nothing at all since 3.30 a.m., and but little for the last twenty-four hours, and the horses had not been unharnessed for about eight hours. We had, moreover, only one day's rations for the Force.

I did not think it advisable to sacrifice men for more than doubtful results. The affairs at Duck Lake, Fish Creek, and Cut Knife made me cautious. I was hourly expecting reinforcements from Battleford, or an advance from that direction in the enemy's rear, when a complete capture might have been effected, which it was impossible for me to accomplish. I was more impelled to this course, being assured by Steele that the Half-breed guides (upon whom we were dependent for a knowledge of the Indians in these parts) were confident that they would not evacuate the position unless surrounded, as they had the food supplies captured at Fort Pitt, and pasture for their horses. They would await, rather, a second

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\* In reality I believe the Indians kept following Major Steele's movements to prevent his outflanking them, and subsequently retired in that direction, taking the prisoners with them. Some carts were seen in the distance moving that way, and the 9-pounder gun stopped the rear cart with a shell, but, thinking they probably contained women, possibly white ones, the fire was stopped.

attack ; which might be delivered under more favourable conditions.

Besides Constable McRae, N.W.M.P., Privates Lemai and Marcotte were reported seriously wounded. I sent Brigade-Major Dale to look for Captain Robért, the Adjutant, 65th, and enquire whether the wounded of this regiment had been brought up. Major Dale brought me the Adjutant, but no information could be extracted from him. I then applied to another officer of the 65th more directly concerned, who informed me that all the wounded had been brought up except Lemai, who would die anyway, and that the stretcher-party refused to go to the advanced position where he had fallen. I pointed out to him that he was responsible for his men, as I was responsible for him, and asked him if he expected me to go on the quest myself—the *naïveté* of that officer's reply, as he turned on his heel, was too funny ; I simply laughed. It was : "General, I have been shot at quite enough to-day, and I am damned if I go down there again."

Under the circumstances there was nothing for it but to accept the *rôle* so impolitely left to me. Ordering my son to open a sharp fire of case-shot to cover the advance of my stretcher-party, I went to Dr. Paré (65th), who came with alacrity, as well as the stretcher-party. Father Prevost, Chaplain to the 65th, also followed me, crucifix in hand, to administer the last rites of his Church. We found the man well to the front, lying in an exposed position, and I must admit some impatience, which the good priest did not seem to share, during the confession of sin, and suggested to the brave Padre the desirability of lumping the lot, which he did ; and putting the dying man into the stretcher, under Dr. Paré's direction, the party moved up the hill, and I brought up the rear with the man's rifle. The fire grew hotter as we ascended the hill ; the rear man dropped his end of the stretcher, and I took his place. Thus General Jingo, who finished his first fight by kicking his General, met a just retribution in having to carry his wounded off his last field.

All the wounded were put into the ambulances and moved quietly to the rear.

The waggons forming the corral had retired some time previously, under escort of Major Hatton, with orders to halt at the first open ground, and were now followed by the re-

mainder of the Force, the gun covering the movement, though there was no molestation from the enemy. The rifle pits had nearly ceased fire. Major Steele's Scouts dismounted and extended in rear, and a small party was left to watch the enemy. Major Dale, who was suffering from bronchitis, pluckily stuck to his work until it was finished, when he had to be carried off the field in an ambulance.

The Force reached open ground about six miles distant, where the waggon were corralled, the horses turned out to graze, and the men allowed to cook. The 65th had had but little food or rest since leaving their boats the day previously. They had, moreover, to march down to them and embark before nightfall. But, on reaching the river, the boats could not be found. The pilot, on hearing the sound of heavy firing, had dropped behind an island for concealment, and had not been able to return against the current. Eventually they were compelled to go with the current to Battleford, taking our remaining stock of provisions with them. The homeless 65th returned to me, without food, blankets, or even great-coats, and though the men never complained, there was nothing for it but to return to Fort Pitt, about five miles distant.

Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith also urged an immediate return on behalf of his men, who were suffering from want of tents during the rainy season which was then prevailing.

At Fort Pitt, too, I could better dispose of the wounded, and get the hourly-expected communication from Battleford, and the first convoy of provisions from Edmonton, which was also long due. It fortunately arrived next day, under the escort of Captain Dudley Smith's Winnipeg Light Infantry.

## CHAPTER X.

NON-RETURNING MESSENGERS—FIRST PROVISION CONVOY—INDIAN RIFLE PITS—CUL-DE-SAC—SEVEN TRAILS—STEELE ON BIG BEAR'S TRACK—CHIVALROUS RED MEN—SOME PRISONERS RELEASED—GENERAL MIDDLETON WITH REINFORCEMENTS—STEELE'S FIGHT—RACE FOR H. B. C. STORE—THE SHADE OF "MALBROOK"—MORE MUSKEG—THE BEAVER RIVER—CHIPPEWAYAN SURRENDER—GENERAL MIDDLETON COMES TO BEAVER RIVER—POW-WOW—COLONEL WILLIAMS AT FROG LAKE—MORE BOAT BUILDING—COLONEL OSBORNE SMITH CROSSES TO COLD LAKE—CAPTAIN CONSTANTINE SCOUTS EAST—MCLEANS TRACED TO LAC DES ILES—MR. BEDSON MEETS THEM—FORCE BROKEN UP—CAUSES OF MUSKEGS—MY OLD OPPONENT AND MYSELF BOTH SUFFER—CONCLUSION OF OFFICIAL DISPATCH.

On arrival at Pitt, I sent two Scouts in canoes to look for the barges of the 65th, which had a sergeant and 12 men on board, as well as our remaining stock of provisions. Hitherto all the messengers I had sent to General Middleton, and those who, like Captain Perry and his 20 Police, went on their own account, remained with him, preferring to come back with the steamers. Meanwhile, I was left without intelligence. A communication had long ago reached me from General Middleton through Colonel O. Smith, that he would send the first steamer available with troops from Battleford, to take Big Bear's band in rear. Subsequently I received a letter to say that as Poundmaker had surrendered, he did not think it necessary to send either steamer or troops, but when my last two couriers had arrived within forty miles of Battleford, they met a steamer coming up with a contingent of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Bedson, Supply Officer, and provisions, but no troops.

In my dispatch I had asked General Middleton to land a force at the mouth of English River, where there was a landing in rear of Big Bear's position. Whether there was ammunition on board the steamer I cannot say, but I was

running short of it, and had reported the fact by those couriers who were taken on board and carried back to Battleford. This was the third time I had opened correspondence with General Middleton without any response. My couriers were like the ravens which were sent out from the Ark—they never came back.

On the 29th of May, as previously stated, Captain Dudley Smith, W.L.I., arrived with a convoy of supplies from Edmonton, which set me at ease on that score. The Half-breed Scouts, under orders given to Steele, were directed to watch the enemy, but he reported that this duty was negligently performed.

May 30th. The Force again marched East towards Frenchman's Butte, camped, and sent out scouts. A limited number of tents had to be taken, as the rainy season was severe, but all extras in the way of tents and baggage were left at Pitt.

May 31st. Divine Service. Very heavy rain. Scouts reported Indians in vicinity of camp.

June 1st. The Force moved on to Big Bear's trail—the Scout Cavalry in advance under Major Steele. We camped about two miles north of the enemy's old position after making a détour to avoid the swampy ground. At the end of the valley of the tributary to Little Red Deer, we found ourselves in a cul-de-sac, surrounded by dense forest, impassable to our supply waggon train, and which could only be traversed by our Scout Cavalry in single file. On going over the ground at Frenchman's Butte, over 300 rifle pits were counted; the large trenches on the enemy's left flank commanding the trail approaching their position, formed a formidable ambuscade.

They were admirably constructed, being about fifty feet long and eight feet deep, and afforded perfect cover. We were afterwards told that the prisoners had been safe-guarded in these pits, but removed the day before our attack. A line of fire was got by a ledge, and loop-holed logs for head cover, the whole concealed by branches stuck in the loose excavated earth. It was here the flags and streamers had been principally displayed, to induce us to attack at this point.

It would require time to construct, and 500 men to defend such a line of works, evidently not meant to be hastily abandoned. From what I saw I could well believe the

statement of my Half-breed Scouts, who were personally familiar with some of the defenders, that many of them had experience in Indian wars against United States troops. About 25 waggons and 40 carts had been abandoned by Big Bear in his flight. Tools, sacks of flour, furs, odds and ends of all sorts, the plunder of Fort Pitt, were strewn about and were collected by our fatigue parties.

June 2nd. Examined the trails by which the enemy had dispersed. We traced no less than seven, undoubtedly meant to baffle pursuit, as they eventually converged into two. Along one of these we found traces of Mr. McLean and the ladies of his family, evidently left for our guidance. Bits of coloured worsted were knotted to twigs along the trail, and a piece of paper had been left, saying they were all well, but were being carried north-west. These, with true woman's wit, they had contrived to drop beside the trail.

At this juncture I received a message from General Middleton that he had passed up the river to Fort Pitt, and would be in my camp next day with reinforcements, which was tantamount to an order to me personally to halt. But I sent on all my Cavalry with Major Steele, who was naturally eager, as all were, to follow Big Bear's trail and rescue the McLean family, the ladies of which, as well as others, must have been exposed to great suffering, in being dragged through forest and muskeg.

In order to push on with the most speed possible, Steele's command carried nothing but ammunition, tinned meat, and biscuits in their saddle-bags and haversacks.

McKay, H.B.C., with ten Alberta Mounted Rifles and Scouts, followed the other trail and released Mrs. Gowanlock (who, we were thankful to find, had not been barbarously murdered as we had supposed), also Mrs. Delaney and other prisoners, taking them, with about thirty-six of Big Bear's band, to Fort Pitt.

It is pleasant to be able to say that these ladies, as well as those of the McLean family, told us they had suffered neither indignity nor ill-usage at the hands of their Indian captors. The chivalrous treatment of their lady prisoners speaks volumes in favour of the Canadian Red man, as compared to his brother across the boundary, perhaps because neither the Government of King George nor of Canada has ever broken faith with the Indian. Pity it was that the land claims of the

French Half-breeds were ignored until discontent grew into rebellion—but white settlers have been treated in similar fashion as regards homestead claims.

On the 2nd June, Brigade-Major Dale brought released prisoners into camp—the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Quiney, Messrs. Cameron, Halpin, and Dufresné, and five Half-breed families.

June 3rd. General Middleton arrived in my camp with some 200 mounted men. In reporting that I had sent Major Steele with all my Cavalry, about 70, in pursuit of Big Bear, I urged that he should be supported and asked to be allowed to take on some of the newly-arrived Cavalry, who had only marched from Pitt that day, but General Middleton did not think it necessary, and said he would wait until he had heard from Steele. I obtained permission, however, to send my Infantry and waggons by a trail towards Onion Lake, which turned nearly parallel to that on which my Cavalry were moving, and had a cross trail connecting the two, but I myself stayed in General Middleton's camp to get communication with Steele.

At 2 a.m., a courier arrived from him, reporting engagement and asking for ambulance for three wounded men—Sergeant-Major Fury, N. W. M. P., and Scouts Fisk and West. I gave Steele's despatch to General Middleton, who decided to follow Steele with his Cavalry of about 200 men, some Infantry, and two Gatling guns. The Infantry, however, had to return as delaying the advance. I followed my own Infantry and overtook them at Stony Camp, having sent an ambulance by the cross trail to Steele, and on the 5th, I marched on to Frog Lake. I had directed Major Steele with his Cavalry to rejoin me by the cross trail, but General Middleton had taken all my Cavalry with him, leaving me only 15 mounted men with which to scout and keep up communication—as he informed me in the following :

“Camp, 8 miles from your last Camp, June 4th.

“TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE,

“Sir,

“I am going to take Major Steele and his men on with me to try and catch Big Bear. I am sending all my Infantry back as the roads are too bad. I have sent Major Steele's three wounded men into Fort Pitt.

“FRED MIDDLETON,

“Major-General, Comg.”

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Subjoined is Major Steele's report at Scout Lake, which I forwarded to General Middleton. The site of this affair had been miscalled Loon Lake.

“ Camp, Scout's Lake,

“ Big Bear's Trail, 5th June, 1885.

“ TO MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE,

“ Commanding Alberta Field Force.

“ Sir,

“ I have the honour to inform you that, in accordance with instructions, I scouted for the trail of prisoners, McLean.

“ This I found 1 mile N.W. of Camp, leading north-westerly, and following the trail found at first Indian camp, 10 miles, a note from McLean stating, ‘ All's well, May 27th, going N.W.’ Have been informed by the escaped prisoner, Quiney, that Big Bear's party, with the McLean family, had separated from the other bands, and was only 50 fighting men strong.

“ I hurried on, camping at noon 25 miles N.E. While at dinner we were alarmed by two shots fired by McKay at Indian scouts, who unfortunately escaped.

“ McKay had gone on in advance of Sergeant Butlin's party without my knowledge. These scouts waited in ambush and shot Scout Fisk of the advance party, breaking his arm. The main body was dismounted and extended at once, and rushed through the brush, but no Indian was seen.

“ We advanced without further mishap, to-night camp 45 miles N.E. on Big Bear's trail. Fisk rode on pluckily without a murmur. The trail showed a large party to be in front and about one day old.

“ Found a second note from McLean, stating, ‘ All's well, May 28th,’ and found signs left by him on the trail.

“ Marched at daylight and advanced party under Sergeant Butlin, arrived at hill commanding Indian camp of previous night. Two teepees standing and occupied, a few head of horses and oxen, the remainder moving towards and crossing a ford to island or point, about 1,200 yards in advance. At the previous camp to this, we found 53 camp-fires, and therefore, knowing them to be too strong in numbers, it was only my intention to parley with them through Mr. McKay, if discovered.

“ Their picket, hidden within a few yards of the advanced party, however, discovered them, and fired the alarm.

"Seeing them retiring to an apparently impregnable position on this island,\* I put the horses in cover and extended on the brow of the hill to punish a few of them. Their Chief called out to his men to 'go at us, that we were only six.' They commenced crawling up the hill, under cover of the brush, the leader getting to within 10 feet of Teamster Fielders, who had volunteered to join us. Fielders killed him and puffs of smoke immediately appeared from clumps of brush all through the bottom and hills surrounding their camp. My Scouts killed two more running from us, then fired a volley into the teepees and at the Indians taking to cover, killing one from the teepee. The line then rushed to the bottom under strong fire, then divided, the left charging the hill commanding the position, and turned their position, bringing heavy fire on them, the right taking the swamp along the lake. Squadron-Sergeant Major Fury was with the left, and was shot, by a man with a Sharp's rifle, through the right breast, while going up the hill. The Scouts were on the brow in a few minutes. The Indians retired as our men advanced on the run and lying down fired a volley, when the Indians attempted to make a stand. We had cleared the whole ridge half-an-hour after firing commenced. The right cleared the swamp, killing 5 Indians, and losing none. The left shot 7 who were retiring through the brush to the ford, about 600 yards from the hill, and wounded one—the last seen attempting to cross. The right then retired to protect the horses and flanks, and I had a white flag hoisted to parley. Mr. McKay told them to give up the prisoners—the answer was a volley from the island.

"A second attempt met with no better result, and this time we asked them to allow McLean to speak to us. They then called out that 'they would fight us and clear us out,' and the Chief attempted to rally his men to recross the ford, calling them cowards for running from so few of us. We then continued to exchange shots until a buckboard was fitted to carry Fury.

"The left had one more wounded in Scout West of Edmonton, who was shot in the leg, ball entering at knee-cap and remaining in thigh. He rode his horse, however. We destroyed the ammunition found in teepees, and then burnt them, with their contents.

"Mr. McKay collected four horses and two colts, which we brought with us. I kept a fire on the island until the wounded were well-retired, and then retired 12 miles. Fury

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\* Peninsula.

showed wonderful pluck and determination. After halting two hours, we moved on 12 miles further, to first feeding ground for the horses, camping for the night at 11.30 p.m.

"The horses were terribly played out, having travelled 80 miles on very little feed since morning of previous day, over a much worse trail for muskeg and brush than that between Vermilion Creek and Sucker Creek.

"I moved on at 3 a.m. again, meeting ambulance from General Middleton's column, at 8 a.m., 10 miles from our camp.

"On the previous night I had sent on Messrs. McKay and Gisborne, with Sergeant Butlin and Fielders, into camp to report, and fetch ambulance for the wounded. They arrived and reported to General Middleton at 12.30 p.m.

"I camped at this place, sending on the wounded to Fort Pitt. Fury still keeping up well. Doctor reported his recovery safe, unless internal bleeding commenced. He dressed Fisk's arm, one bone of which was shattered—the bullet was easily extracted from West's leg.

"On my arrival at this camp, I received orders from General Middleton to send on my sick horses and men to Fort Pitt, and return with the remainder with his command to the pursuit of Big Bear. Fourteen were returned, unable to go on with us. Remained in camp with remainder of Scouts and Hatton's command to-day. Orders to march to-morrow.

"I did not receive your dispatch until two hours ago—courier's excuse being that he had lost it in lining of his coat. The N.C.O. and men behaved with great steadiness in the fight of the 3rd; Captain Oswald and Lieutenant Corryell set their men an excellent example, and the Rev. Mr. McKay risked his life to a considerable extent.

"I thank you for the kindness in sending us the ambulance, tents, and rations.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. B. STEELE,

"Commanding Cavalry A.F.F."

June 6th. Marched and camped at Duck Lake. Scouts reported Indians at H.B.C. Store, near Beaver River, towards which it was thought Big Bear was making, as he must have been running short of provisions, having abandoned so much in his flight, and this Store was the last at which he could hope to get supplies. But my Infantry were dead beat

from marching in rain and through awful mud. The 65th, who had borne the brunt of the marching for 500 miles, having been in the first advance, had tramped the soles off their boots—some were literally barefoot, others with muddy bloodstained rags tied round their feet.

And yet Goldwin Smith, Professor of Accurate History (!), writes : “ *No French regiment went to the front !* ”

Their commanding officer told me the men could march no more, and wanted to know when they would be allowed to go home. I outwardly thanked that officer for his information, and rode up at once to the battalion. They certainly presented a pitiable spectacle in their tattered uniforms. The misery of our march through swamp and forest had been added to by the mosquitoes and horse flies, which were almost unbearable.

Addressing the battalion in French, as was my habit, I said :

“Mes enfans, votre commandant m’a dit que vous demandez quand vous pouvez retourner chez vous. Mais, je n’ai qu’une réponse—c’est celle-là de votre ancien chanson :

‘ Malbrook s’en va-t-en guerre—a !  
Ne sait quand reviendra ! ’ ”

It had the desired effect, the weary little French-Canadians shouted :

“ Hourra ! pour le général ! En avant ! Toujours en avant ! ”

And they stepped out to the refrain of their ancestors :

“ Malbrook s’en va-t-en guerre—a !  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,  
Malbrook s’en va-t-en guerre—a,  
Ne sait quand reviendra ! ”

Queer whirligig of time ! That an English General should be cheering the soldiers of New France by a couplet in which their ancestors of Old France unconsciously enshrined the memory of Marlborough ! \*

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\* Since writing the above I have read with pain that three young officers, 65th Regiment, have tarnished the fair fame of this gallant corps by a puerile attempt to blow up with dynamite Nelson’s Monument in Montreal.

But, alas ! I knew that the shade of Marlborough could not carry my exhausted Infantry (to say nothing of a 9-pounder gun) through some thirty miles of swamp and forest in time to head off the swiftly-moving remnants of Big Bear's band, who were making for the H.B.C. Provision Store on the banks of the Beaver River.

So I left orders with Colonel Osborne Smith, whose men were in better condition than the 65th, and who had also apparently been supplied with better boots, to push on after me as fast as he could. But the 65th would not be outmarched by their English-Canadian comrades. Captain Perry, who had returned to me with his detachment of Police-gunners, reported that the 65th not only kept up, but dragged the gun and horses with ropes through a long and heavy muskeg.

The Infantry marched all night, and overtook me at day-break next morning at the first Hudson Bay Store near the Beaver River, which I had reached the previous evening by riding ahead with my Staff and fifteen mounted men, who were all I had, as the remainder were with General Middleton.

We reached it just in time to secure the provisions, consisting of eighty sacks of flour and a supply of bacon. It was nightfall when we arrived, and we saw a party of Indians who were making for the same goal, but they turned and went back into the woods, while we indulged so freely in a supper of fried bacon and dough cakes, that I for one fell asleep on the floor of the H.B.C. Storehouse, pipe in mouth, and was waked up by my A.D.C., to whom I had set fire as well as to myself. The sentries seemed to have been more vigilant, for we were not molested by the Indians.

Next morning, June the 7th, the Infantry having rejoined, I left a party of the W.L.I. to guard the provisions and watch the trails, and moved on to reconnoitre the banks of the Beaver River, following the trail of those Indians we had seen the previous night. They were Chippwayans from Big Bear's band, and had just crossed the river in the canoes with which they were provided, this being their own Reserve, to which they had just returned after Frenchman's Butte.

The Roman Catholic Church and Mission had been more or less plundered, and the priest, Father Le Goff, had been carried off by them when they went to join Big Bear at Fort Pitt and Frenchman's Butte.

At a second H.B.C. Store, near the Mission, another hundred sacks of flour were secured, and a couple of boats which had been concealed on the other bank were brought over by two Scouts who had crossed. General Middleton's orders were not to cross the river.

On the 8th, the whole of the Infantry had arrived at the Mission, and strong pickets were posted, to watch the river bank and the Chippwayan trail on our side through the woods from the East. Captain Palliser, who had *en route* restored my interrupted communication with Edmonton, now reached me and joined my Staff, of which he was a most cheerful member, ready, as he said himself, for any duty from full private to Commissary-General.

June 9th.—The Roman Catholic priest, Father Le Goff, arrived in camp, having been prisoner with Big Bear. I sent him back to the Chippwayans with an order for them to come into camp and surrender unconditionally, laying down their arms. If the order were not complied with in twenty-four hours, they would see the smoke of their log-houses, as I would burn every house on the Reserve, except the Chapel, the Priest's house, and the H.B.C. Store. Father Prévost, Chaplain of the 65th, accompanied Father Le Goff.

The Chippwayans surrendered themselves and their arms, and came into camp within the given time—33 men with rifles and guns. The women and children, with 11 more braves, came into camp afterwards. The arms surrendered were, of course, not the best they had, H.B.C. muskets being made to do duty, with a few Winchester repeaters they had got at Fort Pitt. The stocks of the Winchesters had been broken by the Police before they had abandoned the place, but the wily Indian had ingeniously repaired them with raw hide, which, when dry, tightens like an iron band. The Chippwayans were not so well armed as the Plain Indians who had Winchester magazine-rifles. The Wood Indians prefer shot guns as more useful for game, which when charged with slugs or H.B.C. trade balls, are not bad weapons at close quarters in a thickly wooded country.

On the 11th, I ordered a Court of Enquiry on the Chippwayan prisoners. Father Le Goff was the principal evidence, backed by Messrs. Halpin and Cameron. The former, with true pastoral love of his flock, would gladly have exonerated them, but the evidence was too strong, and eight were found guilty of being ringleaders, plundering,

and inciting to rebellion. All the young men had fought against us. No punishment was awarded by General Middleton, who subsequently held a Pow-Wow. They were told not to do it again. The majority had acted through fear of Big Bear, and some by the temptation of sharing in the plunder of Fort Pitt. But the most curious thing revealed by the Enquiry was that the Indians were largely swayed by the belief that North-West Canada would be sold to the United States, and only those who joined in the outbreak tending to such a result would receive any portion of the purchase-money. They combined the wisdom of Goldwin Smith and Wiman, the renowned advocates of annexation or sale of Canada to the United States.

Some of the Chippwayans whom the priest declared to be reliable, were sent down the Beaver River in canoes to report any signs of Big Bear's crossing, or of the McLean family, whom it was thought Big Bear would carry North with him to Lac des Iles, where the supply of fish was abundant at that season.

The surmise proved to be correct as regarded the McLean prisoners, who were taken there by the Wood Cree section of Big Bear's band, but he himself, abandoning his prisoners, turned in his tracks, after being pressed at Scout or Loon Lake. At this place General Middleton also was obliged by impassable muskegs, to abandon the pursuit, and he returned, following my trail to the Beaver River, which he reached with his Cavalry and mine on the 14th.

He had sent Colonel Williams with the Midland Battalion to join my force. They were detailed to watch the trails which converged about Frog Lake. Meanwhile a detachment of Winnipeg Light Infantry, under Lieutenant Alexander, had been repairing the boats on the Beaver, and constructing a large scow and four other boats. The task was difficult without nails and proper tools, but wooden pins were used, and the omnipotent Canadian axe, wielded by the handy men of the Winnipeg Light Infantry, produced wonderful results. In these boats, I proposed with a small Force to descend the Beaver River to where the Wood Cree trail crossed it, and to follow it to Lac des Iles. Colonel Osborne Smith volunteered to cross the Beaver and reach Cold Lake whence there is canoe communication to Lac des Iles.

“ C'est l'aviron, qui nous monte, qui nous mene !  
C'est l'aviron, qui nous monte en haut ! ”

as the voyageurs still sing, for the canoe is the true transport of the extreme North-West Canadian wilderness, intersected as it is by water-ways and short portages. To go up the cataracts of the Nile with *soi disant* Canadian voyageurs was found to be a very different affair. The conditions were different ; a fancied resemblance cost us Gordon.

I obtained permission from General Middleton for Col. Osborne Smith, with 100 men of the W.L.I., to go to Cold Lake with provisioned canoes, and the Rev. Mr. McKay as guide. A detachment were preparing to start for Lac des Iles, in pursuit of the McLean family, as our Scouts had told us that the Wood Crees were willing to surrender themselves and their prisoners, when Mr. Bedson, General Middleton's Supply Officer, met them (the McLeans) as they came by another route and conveyed them to Fort Pitt. There they found well-earned repose and sympathy for the heroic courage with which they had endured their privations.

Captain Constantine, Adjutant of the W.L.I., had, with four men, scouted along the Chippewyan trail in search of Big Bear and the McLeans, until his provisions had run short and he had with difficulty made his way to Fort Pitt.

The Infantry were employed cutting out the trail of the Chippewyans, in case the Force had to move in that direction. The weather was hot by day, and the mosquitoes terrible, but at night there were sharp frosts, though it was midsummer, shewing the country unsuitable for general crops, though cattle could be reared on the abundant natural hay.

In spite of their privations, the health of the troops was excellent, but the horses, through marching incessantly through swamps, contracted a disease of the hoof, causing it in some cases to drop off. The muskeg character of the country is due to that emblem of Canadian industry—the beaver, which, cutting down trees with his teeth, causes them to fall across streams to make his dams and dwellings. The courses of innumerable streams are thus stopped, and they expand into swamps and numerous lakes. The exceedingly gradual slope of the watershed to the Arctic Ocean drains slowly. The embouchures of the great rivers are frozen for eight or nine months of the year, while the

head waters flow from warmer latitudes. The whole Northern Region has become a vast net-work of lakes and swamps, connected by sluggish streams. The growth of timber is dwarfed but dense. Forests are sometimes drowned by the spread of waters. They stand, bearded with moss, dead and grim, until they decay and fall into the swamp, making an inextricable tangle of stumps and stems, all but impassable.

The soil is rich black vegetable mould, but there is no miasma, the Summer is too short to develop pestilential decay, and the rigour of a long Winter makes those solitudes healthy to their only human denizens—the wandering Indian and the fur trader.

I was waiting for the surrender of the Wood Crees, but General Middleton, satisfied with the surrender of all the prisoners, ordered the return of the Force, which started for Frog Lake-crossing on the 24th, where they embarked for Fort Pitt in steamers.

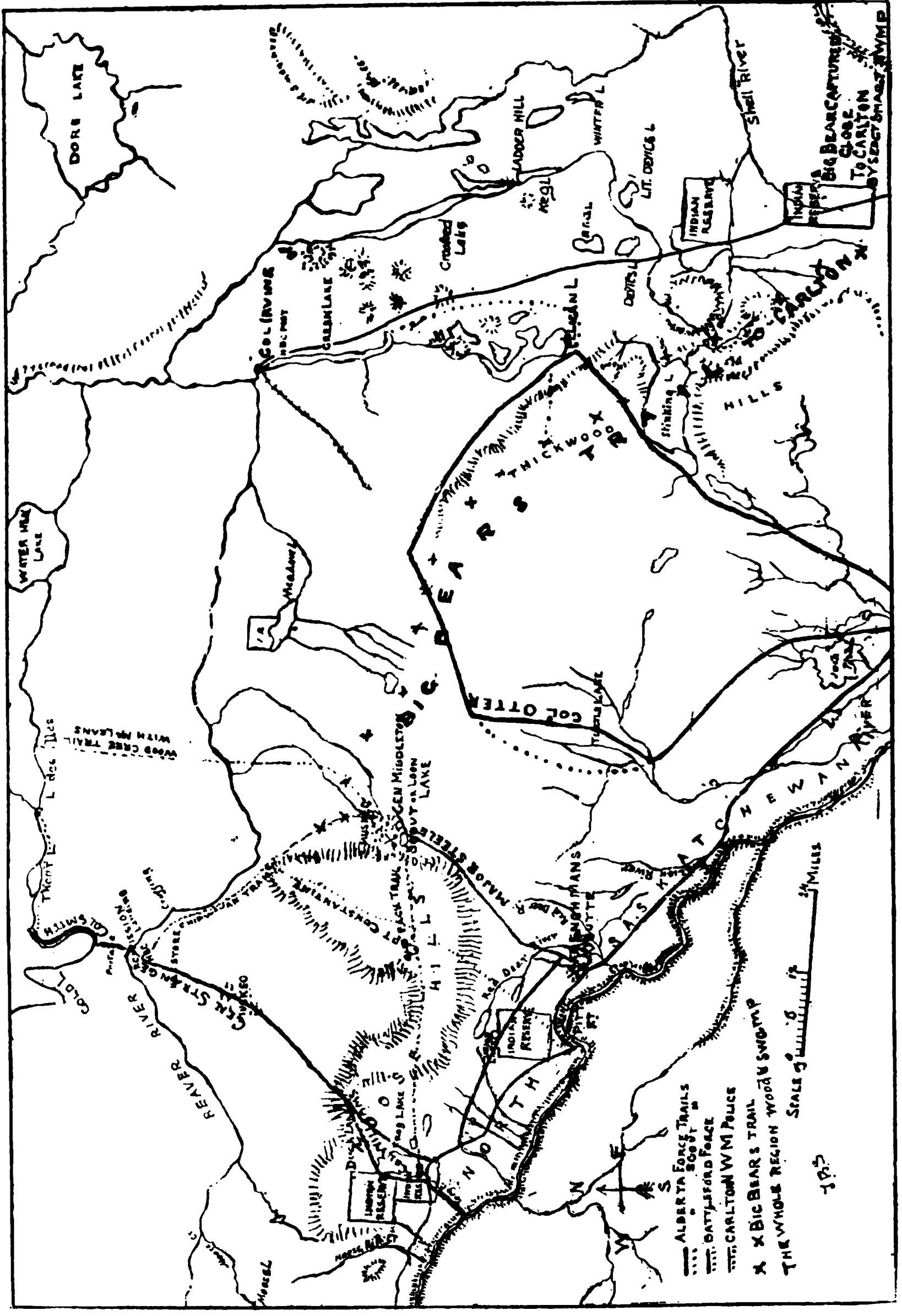
The Force was broken up, except the Winnipeg Light Infantry, who remained at Fort Pitt, under Colonel Osborne Smith. The Cavalry, under Major Steele, with Transport Train, commenced to retrace their long march back to Calgary, *via* Edmonton. I, myself, was obliged to go to Winnipeg down the Saskatchewan in the long-unaccustomed luxury of a steamer, with the hopes of settling the claims for supply and transport service. But I was obliged eventually to go on to Ottawa to see the Minister of Militia on that subject.

Alas! seven years have gone by, and I am still applied to for unadjusted claims. A Claims Commission, sitting in a city, can very deliberately criticise in cold blood the expenditure of money made under the pressure of rebellion over vast areas of territory, accentuated as it was by plunder and massacre.

On my way down, at Battleford, I saw my old enemy, Big Bear, in durance vile, and I can honestly say I personally felt no animosity towards him for the many weary miles he had led me.

After evading all the Columns sent to intercept him, by turning in his tracks, travelling almost alone, and covering his own trail, he made his way down to Fort Carlton, where he was arrested by Sergeant Smart, of the North-West Mounted Police, about the only man in the Force who had never gone after him, as he had been left in charge of the ferry across the Saskatchewan at Fort Carlton.





The accompanying map shows the marches of the Alberta Field Force, after Frenchman's Butte, of General Middleton's Cavalry and Colonel Otter's Column, from Battleford, and Colonel Irvine's N.W.M.P., from Carlton. It will be seen that Big Bear was headed off from all sources of supply, and eventually made a dash for the settlements. Big Bear's appearance indicated natural intellect; he had a massive head, and his own people said of him that he had a big head and a small heart.

After trial, Big Bear was sentenced to imprisonment for life for having made war upon her Majesty's Government.

Without trial, I was sentenced to deprivation of a pension gained by thirty years' military service, for taking up arms at the bidding and in defence of her Majesty's Government. About the same time that my old opponent, Big Bear, was set at liberty by her Majesty (the King of kings gave him a fuller release), I was also restored to my long-forfeited pension, and await my fuller release, when we shall, perhaps, both find out wherein we both erred.

"The Irony of Fate" is a favourite phrase—the humours of a "*Roi fainéant*," or, as we call it, a constitutional monarch, who, theoretically, can do no wrong, are, at least, as startling.

In this recital I have been compelled to use the egotistical pronoun more than I liked, but lest I should be thought to imagine that mine was a one-man army, I quote the conclusion of my official despatch to General Middleton.

"Where all ranks did their duty it seems invidious to select, but it is manifest that the success of a General is mainly due to his Staff and commanding officers.

"I, therefore, especially bring to notice Major Dale, late Madras Fusiliers, Brigade-Major and Quartermaster-General; Lieutenant Strange, A.D.C.; Captains Hamilton, N.W.M.P., and Wright, 43rd Regiment, Supply and Transport Officers at the base and with the Force, vigorously seconded as they were by Colonels Ouimet and Amyot, commanding respectively at Edmonton and Calgary, and by Messrs. Hardisty and McDougall, H.B.C.; Major Steele and his Cavalry, with Captain Oswald and Lieutenant Corryell, who were the eyes, ears, and feelers of the Force, and who, in their spirited pursuit of Big Bear, crowned with success the long and weary march they had protected, and to a certain extent

guided ; the Rev. J. McDougall and Canon McKay were, from their long and intimate knowledge of the country, usefully connected with this Force. The steady endurance of the Winnipeg Light Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith, C.M.G., and the cheerful alacrity of the 65th Battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes, happily illustrated the military instincts of the two warlike races composing the Dominion of Canada. That the 9th Battalion were not more actively employed in no way detracts from the honour due to soldiers who did their duty at their appointed posts.

“ Had a larger Force been available to protect my base, and the 9th Battalion deployed on the slope of Frenchman's Butte beside their comrades of the 65th, the campaign would have been materially shortened, and the results more satisfactorily decisive.

“ I have the honour to be, sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ T. B. STRANGE, Major General,

“ Commanding Alberta Field Force.”

## CHAPTER XI.

## COLONEL MONTIZAMBERT'S REPORT ON "A" AND "B" BATTERIES—MAJOR SHORT'S HOME COMING.

1881—Major-General Luard, Commanding Canadian Militia, in his report, says : "The Royal School of Gunnery at Kingston loses its Commandant by the attainment to the rank of retired Major-General of Colonel T. B. Strange, the able and well-known officer of Royal Artillery who has devoted ten of the best years of his life and has been like a father to the Artillery of Canada."

Perhaps the above will excuse pride in my military children, and permit a short account of their share in the North-West Campaign, though not under my personal command.

1885—On the evening of the 28th March, a detachment of "B" Battery, R. C. A., consisting of 8 officers, and 106 non-commissioned officers and men, with two 9-pounder field guns and 18 horses left Kingston for the West under command of Colonel Montizambert, with orders to meet "A" Battery at Renfrew, and proceed with the least delay possible per C. P. R., *via* the north shore of Lake Superior, to report to the General Officer Commanding at Winnipeg for orders.

At 9 p.m. the same evening, Captain Peters joined at Renfrew with 5 officers and 107 non-commissioned officers and men, 2 guns and 18 horses of "A" Battery, R. C. A., from Quebec.

Colonel Montizambert reports : "We went on then at once *via* the C. P. R., and after passing Biscotasing we arrived at west end of track (Abbott's division) about 5 p.m. 30th ; everything that gentlemen and all the C. P. R. officials could do to help us was done. Here began the difficulties of passing the gaps on the unconstructed portion of the road, between the west end of track and Red Rock or Nepigon, sixty-six miles from Port Arthur. About 400 miles had to be passed

by a constantly varying process of embarking and disembarking guns and stores from flat cars to country team sleighs, and *vice versa*. There were sixteen operations of this nature in cold weather and deep snow. On starting from west end of track on the night of the 30th, the roads were found so bad that it took the guns seventeen hours to do the distance, thirty miles, to Magpie, and from there to east end of track by teams, and march twenty-three miles further on, then on flat cars for eighty miles with thermometer at 5° below zero. Heron Bay, Port Monroe, McKeller's Bay, Jackfish, Isbester, and McKay's Harbour, were passed by alternate flat cars on construction track and teams, in fearful weather round the north shore of Lake Superior, the roughest region in the world, and Nepigon, or Red Rock, was reached on the evening of the 3rd of April. The men had no sleep for four nights. This command was the first that passed over this route from the East.

" On reaching Winnipeg, I found orders from the Major-General Commanding to proceed to Qu'Appelle with both Batteries, and leaving Major Short and ' B ' Battery there for orders, to at once bring ' A ' Battery up the trail to join his force, consisting of the Winnipeg Field Battery and the 90th Regiment, both from Winnipeg, going North to attack Riel.

" ' B ' Battery, under Major Short, was a few days afterwards ordered to Swift Current to join Colonel Otter's column, about starting to the relief of Battleford.

" On reaching the General's column the march to Clark's Crossing was made, and a good deal of hardship cheerfully faced by the men, ' blizzards ' and muddy swamps, where the guns and teams sunk up to their axles, having to be encountered.

" Here the column was divided, one half crossing under my command, and going down the left bank of the river : communication was kept up between the two columns by telegraphing by bugle sound.

\* \* \* \* \*

" I had the Winnipeg Field Battery, under Major Jarvis, 35 of ' A ' Battery, Scouts, and the Royal Canadian Grenadiers (Colonel Grassett).

" On the morning of the second day, the 24th April, General Middleton's column, on the right bank, was attacked at Fish Creek.

## " A " BATTERY.—FISH CREEK.

" Here ' A ' Battery particularly distinguished themselves. Captain Peters and Lieutenant Rivers led the garrison division down the coulée, and attacked the rebels in their pits, at close quarters. Captain Drury and Lieutenant Ogilvie, with the field guns, took up different positions during the action, at times under heavy fire at close quarters. They shelled houses occupied by the rebels, setting one house and one hay-stack on fire. To get the garrison men out of the coulée, Lieutenant Ogilvie ran a gun up to the edge of the ravine, and fired case-shot point blank at the pits at the bottom, within 20 yards. Two men were struck at their guns when sponging. ' A ' Battery had 70 men engaged, and lost three killed and twelve wounded.

## " B " BATTERY.—CUT KNIFE.

" Major Short's command of ' B ' Battery, Service Detachment, joined Colonel Otter's column, and after the long march up the trail from Swift Current to Battleford, was engaged with that Force at the action at Cut Knife on the 2nd May, against the large band of Poundmaker, with Stonies, Sioux, and Crees. They had two 7-pr. guns, and a gatling under Captain Rutherford; Captain Farley with Lieutenants Prower and Pelletier having charge of the garrison men. Lieutenant-Colonel Otter's report mentions this corps in the highest terms, with especial mention of the conspicuous gallantry of Major Short. In this action Lieutenant Pelletier, Sergeant Gaffney, Corporal Morton, and Gunner Reynolds were severely wounded.

" A " BATTERY—BATOCHÉ,  
May 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th.

" After 13 days unavoidable delay at Fish Creek, the Force marched on Batoché, and early on the morning of the 9th, the welcome command came ' Guns to the Front.' A three-mile gallop brought us there, and the 2 guns of ' A ' Battery came at once into action. Major Jarvis' guns present in reserve. A rush was made on the guns by the Breeds and Indians, and here Lieutenant Rivers' gatling, which had accompanied us, was of signal service, in the absence of any Infantry escort, which we had necessarily left far behind. Captain Howard (an American volunteer) acting as a gun number, turned the

crank, and poured in such a fire as enabled the guns to be limbered up, and retired without serious loss. Again, after the Infantry came up, the guns attempted the shelling of the pits from the same point, but the nature of the ground, consisting of rolling prairie and heavy bluffs, made it necessary to come to too close quarters for effective work; on this morning Gunner Phillips was wounded at the edge of a ravine occupied by the enemy, and rolled down into it. Here Gunners Coyne and Beaudry coolly went down the ravine and brought up their comrade, who was lying in front of the rebel pits not 100 yards off; poor Phillips was shot the second time, and killed, while being carried up; the rescuers escaped unhurt. They were recommended for the Victoria Cross.

"During the two next days an incessant Infantry duel went on, the guns going in and shelling when opportunity offered.

"On the morning of the fourth day, when the decisive affair took place, Captain Drury had been out on a reconnaissance with General Middleton, with one gun, and when the action began, I left that gun with the reserve force in the 'zareba,' and took up the other three and the gatling. All four were in action during the whole of the engagement. Major Jarvis with the Winnipeg Battery guns, and Lieutenant Ogilvie with one of 'A's' did capital service in keeping down the galling flank fire of the rebels from houses and pits on the opposite side of the river, and also preventing the enemy's communications by the scow. Captain Coutlee, Winnipeg Field Battery, and the gatling, under Lieutenant Rivers were sent up to the high ground on the right of the Infantry attack, and took the ravines and pits occupied by the enemy in enfilade, doing splendid service. It is more than doubtful that the brilliant charge would have been the success it was, had this not been done. From subsequent conversations with some of the Breeds who had been fighting against us, I learned that the wholesome awe they had of the big guns 'which fired once and made the shot run after them and fire again,' was immense. The sound of the gatling also struck terror, but I could not ascertain that it did so much execution. The houses fired at on the other side of the river were found afterwards to have been completely wrecked on the inside by the bursting shells, though from a distance the effect was not visible, owing to the thinness of the walls letting the shells through like a pane of glass.

" 'A' Battery had, during the fighting at Batoche, one man killed and four wounded, one of whom, Driver Charpentier, afterwards died; also one horse killed and one wounded. I wish to particularly mention the services of Captain Young,

Winnipeg Fd. Battery, who, both while with the guns and later on as Brigade Major to Lieutenant-Colonel Straubenzie, commanding the Infantry Brigade, did excellent work.

\* \* \* \* \*

"From Batoche, the Batteries went on with General Middleton's Column, via Gardupuy's Crossing, where Riel was taken, to Prince Albert, being here in particular, as they always were, of great assistance to the Columns in making roads, bridges, etc. Almost everyone had to come to the gunners for horse-shoeing, collar-making, tailoring, cobbling, etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The surrender of the Indian Chief, Poundmaker, and his band, at this time, is a matter of history.

#### FORT PITT.

"Big Bear had still to be disposed of, and General Middleton left Battleford with a flying column, taking with him, of the Artillery, only Major Short, Captains Peters and Rutherford, Lieutenant Farley, with the gatlings and about 50 N.-C. officers and men from the two Batteries. This Force, forming a junction with the Alberta Field Force, and making Fort Pitt their base, hunted Big Bear round Loon Lake and down the Beaver River; they crossed some most difficult country, full of swamps and muskegs.

"The guns and Batteries were left at Battleford under my command, but very shortly afterwards left with Col. Otter's column (consisting of 'C' Company, under Captain Sears, and the 'Queen's Own,' Col. Miller), going across the Saskatchewan, and heading due North with orders to patrol Squirrel Plains.

"I took with me, under Captain Drury, Lieuts. Ogilvie and Prower, 2 field guns, and 27 N.-C. officers and men.

"This Expedition lasted three weeks, and on the 27th of June the Artillery left for Battleford, reaching the north bank at 10 p.m., 28th.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Major Wilson, Captain Fages, and Lieut. Imlah also served in the North West.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In October my detachment left for Qu'Appelle, by route marching.

"This was a prairie march of 300 miles, and was accomplished in 10 days, including the crossing of the South Saskatchewan, which took one whole day.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It gives me great pleasure to testify to the good conduct of all ranks, and the cheerful way in which duty, sometimes of the most arduous nature, was performed, and hardships made light of. There was almost a total absence of crime, and I never heard a grumble.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"C. E. MONTIZAMBERT, Lt.-Colonel,

"Commdt, R.S.G., Quebec."

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM THE "KINGSTON WHIG."

—————

"HOME COMING OF A POPULAR OFFICER—BATTERY WELCOME.

—————

CARRIED INTO THE BARRACKS—SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS WHO GAZE ON HIS BRONZED FACE AND THREADBARE CLOTHES—DRIVEN TO HIS HOME—THROUGH THE FIGHT—INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

—————

"A dozen cabs, a score of dogs, a crowd of boys, a group of military men, a bevy of ladies, a large number of batterymen and citizens were seen about the K. and P. R.R. station last evening. The animate portion were anxiously waiting for the train to arrive. It came in at 5.50 o'clock. The first person

seen was a ' B ' batteryman wearing a forage cap made out of a portion of an oat bag, and a gray coat, belted with a piece of cloth of a different colour. His shoes were yellow and well worn. The bronzed face of the soldier was suffused with smiles on viewing home once more. He stood in the baggage room door. The batteryman who had been marched out to the track cheered with a gusto at the sight of Major Short, who dashed out of the car and greeted the company. He kissed his wife, and had only performed such successfully when the batteryman encircled him, hoisted him in the air, and amid shouts of rejoicing carried him through the ponderous gate and archway of Tête du Pont Barracks.

“ THE MAJOR'S APPEARANCE.

“ The crowd of boys, soldiers and women followed, and the ' beau ideal of an officer,' as Col. Otter described him, shook hands with the many friends who pressed about him. The Major's face was brown, very brown, so brown that it glistened in the sun. His tunic was a half grey and nearly threadbare, the red and gold trimmings begrimed and dull, stood out in bold comparison with the polish and finish of his brother officers. The Major's eyebrows, moustache and parts of his hair were of a very light brown—the sun had taken all the colour out of them. During his tourings he had grown a beard, but this he had removed as soon as he reached the abodes of civilisation. Upon the Major's head was the Battery fatigue cap, wedge shaped. It was well worn and the formerly bright red was very dingy, Just above the brass ' B ' was a hole, into which was fixed a mink's tail. A big rent on the opposite side was sewn as only a bachelor or a grass widower could sew it. The big aperture had been made by a bullet at Cut Knife Creek battle. The usual glittering sword belt and fixings were gone, a shoulder strap of tanned leather alone held up the sword. The luggage of the Major showed evidences of hard usage. A big buffalo coat, he had annexed, was a source of comfort, and was regarded with envy by the less fortunate officers. It had been the Major's companion in his nightly bivouacs. The batteryman led in two strong Indian dogs, secured at Frog Lake. They were intelligent looking and exact counterparts of the pictures seen in books of Esquimaux dogs drawing sleighs across the ice. They had the bushy waving tails, the high ears and sharp noses.

“ As soon as Major Short had shaken hands with his friends, a line of men attached to the carriage of John Carruthers,

Esq., drew up at the guard room and halted while the Major's horse, 'King Tom,' was brought over for inspection. The animal neighed a welcome, and demonstrated his gratitude by rubbing his nose about his master's person. Then the Major, Mrs. Short, and Miss Carruthers stepped into the carriage, and the fifty batterymen trotted out into the street and proceeded to the Major's residence. As the cavalcade passed through the streets hundreds halted and lifted their hats to the gallant soldier, whose home-coming was a source of gratification.

“ CHATTING WITH THE MAJOR.

“ This morning Major Short, in civilian dress, was found in the barracks. He told the reporter that the trip across the C.P.R. gaps on the way out, was the most awful journey any body of men could have made. They rode for nights, many of them falling off their horses, so tired and sleepy were they. For days they wore frozen clothes. Several times they lost their way. The only other experience that reminded him of the journey across the frozen wastes was the hunt after Big Bear and the walk through muskegs. They were only a day behind Big Bear when they came to an impassable muskeg, and were reluctantly compelled to turn back.

“ The last work the Major did was to visit the Reservations with Colonel Herchmer, and bring in prisoners. The Indians were particularly penitent. Over all the encampments the white flag of peace fluttered.

“ CUT KNIFE CREEK.

“ The battle of Cut Knife Creek was a severe one. The men fought bravely, and secured the key of the position when the Forces were recalled. Afterwards they had to take the same point over again. The Indians had been driven from the right, from the front, and into a coulée on the left, and could have been swept out of existence had not the recall sounded. The reason for the retreat has never been announced. The Major told how he shot the Indian who pierced his cap. He said that a score of Stonies were driven off on the run, when a big brave deliberately turned and fired at him. He (the Major) was twenty feet away from his men urging them forward. The shot pierced his cap. At once he grabbed the rifle from a soldier, tried to fire, but the cartridge would not go off. He flung the rifle aside, drew his revolver, and hit the

Indian in the side. He rolled over, jumped up, and tried to run, but could not. An excited French Canadian batteryman, seeing the Indian's attempts, rushed forward, saying 'He alive! he alive!!' and fired, but missed. The Indian then dropped down, and drew his blanket over his head, and a moment afterwards a blow from the butt of the rifle in the Frenchman's hands sent him to the happy hunting grounds. Major Short afterwards took a bowie knife from the fallen brave's belt. The Major's charger, 'Jack the Barber,' was shot on the field."

No more loyal soul than Charley Short has it ever been my lot to meet, and he went up in the conflagration at Quebec like Jim Bludso in the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

"He weren't no saint—but at judgment  
I'd run my chance with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—  
And went for it thar and then ;  
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard  
On a man that died for men."

(*Pike County Ballad.*)

## CHAPTER XII.

MY SON TO THE OLD CORPS—THE PILLAR OF CLOUD BY DAY—THE  
PILLAR OF FIRE BY NIGHT—INDIAN REVENGE—A BROKEN LEG—A  
FRIEND IN NEED—A FORFEITED PENSION—GENERAL JINGO'S  
JUBILEE—CONSOLATION—FAREWELL CANADA.

" I'm off by the morning train,  
To cross the raging main,  
Hi! Ho! "

On our return from the campaign, my son found an order awaiting him to join without delay the Royal Artillery at Woolwich. He had been appointed to Jingo's dear old corps, having previously qualified for a commission at the Canadian Military College. His appearance in Woolwich in buckskin shirt and schapps would have been too startling an innovation, and tailors are few and far between in the "Wild West." We got him rigged out as soon as possible for the voyage, but he was specially ordered to visit the family tailor in London before putting in an appearance.

A lovely bright morning in the Fall could not altogether dispel the tinge of sadness with which I parted from my boy, to surrender him to the traditional career of his family. As we rattled over the prairie towards Gleichen railway-station, the awful pillar of cloud, indicating the birth of a prairie fire, drove all else out of our heads. Soon the pillar wreathed itself into a black pall across the sky, the familiar rush and roar were heard, and tongues of flame seen, as we neared our terrible foe. It had evidently been started by the Indians from their Reserve, knowing that the wind would sweep it down on our devoted Rancho. They had openly sworn to be revenged upon me for leading the troops against them. Here was the first instalment of its fulfilment. I and my boys were alone in the waggon. There was a chance. A tiny stream trickled in the bottom of the next coulée, and the grass was

green along its margin. We might meet it here. The whole force of the men would be on the spot in a short time to assist us.

Jumping out we wetted in the stream the horse blankets, which lay on the bottom of the waggon. We began to fight the fire in the intervals between the little pools wherever there was a chance of its crossing. I know no more depressing task, for it is rarely, if ever, successful, and yet one has to fight on, beating the flames with the wet blanket, stifling and faint, mouth and throat parched, hair and clothes singed and blackened. And so it goes on, sometimes for a whole day and night, with the miserable, haunting thought of blackened acres spreading hundreds of miles away to the first large river, the moans of starving cattle, and possibly a burnt-out homestead, with all one's belongings gone in one fell swoop.

The men did not come. My boy pulled out his watch.

"Father, I must leave you. If I miss this train I miss the next boat for a week. You know my orders."

"Do you mean to leave me on this burning prairie?"

"It was you who taught me to obey orders."

He mounted the waggon and drove away, leaving me about as sick at heart as ever I had been in the course of a long life. His reward, in addition to a good conscience *towards his Queen*, was the forfeiture of his pay for the period during which he had been engaged at the front against *her* enemies, being ignorant of his appointment, for no War Office foolscap could reach him. He had overstayed the date on which he had been ordered to join at Woolwich.

Old Jingo's reward was to come soon.

It was getting dusk, and the pillar of cloud by day was changed to a pillar of fire by night. To me, in the wilderness, the words always came with an ever-recurring horrible irony.

The men came at last, and the fire was stayed by heading it at the source of the little stream which ran into the Bow.

The first stage of the Indian revenge being fire, the second was cattle-killing and driving off horses. In the latter they could not succeed successfully, as the horses, many of them bred on the range, could not be driven away. I tried to give the men a rest on Sundays, so the

Indians selected it as their day of work. I took the boundary riding on Sunday. One Saturday night the last rider's report was: "Band of horses driven north, followed by Indian pony tracks." To head off a couple of hundred horses is not easy. Harry was gone; Alec on the other end of the range, twenty miles off. So I asked for assistance from the household. With the promise of quiet horses I got two lady volunteers. Had to take an unbroken broncho myself, which had only been backed a couple of times. It was necessary occasionally to do so, for example's sake, as the men, if allowed, would ride the old horses to death rather than be always at the "Buffalo Bill" business, which palls upon one terribly, especially when there is no gallery.

Following the tracks, we turned our horses for a minute to look at the long wavy line of the Rockies, the snow-peaks flushing and changing in mingled metallic lustre and mist, the rays of the setting sun glorifying the dull prairie into red radiance, while in the purple distance it seemed to reach the actual feet of the walls of rock and snow,

" \* \* \* Where the mandate of God,  
Into cloudland and glory transfigures the sod."

"Why pine for the hedgerows of England?"

At this moment one of the ladies dropped her whip, I dismounted to give it to her. After remounting, my "blamed" broncho began a circus of bucking. Though he did not succeed with me, he bucked my hat off, and I had to dismount again to pick that up. Between irritation and the force of military habit, I carelessly took a lock of the mane and the bridle, without the precaution of keeping the horse's head close to my shoulder. He plunged, got his head away, and delivered a kick which broke my leg below the knee in two places. Where I fell was in a hollow, where a man's bones might bleach before he was found, so I requested the lady of the dropped whip to stay with me as landmark, the other to ride to the ranche and bring assistance.

Alas! she took the wrong direction. Shouts failing to arrest her, my companion rode after her, but fearing to lose track of me, returned without succeeding in overtaking her. There was nothing for it but to let her go also to the ranche. The Chinook breeze was blowing. I told her to keep it on her

right cheek, and to bring it back on her left. Then she shot away into the gloom; hairpins would not stand the pace, and the last thing I saw was a flash of streaming golden hair. It was difficult to make oneself comfortable, for the huge Mexican spur bent up the foot in the wrong direction; putting the broken leg over the other gave comparative ease. Pipe after pipe was smoked watching the stars come out. The long low howl of the cayote began to be heard. They circled round nearer and nearer, until I could see the gleam of red eyes. In spite of shouts, for I had no revolver, the circles were growing smaller. It was only four hours in point of time, but it seemed eternity before my ear, close to the ground, caught the rattle of wheels and the thud of hoofs on the prairie. My messenger had been successful in again finding me, and had brought men with waggon and litter. "Mexican Jack" slit up the boot and breeches deftly, put the leg in splints, and the good fellows carried me gingerly. But the jolting of that litter was ———. The other lady, fortunately, hit upon the railway, and riding to a station telegraphed to a doctor, who turned up the next day from Calgary, about fifty miles off.

Recovery was tedious, for, when the bandages were removed, the leg broke again. It had barely re-united when again the fire-fiend appeared, this time from the C. P. Railway. The sparks from the passing engines light the dry prairie grass and conflagration is inevitable. Year after year the C. P. Railway has been permitted to devastate enormous tracts—one of the main causes of the slow development of the North-West Territory. Lately the Company has been compelled to plough a fire-break. Ploughing turns the sod over, and prevents the fire spreading. Had this been done seven years ago, many men would have been saved from ruin, and thousands of cattle from starvation.

On this occasion the hands were all out, and the house itself was not secure. Seizing the crutches I went on with the womenfolk to guard the patch by which the fire could reach the house, fell, and again wrenched the damaged leg.

But the troubles, which seemed about as bad as they could be for old Jingo, were unexpectedly lightened by the camaraderie which seems incredible to a civilian. Colonel Hennell, who was at home on leave from India, crossed the Atlantic to come and help me. He took my place in the management of the Ranche, until a telegram told him that his regiment was

going to the front in Burmah. Without a halt he reached it, and well earned the decoration he wears. But before his departure he helped us through with our Christmas festivities. Pleasant gentlefolk neighbours from the Old Country came from a distance. There were theatricals, and the rafters of the long dining-room rang to the music of "Cowboy Cole," who was as handy with the fiddle as the rifle. He became master of the ceremonies, and indicated many novel movements in the mazy by singing his instructions, "hands down the centre and back, twist your partners, swing your ladies, set," and so forth. But the Red River jig in costume fairly brought down the house, from ladies to cowboys.

Of course Jingo could only look on—a proceeding he was not much accustomed to. But his enjoyment was dashed by a long blue letter to the effect that, having accepted service under a Colonial Government during the North-West Campaign, he thereby forfeited her Majesty's pension, of which he would be deprived. He was directed forthwith to refund the amount paid to him from the time of his taking the field up to date. Jingo declined to refund anything, and informed her Majesty's Government that, as they had deprived him of his pension, they could recoup themselves. When applied to, H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief expressed regret that financial matters were not in his province. As to appealing to her Majesty, under a Constitutional Government, one might as well appeal to the Mérovingen dynasty. Our electoral "maire de palais" at this time was Mr. Gladstone.

Deprivation of pension at this juncture was to Jingo a serious thing. Out of 2,000, not a single head of cattle remained on the blackened Ranche. It had been necessary to drive them across the river, and trust them to fate and the tender mercies of cattle-stealers, red and white. Jingo lay with a broken leg, nearly as helpless as when, fifty years ago, he was born into the service of her Majesty.

And this was GENERAL JINGO'S JUBILEE !

But there were consolations. When his old Scouts, now disbanded, saw him limping about the Calgary streets, they planked down their dollars and sent him a gold-headed ebony walking-stick, with an inscription, and an address ; while the teamsters of the Force subscribed and presented him with a silver-plated tea-service, with an inscription duly setting forth confidence and loyalty. This was accompanied

by an illuminated address, designed by an artistic Transport Officer.

During the five years I was a ranchman, I had become known to the settlers in Alberta. I was asked to stand for Parliament, but had no politics, only patriotism. The Conservative party leaders would have none of me, they preferred a member of the principal trading firm, an ex-member of the United States army, and I could not endorse the vote of the Liberal leader, Mr. Blake, against hanging Riel.

Mr. Blake is now assisting Mr. Gladstone to hand over Ireland to other ex-rebels.

"Pecks' bad boy" describes the situation thus:

"Father, who is that very tall man with the fur cap?"

"That, my son, is Major-General Strange. He was in command of the Alberta Field Force during the late Rebellion, but he got no credit for what he did, and he is now seeking parliamentary honours for Alberta."

"Does he stand any chance of being elected, father?"

"Yes, my son, if Hardisty, or the half-dozen others who are running, do not get the majority of votes."

"Will he make a good representative, father?"

"Yes, my son, but he will not be liked by the party in power. He will be like a hornet's nest in the House, and the Government will want to shelve him before his first Session is over."

"Will he go to Heaven, father?"

"Yes, my son, if he does not get into an argument with Peter at the gates."

After many months, his forfeited pension was restored to Jingo. The Marquis of Lorne, *ci-devant* Governor-General of Canada, exerted himself, and a brother officer, the late Colonel Duncan, R.A., M.P., threatened to ask ugly questions in Parliament if the Government persisted in depriving a retired officer of his pension as a penalty for serving in the field.

Perhaps last, but not least, the *Liberal* party was no longer in power. Though it really matters little which party is in office. The permanent Secretaries govern the Empire without responsibility—they have no soul to save, no corporate body to be kicked.

Soon after restoration to pension the children went home with their mother for their education. I remained for some

time longer to wind up affairs and hand over the Ranche to another manager.

Aften ten years service to the Empire in Canada, I left it with a deep affection for the Canadian people as a whole. Their manly virtues, their amiability, their clear intellects and honest instincts are their own. The only thing bad about them is the political system which we gave them. It produces worse results than with us, inasmuch, as they have no less than nine talking-houses (Parliaments) for a population a little over that of London. When we make every parish Council an embryo Parliament, we shall be worse off than they are. In Canada there are too many loaves and fishes, incitements to political corruption, to be divided among so few, and the French and Irish races, largely represented in Canada, are less suited to parliamentary institutions than the English and Scotch.

The French habitant is a fine, moral, hard-working, good-tempered, peasant; but when not under the influence of the priest, he falls under that of the blathering young political avocat who talks tricolour, wants to dynamite Nelson's monument, and dreams of an independent New France. England, the best hated country in the world, has been more generous to conquered races than any other nation in the pages of history. The French-Canadian, the Irish, and the negro multiply more quickly than the prudent Anglo-Saxon.

We have given them the franchise, and they will vote us out of our own territory, as the millions of Hindostan will do if we let them. It is as if the lions had given the franchise to the rabbits. But there are other virile races besides our own who will run the rabbits less mercifully. If Canada were annexed to the United States, the French-Canadian would disappear, as the Frenchman of Louisiana disappeared.

The French-Canadian hierarchy know it, and are not eager for annexation to the United States.

The avocat Rouge party are quite willing to borrow money from old France, but to be a French colony, or to suppose that the United States would allow a New France, even if we were weak enough to do so, they know is beyond the possibilities.

Apart from their politics, there are no pleasanter people to live among than Canadians, and the memory of many kindnesses remains to me.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A GUN WITH A SOUL—HAWAII FOUND AND LOST—THE GIRDLE OF EMPIRE—NIGGER BUTCHER OR HERO—AMERICAN PATRIOTISM—AUSTRALIAN NATIVES—OLD COLONISTS—GERMANY AND RUSSIA IN THE PACIFIC—COLONIAL GOVERNORS—DEMOCRACY—INTER-IMPERIAL FREE TRADE—POSTAL MUDDLES—THE BRITISH DISUNITED STATES—AUSTRALIAN HEPTANARCHY—A PERIPATETIC COUNCIL—UNITED EMPIRE.

Satan's occupation again—"going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it." Jingo's companion this time was a gun with a soul. He had found that a man who can't ride encumbers the prairie. His leg had been set four times, and was now a modified S. In London, he came across Hiram Maxim, who fascinated him with his invention, and then put a good thing in his way.

"Guess you couldn't make a gun like that, though you are a General! But you know how to fight it. Write us a chapter on the tactical use of the gun and then take it round the world for us." The temptation to such a trip was irresistible.

I spent a few weeks in the Maxim-Nordenfelt workshops and then, with the gun, started and made no halt until half the circumference of the little globe was covered, save the few hours when the vessel coaled at the Paradise of the Pacific, those islands which more than a century ago—1778, when the United States of America was an infant Republic—that inordinate Jingo, Captain Cook, discovered. He named them after the First Lord of the Admiralty, but the liquid-tongued Islanders have long since abjured the ugly name for the softer sounding "Hawaii."

The year after Cook's death, Kamehameha, the warrior King, subjugated the Island group. Captain Vancouver, of the British Navy, some years later, visited the Islands, and established friendly relations with the King and his subjects, teaching them how to build coasting vessels.

In 1819, Kamehameha the Second, a weak prince, came under the influence of the English and American missionaries. Idolatry was abolished. In 1824, the King and Queen visited England, and died there of measles. This sad event had a sinister effect on the suspicious minds of the natives.

In 1843, the King ceded the Islands to a British Naval Officer, Lord George Paulet, who appointed a commission for their government. The act was disavowed by Great Britain, which had just begun to grow little.

The French naval officers then stepped in, and took high-handed measures, establishing the Roman Catholic religion in islands that had been mainly under the influence of Protestant Missions.

The King appealed to the Powers, and in 1844, the independence of the island was guaranteed by England, France, America, and Belgium.

The direct Royal line becoming extinct, the representative of a collateral branch, Kalakaua was elected King by ballot. He was a man of fine physique, but his features gave one the impression that a dash of negro blood ran through his veins, imparting to his character the inordinate vanity peculiar to that race.

He was very intelligent and well educated, but played "poker" to such an extent with his friends that he made ducks and drakes of his finances. He was tolerated and even popular, for much the same reason as old Rowley (Charles II.) *i.e.*, he was a good fellow and not likely to increase the Royal prerogative to the detriment of the white adventurers, who really governed the country, while they played poker with the King.

When I visited Honolulu, the capital, in November, 1888, the genial King, Kalakaua, was extending his hospitality to an American base-ball team. The beautiful scattered town in its gardens of tropical greenery, was *en fête*, the *sans souciant* population, white, black, brown and yellow, were garlanded with flowers, redolent of perfume, and vocal with the liquid monotony of native love songs.

The King was to give a Hawaiian feast in the Palace Gardens. During the day I had gone to pay my respects to the British Consul, some members of whose family I had known in other lands.

It was the hour of siesta, but as I was anxious to be

presented to the King and see the novel fête, I called, and found the representative of the British power was an amiable gentleman of delicate health, whose life was being prolonged by residence in a mild climate. He disliked public functions, at which, he informed me, the order of precedence given to him was not in accord with the dignity of the country he represented. The American Consul having been styled by his Government "Minister Plenipotentiary," took the lead, and the British representative habitually absented himself. On this occasion he proposed that I should be presented by the United States Consul, an honour I declined.

Going alone, my card got me past the sentry, and an A.D.C., a strikingly-handsome Hawaiian, educated at an Italian Military School, presented me to his Majesty.

He and his Court gentlemen looked cool and picturesque in white linen coats and trousers, a pale blue silk sash giving a touch of colour.

The Princesses were spoilt by wearing Parisian costumes, which did not suit them. The full, graceful forms of the younger native women of lower rank were draped in white tea gowns of classic simplicity, which harmonised admirably with lights and music, but appeared incongruous when worn riding en cavalier.

The Palace gardens were flooded with electric light, in which the feathery foliage of the tall palms gleamed a shimmering silver. while the dark avenues of denser trees were scarcely illuminated by the soft effulgence of many-coloured Chinese lanterns.

The King had a very fair band, somewhat addicted to Offenbach, but the interludes were filled up with Hawaiian love songs. They seemed to have no other except the Missionary hymns, which would hardly lend themselves to festivities of this sort, unless manipulated by Salvation lasses, who had not as yet invaded this last Eden of the earth.

The feast was held in a huge tent, decorated with flags of all nations, palm branches, and roses. The tables were boards on the ground, covered with white damask; the guests sat cross-legged on strips of matting, a sadly-cramping position for an unaccustomed European, who, when he found himself garlanded with flowers, felt like a sacrificial victim, though, fortunately, he had to eat, instead of being

eaten in the old island fashion. A brown beauty stood behind him in a white tea-gown, gently cooling his bald head with a long-handled feather fan.

The feast looked prettier than it tasted—tropic fruit and flowers, mysteries of raw shark, roast dog or pig, which was it? wrapped in plantain leaves. But the guest was bound to finish off with the finger-dipping "Poi," for which it were better for you to use your own finger, or the lady next you may use hers and expect you to suck it. This favourite dish looked and tasted like sour pink paste. There was champagne to wash it down.

I did not stay to witness the "Houlah-Houlah" dance of native women, probably more suggestive than graceful. These old-world dances still linger, in the new, among primitive races.

The love dance remains, though the war dance is forgotten.

"They have the Pyrrhic dances yet ;  
The Pyrrhic phalanx they forget."

The following day I had a private chat with his very intelligent Majesty, who was much interested in the Maxim automatic machine gun, of which he had read. He wished to possess one, to reinforce his small army of about 100 men. "An Iron Battalion," he called it, "requiring neither pay, rations, nor uniform, only cartridges, and one cool head and loyal hand to guide it." Under such auspices, revolutions would cease to be rose water.

He saw very clearly that his royal rights would be more respected by the Protectorate of a Monarchical Government like England—whose consideration for the native Princes of India he recognised—than by a Republic, and that "Hawaii for the Hawaiians" might have a better chance of being a *fait accompli*.

But he had no son, and his practical politics were *après moi le deluge*.

His sister, the lately deposed Queen Lilinokalani, is the widow of an American; her niece, Kaialani, is a pretty, clever girl, being educated in England. In restoring her to her rights, President Cleveland has acted like a gentleman and a statesman, for the annexation of Hawaii to the United

States would have been a stultification of their political principles. The natives are against annexation to the United States, and the white population not unanimous.

The English and Germans in Hawaii out-number the citizens of the United States, while the French are few. There is a large Chinese population. On my voyage home from Australia I again visited the Island, and saw the King Kalakaua and his sister, the deposed Queen, a fine woman, dressed *a la* Worth. Her manner was simple and gracious, in conversation she was *au fait* with current events.

It is unfortunate that, though we found, we seem to have practically lost Hawaii, for it is the first stage in the commercial highway between Canada and Australasia, and would be a coaling place for a line of mail steamers between our two greatest Colonies, who have hitherto been dependent on the American line.

Unfortunately, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, absorbed in its efforts to secure a monopoly by ousting the Allan Line steamers from Halifax, has failed to establish a line of steamers to Australasia.\*

Without such communication, and a Pacific cable, Western Canada is a "cul de sac," breaking the girdle of British colonial commerce, for the line from Vancouver to Japan is an outlet to a foreign country, with which the trade of Canada is as nothing, compared with what it would be with Anglo-Saxon Australasia.

On intimate trade relations, and communication between Canada and Australasia, rests the future continuance or break-up of the British Empire.

The commerce of Canada is closed to the south by the hostile tariffs of the United States, as well as by the Canadian protective duties, neither likely to be entirely removed. Communication and trade eastward with Australasia, and westward with England, would give new life to Canada, and make her a long line of commerce, the longest and strongest link in the chain of a Federated British Empire—instead of driving her into annexation with the United States, for the sake of a commercial outlet.

Once Canada leaves us, the girdle of Empire is broken, and Australasia must follow ; then South Africa, and without the last, India.

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\* Since this was in the printer's hands the long talked of has been partly accomplished.

The indefatigable Canadian engineer, Sandford Fleming, four years ago brought the Pacific cable before the Colonial Conference, who approved, but her Majesty's Government turned a deaf ear.

Instead of an alternative line, we have been multiplying Eastern extension cables, all running through that narrow neck of debatable land, the Isthmus of Suez, where, if there were twenty cables, they could all be cut in an hour. During the late crises in Egypt, telegraph communication was interrupted.

In the Russian War scare, of 1885, the *Eastern Telegraph communication was broken 30 times in the space of four months*, causing panic in Australia and raising rates of insurance on shipping. The Eastern cable passes from Australia to Java, a Dutch possession, on to the Malay Peninsula, across India and Egypt (that bone of European contention); thence it lies in the shallow waters of the Mediterranean (where it is subject to interruption), and again emerges on foreign soil; and yet a General of Royal Engineers, for some time Acting Agent-General to the Colony of New South Wales, has put it above his signature in *The Times*, that a Pacific cable is of "no strategic importance;" and as Parish Councils are more important than Imperial matters, we have permitted the Governments of Queensland and New South Wales to hand over the key of the Pacific cable to the French in New Caledonia.

The C. P. Railway telegraph already runs from ocean to ocean through Canada. If we had one from Ireland to Canada and another across the deep undredgable Pacific, by the Sandwich Islands, Fiji, and the Fanning Islands to Australasia, we should have an electric girdle round the globe, nowhere touching on foreign soil.

But if Hawaii once became a portion of the United States there would be a broken link in the Imperial chain of communication, for, though one of the last acts of Lord Salisbury's Government was, *faute de mieux*, to annex a played-out guano island, it could scarcely be considered a suitable station for the Pacific cable.\*

Four years ago I saw in the harbour of Tasmania a British man-of-war, which had completed the survey for the

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\* Since this was written we have allowed our colonies to give the other end of the cable to France, in New Caledonia.

Pacific cable route. They had found no insuperable difficulty, yet we have no alternate line, not merely to Australasia, but to India.. The energetic American has pushed across the Pacific in summer steamers—boats like those which shoot so swiftly along his lakes and rivers—floating hotels with palatial saloons and bridal cabins, all white and gold Cupids. The practical side is that they carry mails, cargo, and strong American sympathies to Sydney, that home of the blatant *Bulletin* newspaper, which neither fears God nor regards man. It is unfortunate that the *Review of Reviews* publishes his monthly caricatures as the index of public opinion in Australia.

I saw in Melbourne a statue lately raised to Gordon. New South Wales had sent her contingent to his rescue and then repented of her generous act. I read in the *Bulletin* that Gordon was "a sainted nigger butcher," deserving no statue. Which is likely to be the true expression of the generous heart of Australia? "De mortuis" is no concern of the *Bulletin*, the *Boomerang*, and such like rags. When the Honourable Mr. Dalley died (he had been the Prime Minister who instigated the Australian contingent for the relief of Gordon), the *Bulletin* suggested the monument of an ass in a lion's skin. England has placed a memorial to the Australian Statesman in Westminster Abbey. Which treatment of her son does Australia really desire?

The effusions we have quoted are the natural result of American editorial influence in Australia. Every hour that the monopoly of communication has been left to the United States line between San Francisco and Australasia, it was sapping British trade, British connection, and British sentiment in favour of the United States. Naturally so; and who can blame the patriotic energy of that country of which every citizen is an active patriot at home and abroad, by sea or shore. It cannot be denied that many colonists have republican sentiments, and look to the United States for protection. No doubt, Jonathan is preparing to pick up the pieces of the Empire John Bull seems determined to throw away, and is aiming at the leadership of the English-speaking race. But how would the race fare under Jonathan? Would he protect countries which make hostile tariffs against him, while he admits their products duty free, as easy-going John Bull does? While the Americans advise us so sympathetically to let Ireland go, their treatment of

secession in the Southern States is something for the colonists to consider in the event of their throwing in their lot with them, and is an example to us of the virility of the younger branch of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

I spent a blazing Christmas in magnificent Melbourne, where the profuse Australian hospitality substitutes champagne for more welcome afternoon tea. Made a member of every club, plutocrat and Bohemian, the Englishman feels ashamed when, in his own clubs in London, he finds it difficult to get Colonists made members, or to reciprocate the welcome which was lavished on him at the antipodes. For one English globe-trotter who visits Australia, a thousand come to London, and in the tear of social life and business they are overlooked. I found their hospitality not confined to club life. Everywhere, in New Zealand, Tasmania, and each Australian colony, I met with kindly reception, both in the mansion of the squatter and the farmhouse of the free-selector.

In New Zealand, the Britain of the Southern Seas—which produced the finest of native races—there is every reason to believe the Anglo-Saxon will not degenerate. Of all our colonies the first, emigration to it has been the most systematic and select—and it has borne fruit in producing the most kindly, genial, and unpretentious society it has been my lot to meet. Tasmania, though less fortunate in its early settlement, and with less of life and enterprise than New Zealand or Australia, is not behind-hand in the character of its gentle-folks. In fact, go where you will through vast Anglo-Saxondom, be it India, Canada, Australasia, or Africa, if you seek the widest, most self-reliant type of Englishman, you will find him beyond the narrow seas. We need not fear a Federated Empire if we, the noble parent stock which produced these offsets, would only look beyond our islands.

During the year I was in Australia, I read and listened to debates in every colonial legislature, and had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of their talented and genial public men. Almost all, except those of the inevitable Irish persuasion, were favourable to British connection, but it is not a question which will come to the polls, and we shall drift apart unless the mother-country takes the initiative.

It is true the Imperial Federation League is dead, with a joke as its final utterance. "*Having accomplished the object*

*for which it was formed*, it has dissolved." It deserved to die, for it never had the pluck to put forth a programme ; but the idea is not dead, and will not die.

Perhaps the noisiest share of the clamour for separation is due to the use made by politicians of the "Australian Natives Association." Its very name proclaims ignorance of the outside world. The black fellow is irresistibly recalled to the mind of the Anglo-Saxon by the ill-chosen title of the associated Australian born, from the nature of things, young men.

When they were debating on some new emblematic bird of the Spread Eagle kind for their new society, some one suggested the laughing jackass.

Upon these unimaginative, ignorant people, designedly ignorant of history, which is not taught in the State Schools of Victoria, and but little in others, depends the future relations of their country to ours. The old colonist is passing away, and is succeeded by his sons, who talk as if they and not their fathers had built up the marvellous growth of the antipodes. Let them see that they are fit to stand in their fathers' shoes.

There are few grander men, mentally, morally, and physically, than the old Australian colonist. He is the survival of the fittest, for the weak went to the wall. Generally of good birth, sometimes of humble origin, but with solid schooling from the old country, especially the Scotch, they have further educated themselves at many a lonely outpost of civilisation. I have heard them sneered at by separatist compatriots as bucolic intellects. They are the reverse, and form, all over Australasia, a natural aristocracy, without an exact counterpart in any part of the world. They know that union is strength, and are, as far as I have seen, at heart United Empire Loyalists. But they are outvoted by their own shepherds and the mechanics of the towns, and they believe that England has thrown up the game of Empire. The people of Great Britain must answer this question before the race of old colonists dies out, or United Empire will never be.

That Australia has real grievances there is no denying. The hauling down of our flag under the late Lord Derby Administration was a bitter humiliation and a tangible injury to the Australians, which they felt though we did not. This and the French convicts being sent to New Caledonia are a

principal cause of indifference to the unity of the Empire, as well as the belief that we are a decaying people in the old land.

The home system of defence by large maps has not prevented the angry colonists from seeing how the Dutch possessions—Java, Sumatra, and their chain of islands—trend to New Guinea. The Dutch have 30,000 Sepoys in Java and their Indian possessions. When they are under “pickel haube” how long will it be before German influence works its way into the unoccupied continent of Australia?

The larger portion of New Guinea being German, gives a base of operations to the strongest military power in the world (rapidly becoming a naval power) upon an island larger than Great Britain, and as close to Queensland as Liverpool is to Dublin. German patriotic spectacles see when opportunity offers. They discovered when Schleswig-Holstein should be absorbed, when Elsass and Lothringen had to be restored, when the Teutonic Boers required support and sympathy by extension of German influence in Africa. When the young Queen of Holland requires protection they will then incorporate the only maritime people who ever “swept the chops of the Channel with a broom.” France may be quieted with Belgium and the Congo. People do not realise that Holland stands next Great Britain as a colonial power, holding 688,000 square miles of territory, with 26,841,000 inhabitants. France comes as a poor second with 8,723,000 inhabitants and 382,700 square miles, as Dr. Geffcken wrote in his “British Empire” before the late scramble for Africa, and our *laissez faire* policy to France in Siam.

Yet another great military power may dispute the German share of influence at the antipodes—Russia, to check whose advance treaties are about as futile as agreements with a glacier. The consolation is, the glacier is likely to melt under the sun of Hindostan, gleaming on a hundred thousand British bayonets and twice that number of the most warlike races of India, our allies. We have lately patched up some sort of treaty with the Ameer of Kabul—an ally we nearly lost by our policy of wobble. If Russia ever does, through our imbecility, overrun India, the restless Sikh and Moslem, under Muscovite officers, may appear on the Queensland coast to share in the scramble for the golden continent. “Not in our time, O Lord!” I hear

it said. If he goes, he goes to stay, for the climate suits the native of India. Let not any confident Queenslander imagine that the disciplined Sikh Infantry and the Musselman Irregular Horse, with Russian leading, would not be a match for the best bush chivalry of Australia.

The Australian colonies were formerly largely governed by ex-soldiers, but of late the antipodean democrat requires a lord, and in one instance has been so uncivil to him that urgent private affairs brought home the representative of the Sovereign.

An Australian writer tells us, "Colonial Governors are by nature, habit, and training, fervent advocates of Imperial Federation." I am inclined to qualify this statement by a short Saxon word of three letters. He must know that the modern Colonial Governor strictly conforms to the type he is sent to represent, a constitutional *Roi fainéant*, and is never a fervent advocate of anything ; as to their habit, nature, and training, it is often Radical. A Conservative Government gets rid of a troublesome opponent by making him a Governor ; while a Liberal Government, more consistently, appoints one of its supporters. The speeches of Colonial Governors steer very clear of Imperial Union, but rather lean towards prophetic pictures of colonial independence in the near future, pleasing to the super-fervid patriot of the *Sydney Telegraph* type, who, nevertheless, is not satisfied ; for appetite grows with feeding, while the undemonstrative believer in British connection goes home from a public function depressed with the feeling "that there is no King in Israel, and every man does what is right in his own eyes." Not a comforting feeling for the student of Scripture, who remembers the events which led to the sacred writer's remarks.

One of the most popular of Colonial Governors, a man who despised sentries and the usual paraphernalia of a prancing pro-consul, and who never had his hospitable doors shut except to a "brick-fielder" (hot wind) found himself invaded by an antipodean politician in a hurry, who, seeing a neat damsel coming down the great staircase in the coolest of simple costumes, beckoned her, said :

"My dear, I am in a hurry to see your master," and slipped a coin into her hand.

With perfect composure she conducted him to the study door, which she threw open.

"Bob, here is a gentleman very anxious to see you. He has just given me a half-crown."

"Si no es vero, ben trovato."

The dread of the democratic element, which would be introduced if the Colonies had a share in the government of the Empire, is a deterrent to the older Conservative party of Great Britain, but as Federation would be limited to foreign policy, defence, and commerce, there is no place for social questions in such a scheme.

Besides, democracy is about as practically triumphant in England as elsewhere, and a United Empire would be very much to the interest of the over-crowded British working man, if he had the brains to see it and prevent himself and his work from being excluded from the Colonies, as they are from the United States. When once a British workman turns colonist he becomes a rabid protectionist and an opponent to immigration, and *as he is the Government* he does as he "D" pleases. Instead of developing the interior of Australia, considerable portions of which irrigation will facilitate, one third of the population of Victoria (a territory as large as England) is centred in Melbourne, making strikes, bank failures, shoddy clothes, bad boots, and indifferent machinery, to the comparative neglect of agriculture. The legislation against squatters has forced them to buy huge tracts, to try and exclude the free selector, exactly opposite to the result expected, which was to encourage agricultural settlement. Of the pure Australian wine, comparatively little finds its way direct to England; a good deal is shipped to France to supply the loss of the vintage from phylloxera. It pays duty, is French-labelled, and made into Bordeaux for the English market. Next to none finds its way into digestion-destroying tea, coffee, and whiskey-drinking Canada, of which the districts under the tyranny of legal prohibition are naturally the most drunken and destructive of police *morale*.

Tinned salmon from the factories on the banks of British Columbian rivers, where the huge stern wheels of the steamers kill the crowding salmon, I have seen on Australian tables. It had journeyed across the continent of America and the Atlantic to London, and thence to New Zealand by the Cape of Good Hope. Good for the C.P.R. and the shipping trade, bad for the pocket and palate of the

Australian consumer, and the profits of the British Columbian producer.

In the event of inter-Imperial Free Trade being established, not only would the stream of commerce flow westward to the British Isles, like the ceaseless ocean-current of the Atlantic, and of the Pacific to Canada from Japan, but also inter-colonially eastward, as the long tea-trains of the C.P.R. already do. I saw on the wharves of Tasmania pine lumber from Norway and the Baltic shores. Fourteen thousand miles across two oceans it had been carried, round the Cape of Storms, while about one-third the distance over the milder Pacific, the gigantic pines of British Columbia wave in millions of murmuring acres along endless fiords, waiting to be felled into the sea ready for shipment ; while from the opposite shores of the Pacific the magnificent hard woods of Australasia (the Kauri pine is nearly exhausted) would find a ready market in Western Canada, where literally for 1,300 miles, from Vancouver to Winnipeg, no hard wood grows from which you could cut an axe-handle. When ordering the repair of gun carriages in British Columbia, suitable wood had to be sent from England ; before the C.P.R. was built, every rifle, every bullet, every soldier's button was sent round Cape Horn to British Columbia.

The antipodean seasons being exactly the opposite of the northern, their fruit harvests ripen in our northern Spring. Into the lap of the short Canadian Spring could the golden bananas, pine-apples, and oranges of Australasia be poured, for across the 1,000 miles of prairie and sterile north shore of Lake Superior, almost until you reach the fertile peninsula of Ontario, no orchard fruit will grow. A small quantity of Ontario orchard fruit finds its way into the North-West Provinces, often to be frozen in transit. Many a barrel of apples have I had destroyed through their being left on a railway platform twenty minutes, with the thermometer below zero. Australian fruit, arriving in early Summer, would not be subject to destruction by frost in transit across Canada.

The supply of orchard fruit from British Columbia is very limited ; that from California ripens at the wrong season for distribution in Canada, and is also subject to duty. To the uninitiated these may seem trivial details, but to the people of a prairie province fruit is not merely a luxury but a necessity, and tasteless dried apples, imported from the

United States under duty, form part of the daily ration of a ranchman.

Of course, the importation of fruit into Canada would be a trifling item compared to wool, hard wood, wine, New Zealand flax, and other raw products, but few Australian manufactured goods would be wanted in Canada or anywhere else.

Next to telegraphy postal communication is the life-blood of empire. Let us hope the efforts of Henniker-Heaton to overthrow the dogged dulness of the Post Office in favour of an Imperial penny post, may be crowned with success. I may, however, give him some experiences of my own, which will show the necessity for some better understanding between different parts of the Empire. They may supply him on occasion with useful arguments. I was refused a money-order from Tasmania to my son in Canada, because the only arrangements for postal communication between Australasia and Canada were through the United States Post Office. The post-masters of the United States were thus able to dictate to British colonists through what post-offices alone money-orders could be sent in Canada. I began to doubt whether Canada was British territory. After personal appeal to the Postmaster-General of Tasmania, the money was sent on my assurance that there was such a post town as Calgary, and that there was a British province named Alberta, about three times as big as Tasmania. He had in his office no list of Canadian post towns, except that issued by the United States, which arbitrarily lays down what are to be, what they term, "international money-order offices." My son's acknowledgment of the money took six months to reach me, because the post-master in Calgary did not know the postage for Australia, and my son's letter being one cent under-stamped was sent to the dead-letter office, by a barbaric rule of American post-offices that insufficiently-stamped letters go to the limbo of the dead-letter office.

In short, there is no end to the mischievous and wasteful pranks of the Lord of Misrule in the British Disunited States.

These disunited states of Great Britain stultify themselves and each other in every relation in which they come in contact, for lack of some central authority, definite bond of union, or some platform where the representatives of the various states could meet to discuss their relations, learn to

know and respect each other, and understand something of the great Empire, of which they are a fraction. Such a meeting, to be of any use, should be held alternately in the capital of each state.

Everywhere we are struck with the anomaly of the intense individuality of a race which has built up a vast Empire, but seems to lack the power of organization to hold it together. The spectacle is appalling. In Australasia, a heptanarchy of Anglo-Saxons are fighting each other and the mother country with hostile tariffs. In South Africa and British North America there is something similar, with the additional complication of an element of French and Dutch origin. And yet, surely, order could be evolved out of chaos, if Englishmen would only look beyond the fog of their island at their glorious Empire, and insist on politicians (for we have no Statesmen), dealing with the mighty constructive problem it presents, instead of striving for further disintegration. Now would seem the accepted time. If the imaginary document called the British Constitution is to be torn into shreds for the triumph of Home Rule in Ireland, why not extend the principle so as to diminish the evil, for the Irish would not hold the balance of power in a federated Empire. It would be an easier task for the wit of man to evolve a new constitution embracing an Empire, as has been done by the younger branch of the Anglo-Saxon race in America and kindred Teutons in Europe, than to provide for Irishism ruling Ireland without its ruling England also. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Jingo knows he's not an angel, but hopes he's not a fool, and having had a wider personal experience of the Empire than falls to the lot of most soldiers, ventures to express a few opinions on Imperial matters. Wordy conferences in London, to which the Press is not admitted, and whose proceedings are only published in Blue Books no one reads, lead to poor results. To the average Englishman a lamp-post in Piccadilly is more important than half a continent over sea. The problem must be solved by the head taking the initiative. It is a bad business when the tail wags the dog. The prerogative of the Crown, which has been insidiously and unchivalrously abstracted while it has been worn by a greatly beloved and conscientious Queen, must be restored. The Government of Oceana should be settled from the deck of a man-of-war, visiting alternately the various states it is proposed to federate. Royal Com-

mission is a synonym for how not to do it, or I would use the words here. The choice of a figure-head to the peripatetic council is not of vital importance. A Russian diplomatist describes Lord Salisbury as a wooden figure-head painted to look like iron on the bows of the iron-clad Conservative ship of State. Lord Rosebery might be described as an iron figure-head to the rotten old wooden ship of Radicalism.

If the genial and talented heir-apparent cannot be spared from laying foundation-stones, there are other princes of the blood Royal—one a practical sailor, one a practical soldier ; and one of Her Majesty's sons-in-law has shown himself a practical Governor of a great colony (is that why he was given no second chance ?)—a legal luminary might be spared from the Divorce Court to clothe the edicts of common sense in the jargon of the law. Add Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Brassey to assist in solving the numerous Sphinx riddles they have started in the books they write while out of office. Season with an Anglican Prelate, a Roman Cardinal, and a Nonconformist light. The Australian colonists are very hard up for loans, and talk less about "cutting the painter" than in days of greater boom. They might just now listen to reason for their own advantage.

Starting from London at the beginning of the year, the Committee (if they would only commit themselves to anything) might advantageously spend three months in Canada, while the Legislature meets at Ottawa ; go on to Australasia for the Antipodean Winter ; then cross India in the cool season, returning by the Cape of Good Hope. They would be in a position to offer terms to Colonial Governments and to lay their views before the English Parliament, which, with one in Dublin and one in Edinburgh, becomes a local legislature. The Federal Council to be evolved for matters purely Imperial, should contain but few members, being more executive than "talky-talky," if that be possible in the palavering present. The number of representatives from each State to be proportionate to the amount of revenue paid for Imperial purposes, or population, if preferred.

In an evil hour we gave to colonists the possession of continents of which they only occupied the fringe, demanding nothing in return, not even that they should treat our commercial exports exactly as we treated theirs.

This is the crux of the problem. It may be solved by England becoming a protectionist country, except as regards her colonies, and *vice versa*, thus securing to her a supply of food and raw material for manufactures, from Imperial ports instead of from foreign countries, who might at any time form a commercial ring for our starvation. A combined Russia and America, who are our principal purveyors of grain and meat, could in this fashion bring us to our knees without firing a shot.

In dealing with the practically independent states we have created by giving responsible government to some of our colonies, while they would have to bear the cost and consequences of war in which they have no voice, we are face to face with the old problem of taxation without representation, the non-solution of which cost us the thirteen colonies of America. We do not now propose arbitrarily to tax our colonies, we let them tax us, while we promise to defend them. With calm reliance on the dull amiability of England, they propose to retain the connection and such protection as it involves, until they are able to stand alone. We are told this is the view of many colonists. Then the old country will be invited to "step down and out," to become a second Holland, or what she will, to devote herself to the cultivation of orchids in lieu of tulips.

It is useless to ask the colonies to give up any of the self-government we have given them. They must meet us now as equal states. If they give up the right to tax our manufactures they must get a *quid pro quo*.

The problem for us is—nigh forty millions on these islands incapable of raising one-half their food supply, the necessity for emigration imminent; on the other side, continents we own requiring population for their development. In such countries men are too scarce to admit of professional soldiering, and volunteers require professional leaders. The senseless rule forbidding retired officers serving Colonial Governments, except with loss of pension, has, without observation, done as much for the effacement of our Empire as the edict which caused the tea to be thrown into Boston Harbour. The prohibition has prevented the settlement of such officers in the colonies, where they would have formed a loyal link for British connection. Lending a few officers for a short period to the colonies

does not produce the same result. As soon as they have grasped the situation, and made themselves acceptable to colonial volunteers, they are withdrawn, and replaced by a man who has to begin all over again.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## FINIS.

In America are the children of many nations, yet they are all Americans. The strife between Democrats and Republicans is accentuated by the quadrennial scramble for office, from Postman to President, but the road to political preferment never lies, as it sometimes does with us, in the repudiation of national rights or national honour.

With Americans the maintenance of such rights is "patriotism," with us it is "Jingoism."

American cities shew as many church steeples as factory chimneys, yet you never hear American Statesmen quote maudlin Christianity about turning the National cheek to the smiter, in war or tariff. "He that has no sword let him sell his garment and buy one," was the last advice of the Prince of Peace to his followers.

If we mean to maintain an Empire we must first be strong—by sea and land. Strength by sea is an unknown quantity. For half a century there has been but little to guide us, and that little is not encouraging to the theory that our shores are inviolable.

The task of our navy is a gigantic one. They cannot safeguard our food supplies and commerce if detained round our coasts to protect forts and harbours which should be made able to defend themselves. Nor can we send our ships across the Hindoo Koosh or the Rocky Mountains.

Our small regular army must be free to strike anywhere, leaving to the Constitutional Force, a conscripted Militia, with exemption for efficient Volunteers, the task of forming our last line. Then let an enemy land upon our shores, and it will be an easy task to count those who return.

If compulsory education and compulsory drill went

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together, six Summer months in a Militia camp would be sufficient for disciplined efficiency. Such service would be a boon, mentally, morally, and physically to every Englishman from 20 to 21, upon whom the lot fell, or who did not prefer exemption by becoming a genuinely-efficient Volunteer, as most of the urban population would. University students, shop assistants, mechanics, would prefer to qualify as Volunteers, and volunteering would not be the slipshod thing it now is, for any man who failed in discipline, or to qualify by attending a certain number of drills and rifle practices, would be returned as liable for Militia Conscription. There should be no exception for peer or peasant. The mere existence of such a law would make the Volunteer a genuine soldier : the difference between the two being, the Volunteer criticises, the soldier obeys. The strain of future wars will be such that the disciplined rank and file must respond to, and believe in, the skill of his officer.

Do these conditions exist in our Militia and Volunteers, who, if they ever face a foe, it will be the picked soldiers of systematically trained and disciplined Europe ?

The existence of the "bogie," conscription, would at least stop the influx of the miserable aliens who, in seeking to avoid it in their own country, compel the exodus or degradation of the poor of our great cities, whom our only *other* "General" is proposing to lead into the wilderness, in search of another Canaan. He has found that the colonial working-man objects to the importation of the spiritual loafer.

The Salvation Army is more *en évidence* than the Army proper. Yet, which is the better training for a man—to learn soberly and self-restrainedly to do his duty, to defend his country, and die for it if needs be ; or to pass life without other labour than singing hymns of a sort (not such as the old Cameronians sang), beating big drums before dancing girls, flaunting banners, and counting converts to that Kingdom which, we are told, "cometh not with observation."

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